



THE

# LEISURE HOUR

SEPTEMBER, 1886.

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### ALMANACK FOR SEPTEMBER, 1886.

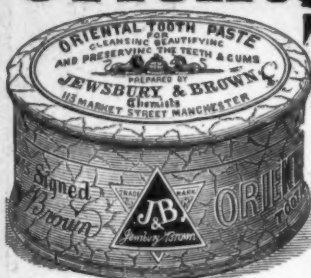
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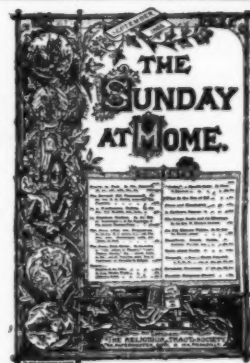
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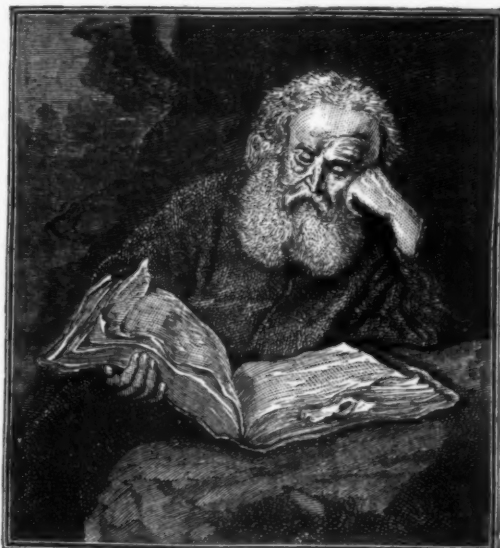
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Here hath been dawning another blue day.  
Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away?"  
—TENNYSON.

### TO THE WISE.

"Nor love thy life nor hate; but what thou livest Live well."—MILTON.

### TO THE FOOLISH.

A man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise.

Many hold their lives so cheap as to commit the terrible crime of suicide. We recommend the following modes—as being more natural, and quite as effectual as many of the modes used by our mentally deranged fellow-creatures. Wear thin shoes on damp nights, and keep every apartment air-tight. Keep the mind in a round of unnatural excitement, by politics (to enable you to produce election fever), trashy novels, and gambling speculations, either on cards, races, or stocks. Go to operas, concerts, theatres, in all sorts of weather, and, when steaming hot with perspiration rush into the cold air with your coat or shawl hanging over your arm. Sleep on feather beds in the smallest and closest room in the house. Eat immoderately of hot and stimulating diet. Never drink anything weaker than strong tea, nor anything stronger than neat whisky or brandy. Teach your children early to drink strong coffee, chew or smoke tobacco. Marry in a hurry, and growl and repent for the rest of your life. Never masticate food, but bolt it like a serpent. Follow any exciting or unhealthy business, if money can be made at it, so that your friends may console themselves for your early death. Never go to bed before midnight, and then with a full stomach. Eat little niceties, such as pastries, unripe fruit, lunch, wine, etc., between meals.

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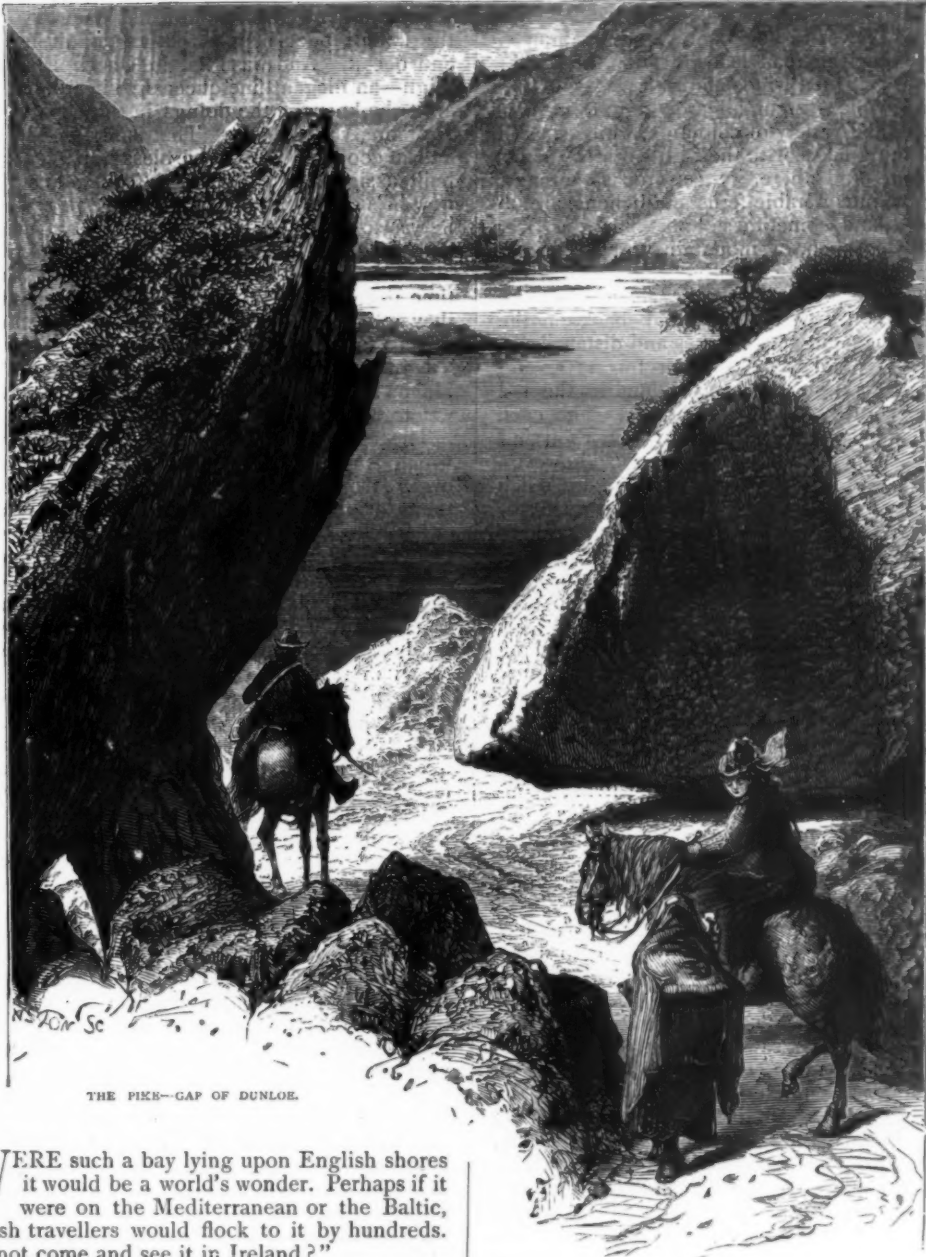
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ROSS CASTLE, KILLARNEY.



## FAR WEST IN KERRY



THE PIKE-GAP OF DUNLOE.

“WERE such a bay lying upon English shores it would be a world’s wonder. Perhaps if it were on the Mediterranean or the Baltic, English travellers would flock to it by hundreds. Why not come and see it in Ireland?”

So said Thackeray after his visit to Glengariff and Bantry Bay. I think the same terms may be applied to Kenmare Bay, though it does not seem to be so generally known. Perhaps a description of this lovely country may interest some who are not aware how well worth visiting it is.

The railway journey ends at Killarney, after which there is a drive of over thirty miles across

the mountains to Kenmare Bay. We chose, however, the longer route *via* the town of Kenmare, as we proposed taking the shorter way on our return.

Many descriptions have been given of Killarney, but it must be seen to be understood. The

silvery lakes embedded in a rich luxuriance of ever-varying foliage, the towering mountains with their ever-changing purples and blues—now touched with a golden gleam of sunshine, now buried from view in a passing cloud—all this is beyond the power of description, but remains as a sweet and never-to-be-forgotten remembrance. For some time the road leads through the Muckross woods; it then winds along the sides of the mountains, which rise up all around in every fantastic form and variety of colouring, while beneath lie the shining lakes, with their little bright islands dotted here and there. Steep rocks, amongst which grow innumerable ferns and lichens, are on either side, and sometimes almost hanging over our heads. Then, a mountain torrent dashes foaming down into the depths below. Now, the road suddenly plunges into the shadows of the woods, and on emerging we look back on the most glorious panorama of lakes and distant hills. The Muckross and Kenmare deer forests extend a long way on either side, and abound in the red deer, which are carefully preserved. The cock shooting is the best in Ireland, over a thousand being sometimes bagged; the black cock, however, do not seem to take to the place. As we reach the upper lough the scenery becomes more desolate and wild, and soon the bare and rocky ranges of the MacGillycuddy Reeks stretch away in front of us. It is steep uphill work for our horses for many miles, and the poor beasts looked so lean and tired straining under their heavy load. To the great surprise of our driver we insisted on walking up the worst parts, and remonstrated with him for using such poor emaciated looking creatures. "Ah, sure m' lady, an' it's been a fine season entirely, and the horses be nearly worn off their legs," said he with a beaming smile. "Begorra! we must all work for our livin'," continued he, "an' isn't it forty to sixty miles a day they have done the last few months, laving out Sundays, which they do consider quite a rest, for thin it's about ten mile or so they get a taking tourists to the Gap." After hearing this we were quite thankful when our long ascent was ended, and the road began winding down hill to Kenmare.

The scenery gradually became less savage, and the mountains appeared to diminish in size, until before long we saw the town of Kenmare, which in the distance seemed to lie in the centre of an immense plain. The town stands at the head of the bay (or arm of the sea) and is a most primitive looking little place. It was market day, and the road was completely blocked up with carts, people, pigs and poultry, all mixed up together in dreadful confusion. We clattered through them at a great pace, our driver cracking his whip and yelling to right and left. How they escaped being run over it is difficult to say, as not a creature attempted to get out of our way, but it must be attributed to special Providence and Celtic blood.

At Kenmare we changed our wagonette for a rather shaky specimen of a car, and proceeded on our fifteen miles' drive to Derryquin. Our driver was inclined to be loquacious, and gave us his

ideas about the state of the country and things in general.

"Yes, ma'am, all this part belongs to Lord Lansdowne, descended from Sir William Petty, as no doubt an' ye know, ma'am. 'Twas the evil way entirely he got a hold of the land, turnin' out the honest poor people that owned it by lying and decait. And wasn't it in Queen Elizabeth's reign—an illegant fine queen I've heard, but sorra a bit she knew of the doings in these parts. . . . Dromore, your honour. That is Mr. —'s place, and a good landlord, God bless him! 'Twas he built a sight of nate cottages for his tenants, but now he's off in foreign parts, they do say because he was so angry with 'em joinin' the Land League, and refusin' to pay a ha'porth o' rent. Maybe ye knows Mrs. —, of Dublin, ma'am? Many a time I've druv her over to Dromore—a good lady they tell you, too, but a quare way she has of taking the Catholic little children and turning 'em into Protestants, the helpless poor infants! Maybe she wouldn't be so plaised if some Catholic was to come and do her the same thrick."

The road passes over the Blackwater Bridge, which is a magnificent sight. The river dashes over rocks and boulders down a steep ravine, festoons of ferns, ivy, and trees hanging over on either side. It is spanned by an immensely high two-arched bridge, under which it rushes with a great roar, and throwing up a sea of white and feathery foam. Splendid salmon-fishing is generally to be had here. Every minute the scenery grows more lovely as we wind along by the side of the bay, which in many ways reminds one of the Italian lakes. The sea splashes up among rocks and heather to the very edge, little islands are dotted here and there, while endless ranges of mountains fade away into that hazy blue distance which one feels is wanting to the perfection of Killarney.

It was late in the evening when we reached Derryquin, a picturesque-looking house in the castellated style. Perched on the rocks and almost hanging over the water, with a background of green woods and mountains, one can hardly imagine a more charming situation. Four or five Anglo-Irish families spend the summer in this neighbourhood, the Kenmare market and little village of Sneam supplying the necessities of life. We found it a most social little colony, boating-parties and picnics every day, and those who owned yachts continually coming round to see who would like a sail. About half a mile higher up the bay lies Garanish, a most lovely and fairylike island. It belongs to Lord Kenmare, and can be rented for the summer months. The panorama of sea and mountains all around is glorious, and the island is a little paradise in itself with its dells and glades and long walks of fuchsia-trees arching over one's head. Veronicas, bamboos, New Zealand flax, and palms grow everywhere in almost tropical profusion; and the house just suits the place, with its picturesque porch and gables. Almost equally lovely is Dereen, a beautifully-wooded promontory under the mountains the other side of the bay, and belonging to Lord Lansdowne. Here Mr. Froude has several times spent a summer; and Nature

being bountiful, doubtless found the surroundings conducive to composition and repose.

There are numberless excursions to be made in every direction, one of the most interesting being Derrynane, the residence of Mr. O'Connell, grandson of the *Liberator*, which lies about eighteen miles higher up the coast. It is a wild and lonely spot. The house looks over a little bay, where the waves come rolling on to the smooth sands, and is an irregular pile of buildings, having had frequent additions, and looks a little oasis of green and softness amidst the bold headlands and dark rocks. On a narrow peninsula which juts out into the sea are the remains of an old abbey filled with the O'Connell monuments. One, to Maurice O'Connell, uncle of the *Liberator*, has an epitaph, written by the latter during the old gentleman's lifetime, his motive being to prevent the fulsome compliments which might otherwise have been paid him. The O'Connells were most hospitable and kind, and showed us all over the house and chapel. The latter is entirely seated and panelled from wreckage (the family having salvage rights, which they share with the people). In O'Connell's study we saw the pistol he used in his duel with d'Esterre, and many of his belongings; and among many handsome presentations from admirers were some elaborate chairs, worked by female hands.

In those days the road to Derrynane must have been very different to what it is now. The only carriages in the whole district belonged to Lord Kenmare, Herbert of Muckross, and Daniel O'Connell. The ordinary vehicle was a low sort of inside car, with small wheels of solid wood. When O'Connell was on his way to Derrynane the people would assemble from all parts, and station themselves at the bad bits, sometimes taking out the horses and dragging the carriage themselves. It is said that when he brought his bride home across the mountains she was so terrified by the difficulties of the way that she resolutely determined nothing should induce her to try it again, and to her dying day she kept her resolve, never leaving Derrynane.

The climate here is wonderfully mild, and, owing to the proximity of the Gulf Stream, tropical beans and seeds are sometimes washed ashore. Though their little bay looks so delightful for bathing, it is only safe for very powerful swimmers because of the strong current. Two young men were bathing there not long ago, both good swimmers. The elder had just come in, when suddenly he heard his brother scream for help, and saw him fighting with the terrible undercurrent, which was quickly drawing him out to sea. He immediately plunged in and swam to his brother's rescue, but before he could reach him he also was sucked in, and soon became insensible. When he came to himself he found he had been washed on to a rocky promontory some way along the coast, and, looking round, to his great surprise, saw his brother, though quite insensible, clinging with both hands to the rocks. Having managed to drag him into a place of safety, he struggled along, weak and exhausted as he was, until, luckily, he found some one to help

him, and both the brothers were taken to Derrynane, and eventually recovered.

Not far off is a dangerous reef called Carrig na Spana, or the Rock of Spain. It is supposed to have derived its name from a Spanish vessel which struck upon it. The captain, having an eye to very possible wreckers, dropped his treasure-chest overboard, carefully taking the bearings. He escaped with his life, and some thirty or forty years afterwards his son returned, recovered the treasure-chest from its watery grave, and carried it off.

Many stories are told of the smugglers and wreckers of bygone days. Rich and poor seem to have been completely demoralised, respectable country gentlemen sharing with their retainers in the spoil. Many a cellar was filled with wine which had paid no duty, and, in spite of heavily armed revenue cruisers, French smugglers drove a thriving trade. Froude tells a story of a certain lady of rank who hospitably entertained the captain and crew of a Spanish vessel which had been wrecked on the coast, housing their treasure-chests in her cellar. Alas! she also succumbed to temptation, and, with the connivance of her butler, acquiesced in a pretended burglary, which resulted in the chests being carried off one fine night, and her ladyship—though she deeply condoled with the poor robbed ones—afterwards willingly accepted one of these chests as her share.

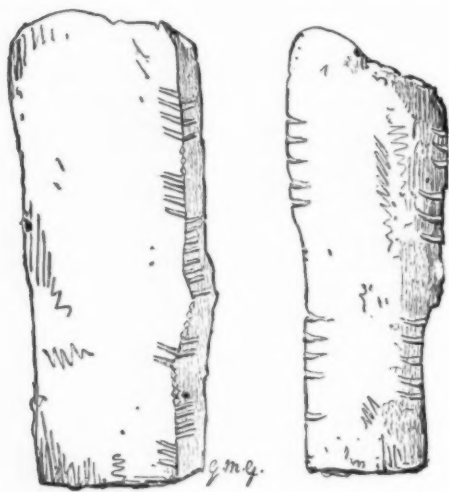
On our way back from Derrynane we passed the Staigue Foot, one of the most remarkable antiquarian remains in Ireland. It is supposed to be two thousand years old, and formed a huge tower of defence. The stones were put together without mortar or cement, and the walls in many parts are sixteen feet thick. It is circular in form, and ten sets of stairs inside lead to narrow platforms, on which the defenders stood. At Parknasilla (a lovely place joining Derryquin and belonging to the Bishop of L——) we saw some very good specimens of Ogham stones, with their curious scores and marks. The Bishop is very learned in these ancient inscriptions, and supposes they belong to the early Christian period. The letters consist in series of scores or short lines, which branch off from the edge of the stone, or from a centre line called the *Fleasq*. The relative position of the scores to this line constitutes the difference of the letters. One of these stones bore an inscription to the effect that it was erected over a heathen pirate who had committed many crimes, but who repented and died a Christian.

About twenty miles north of Sneam is Waterville, a great resort of anglers. It is a romantically situated little village on Ballinskellig's Bay, and is close to Lough Currain, which extends into the heart of the mountains for about three miles, and, next to Killarney, is the finest southern lake in Ireland. Some distance out at sea are three little islands known as the Skellig Rocks. One of these, the Great Skellig—though little more than a cliff—was a place of pilgrimage for many years.

Here crowds of devotees used to come and perform their anything but pleasant penance.



They first squeezed through a narrow aperture in the rock, called "The Needle's Eye;" they then had to creep along the brink of a precipice, with the ocean breaking seven hundred feet below, small indentations being made in the smooth surfaces for the hands and feet. A slanting rock was then ascended; the performance being so difficult and horrible, it was called "The Stone of Pain." Here the courage of the penitent was sharply tried, for the least slip would dash him into the depths beneath. But on reaching the summit the most difficult task remained. At the highest point a narrow ledge, called "The Spindle"—about ten feet long and two feet wide—projects over the cliff. A cross is rudely carved at the extremity, and unfortunate sinners were required to reach this and say over it a paternoster and prayers. This was only done by sitting astride on The Spindle and cautiously edging



OGHAM STONES.

towards the cross; and then, without turning, to edge back again with equal circumspection. The guides used to encourage pilgrims by telling them no one was ever lost but an Englishman, who undertook it to ridicule the custom, and, falling from The Spindle, was hurled into the boiling waves below. From this circumstance a saying came into use in the country, as applied to persons of inordinate desires. It runs thus, "Move water, a sin Sassenach, agus ia bough," or "Move water, says the Englishman, and he drowning"—the tradition being that the unfortunate Sassenach (Saxon) found himself so long falling that he called out to the sea to put an end to his agony. The Skellig Rocks are first mentioned in Irish history in connection with the landing of the sons of Milesius. Irr, one of the brothers who was drowned, is supposed to be buried there.

Mr. Crofton Croker mentions the curious belief held by the people, that the Great Skellig possesses a certain attraction, which draws down all birds

flying over it. He ascribes it to the countless crowds of gulls, puffins, and sea-fowl, which are seen perched with extraordinary regularity upon ledges of the cliffs, "braiding the sides of the rocks like strings of pearls upon dark hair," and literally jostling one another in their innumerable numbers. These are the only rocks on which the gannet breeds. This bird, from the extreme length of wing and shortness of its feet, is incapable of rising from any plain surface, and, therefore, only builds and roosts on the verge of precipices, where it can fling itself down into the air.

We heard of a dead whale which was washed ashore in Ballinskellig's Bay, and which occupied a good deal of room, being sixty feet in length. As, however, the monster was not very fresh, we did not go to see him. A claim of £12 18s. 6d. was sent in by the coastguardsmen, as burial fee for this mighty fish, and the demand was admitted on sanitary grounds.

Seals used to abound along the coast, and hunting them was quite an organised sport. Macaulay mentions how flourishing the fishing would have been at Kenmare when it was first colonised (in the seventeenth century), but for the swarms of seals which sometimes completely covered the beach. Now they have been almost entirely exterminated; and, alas! it is the same with the eagles, which were often seen some twenty years ago, though very rarely now. There is a woman living near Kenmare who, as a child, was carried a long distance by an eagle, but fortunately was dropped on a haycock, or some soft place, and was rescued uninjured.

An amusing legend is told of the Eagle's Nest Mountain. The Prince of Bantry, being conquered by the Saxon soldiers, took flight, leaving his wife and children in charge of a faithful retainer, who was to find them a place of refuge and food. But the whole country was devastated by the conquerors, who had driven away the flocks and burnt down the houses. So the faithful servitor could only put them in a shed on the mountain side, which he composed of stones and sods so carefully that it looked like a part of the hill itself. Here, having managed to catch a salmon, he fed the royal family for the first day. The Princess O'Donovan and her children soon devoured the fish, and, royalty being but human, wept for something more. Then the faithful servitor took with him a rope, and his little son Shamus, climbed up the peak where the eagles rested, and, looking over, saw the young eaglets in their nest in a cleft below the precipice. "Now," said he, "Shamus, my son, you must take these thongs, and I will let you down by the rope, and you must tie the thongs round the necks of the eaglets—not to choke them, but to prevent their swallowing much." So Shamus went down and did as he was told, coming up again when he had settled the eaglets. Soon the eagles came home, one bringing a rabbit and the other a grouse. These they dropped into the nest, and presently flew away in search of other spoil. Then Shamus went down into the eagle's nest again, gutted the grouse and rabbit and left the garbage

to the eaglets (as was their due), and brought away the rest. And so their highnesses had game that evening for supper. Whether the young eaglets complained of their uninviting meal, or what became of the unhappy royalties, history does not say.

The sea fishing about here is not so good as lower down the coast, and the people do not benefit by it even as much as they might, as their wretched open boats are utterly powerless to cope with bad weather, and are sometimes unable to put out for weeks. It must be very trying to see the French smacks fishing right up to the coast, with their covered-in boats and superior gear. Harbours, too, are very much wanted; here would be good scope for the philanthropist, but there is much to contend with in the ignorance of the people, and an obstinate clinging to their old ways. Good work was done in this respect by the Inspector of Irish Fisheries, who sent a batch of Bantry fishermen to the Fishery Exhibition at South Kensington, where their eyes were opened in many ways. Lady Burdett Coutts has also done a great deal for them, and has supplied them with improved nets and boats, and not long ago stayed at Cahirciveen to superintend personally the working of her schemes for their benefit.

Some of the expressions the people use are truly humorous. An old woman, after receiving some substantial benefits, and pouring benedictions on the head of the giver, ended up by saying, "An' the Lord bless yer genteel private family, yer honour." And on another occasion, "May the Lord lave a gap for ye in heaven, me kind lady." Their curious application of words comes from translating the Irish idiom word for word into English; thus they will talk of riding as "carrying the horse." They will also pick up long words out of books and use them quite irrespective of their legitimate meaning.

Inland lakes or ponds surrounded with rushes are held in high veneration. There is one near Dereen where the people assemble on a certain day every year from all the country side. They walk round and round, some crawling on their hands and knees, counting their beads and saying their prayers. Those who are ill or injured are dipped into the water, and a rag from their garments is left on an adjacent bush. These painful performances—called patterns—end up in a more lively manner, however, generally with dancing and singing and whisky-drinking, which often goes on until morning. At Parknasilla there is a small pond of this description, and the

owner is continually having to order the rags to be cleared off a holly-bush growing near; being chiefly the appurtenances of dirty and diseased folk, they are hardly desirable or ornamental. A gentleman was once cutting a drain towards one of these small pieces of water. As soon as the workmen came to within a few feet they put down their tools and refused to cut any more—considering it an act of fearful sacrilege—and so he had to finish doing it himself. Being anxious to instil ideas of cleanliness into the minds of his men, he was in the habit of letting them leave off work half an hour before the time, with orders to go and bathe in the sea. Not perceiving any great signs of ablutions in their appearance, he one day went to see what they were doing, and



A KERRY CABIN AND A FEW OF ITS INHABITANTS.

discovered them comfortably settled on the beach engaged in smoking their pipes, and doubtless enjoying the beauties of nature, though not the prospect of a bath.

In an intercourse with the common people, one is so constantly struck by the strange contrasts of their characteristics. With a taste and refinement far above the level of their class in other countries, with much imagination and glowing enthusiasm, and often much tender and delicate feeling, there they live in their smoky hovels, where we should be sorry to put our pigs; a hole in the roof supplies the place of a chimney, and a huge heap of manure is often exactly in front of the only entrance. Landlords complain—as they have cause to do elsewhere—that when they build decent cottages the people do not care to live in

them, and hanker after their old habitations and ways. But they cannot change in a minute the habits to which they are born; it requires an education, and takes a long time for them to be capable even of living as civilised people.

Miss Edgeworth's account of an Irish abode—when she makes Lord Glenthorn describe his visit to his old nurse—gives a very fair idea of many a Kerry cabin in the present day. "We came to Ellinor's house, a wretched-looking, low, and mud-walled cabin; at one end it was propped up by a buttress of loose stones, upon which stood a goat, reared on his hind legs, to browse on the grass which grew on the housetop. A dunghill was before the only window, and close to the door was a puddle of the dirtiest of dirty water, in which ducks were dabbling. At my approach there came out of the cabin a pig, a calf, a lamb, a kid, and two geese, all with their legs tied, followed by turkeys, cocks, hens, chickens, a dog, a cat, a kitten, a beggar-man, a beggar-woman with a pipe in her mouth, children innumerable, and a stout girl with a pitchfork in her hand; altogether, more than I could possibly have supposed the mansion capable of containing. I asked if Ellinor O'Donaghue was at home, but the dog barked, the geese cackled, the turkey gobbled, and the beggars begged with one accord so loudly, that there was no chance of my being heard. When the girl had at last succeeded in appeasing them with the pitchfork, she answered that Ellinor O'Donoghue was at home, but that she was out with the potatoes; and she ran to fetch her."

She describes how, after having installed his nurse in a neat little cottage, Lord Glenthorn came one day to see how she was getting on, and found, to his disgust, a sad scene of dirt, rubbish, and confusion. The stairs and partition between the two rooms had been pulled down and burned, though there was no scarcity of firing; the paper was peeling off, and divers panes of glass in the windows were broken and their place filled up with a shoe, an old hat, or a bundle of rags. Ellinor herself was laid up with the rheumatism, which she ascribed to there being no smoke, so she was "kilt with the cowl," and begged for the tiles to be taken off and a thatched roof substituted.

With all their poverty the people are very good to one another. When a woman becomes a widow the neighbouring men come in the evenings and dig her potato patch. The neighbours also give a "tay" at her house, each one paying sixpence to the widow. A fiddler being engaged, they all dance jigs and sing songs, and have a merry night, the result being a nice little sum for the widow. One evening we went to a harvest gathering; it really was most amusing. The people sat solemnly round the large barn in which it was held. A substantial table was placed in the centre, and first one, then another, mounted upon it and performed the most intricate jigs and reels, while an old blind fiddler scraped away at some well-known Irish airs. One man took an especial delight in doing his steps so near the edge we thought every minute he must go over backwards. The songs were mostly of a typical character,

expressing intense love of their country, and no very complimentary allusions to the Saxon conquerors. We all wished to hear "The wearing of the green," but were told it would excite them too much. The songs in their own Celtic tongue were very curious, though unintelligible to us Saxons, and seemed to rather resemble the German in some of the sounds. There is an intense appreciation of rhythm and poetry in the Irish, and a purity and grace about the songs of the poorest of the people, which contrasts very favourably with the low ballads read and sung by the same class in England.

Sir John Pope Henessey has given a very interesting account of their favourite songs and literature. He mentions once having turned into a cottage to avoid a shower of rain, and found a girl reading to an old woman from Mr. T. D. Sullivan's "Leaves of Grass." The girl, on being questioned which were her favourites, replied that she liked those about exiles best, especially the one on O'Neill in Rome. In the poem describing the exiled chief of three hundred years ago were these verses:

"On every side the sweet bells ring,  
And faithful people bend in prayer;  
Sweet hymns that angel choirs might sing,  
And loud hosannas fill the air.  
His place is with the princely crowd,  
Amidst the noblest and the best;  
His large white head is lowly bowed,  
His hands are clasped before his breast.  
But, oh! for Ireland far away—  
For Ireland, dear, with all her ills—  
For mass in fair Tyrone to-day,  
Amid the circling Irish hills!

He sits abstracted by the board;  
Old scenes are pictured in his brain—  
Benburb! Armagh! the Yellow Ford!  
He fights and wins them o'er again.  
Again he sees fierce Bagnal fall;  
Sees craven Essex basely yield;  
Meets armoured Segrave gaunt and tall,  
And leaves him lifeless on the field.  
But, oh! for Ireland—there once more  
To rouse the true men of the land,  
And proudly bear from shore to shore  
The banner of the blood-red hand."

Sir John further remarks that at the cattle fairs the countryman who has sold a few pigs may be seen buying a small book or two. Sometimes the "Brian Boru" song-book, for one halfpenny, containing several of Moore's songs, sometimes the "Harp of Tara" song-book. The poems of Clarence Mangen are very popular; also the "Penny Readings for the Irish People," which is a favourite in all the reading-rooms, and contains the writings of Swift, Burke, Goldsmith, and Sheridan, besides those of the Young Ireland party, such as Denis Florence MacCarthy, Charles Gavan Duffy, and others.

But I must come back to Kenmare and its neighbourhood.

There is little possibility of land cultivation this side of the mountains. Sometimes the people



clear away the stones and sow a patch of oats or barley; but it is too mountainous and rocky for much more than the usual potato plot, though some money is made by the pretty sturdy little Kerry cows which browse on the hills, and which are very good milkers. The people, as a rule, are wretchedly ignorant of the first principles of farming, overcropping their land until it is quite exhausted, and sometimes burning the surface instead of manuring it.

How they live it is hard to say, or whether their poverty is their own fault or that of circumstances and surroundings. It is impossible to enlarge, in a short sketch, on this most difficult problem;

and as I began with a quotation from Thackeray, I feel I cannot do better than close with his words. "To have an opinion about Ireland one must begin by getting at the truth, and where is it to be had in the country? or, rather, there are two truths, the Catholic truth and the Protestant truth, and the parties do not see things with the same eyes."

It was with much sorrow we said good-bye to this most charming and original country. I only hope that I may induce some of my readers to go and try for themselves the delights of Far West in Kerry.

GEORGINA M. GRAVES

## How to Quarrel.

LIVED two hermits in a cabin,  
On the border of a wasteful

Wilderness, a quiet life.

Crossed their simple minds not any  
Thought of quarrel, but together  
Dwelt they peacefully, their tiny  
Smoky cell had echoed never

Angry word, nor sound of strife.

Spake one hermit, with persuasive  
Accent, once unto the other—

"I have noticed, brother mine,  
Quite unlike the world outside us,  
Neither quarrel we, nor bicker;  
But in amity our peaceful  
Lives, affections, thoughts and wishes  
Sympathetic intertwine."

Answered then, with just a *souffçon*  
Of surprise, the one accosted—

"Haply, brother, you are right;  
Even though we two are dwelling  
From the world apart, and lonely,  
Its accomplishments should not be  
Utterly by us forgotten;  
How then shall we learn to fight?"

Quoth the other—"That is easy,

How, in half a second, I can

Teach you, if you'll only deign to

Follow what I have to say.

Here 's a stone, I'll swear that it be-

longs to me: You'll answer loudly—

'No, that stone is mine I'm certain.'

I will anger then display,

And, in gruffer voice, reply—"You

Are mistaken, for the stone is

Mine, not yours." Thus shall we quarrel.

So to quarrel both essay.

Having placed a stone between them,

Somewhat thus proceeded they:—

"I am owner," quoth the former,

"Of the stone betwixt us." Said the

Other, "No, that stone is mine."

Angrily the former answered,

"You are utterly mistaken,

For the stone belongs to me, and

Why should I the claim resign?"

Meekly then replied the other,

"Thou hadst better, gentle brother,

Take it if thou think'st it thine."

### EPilogue.

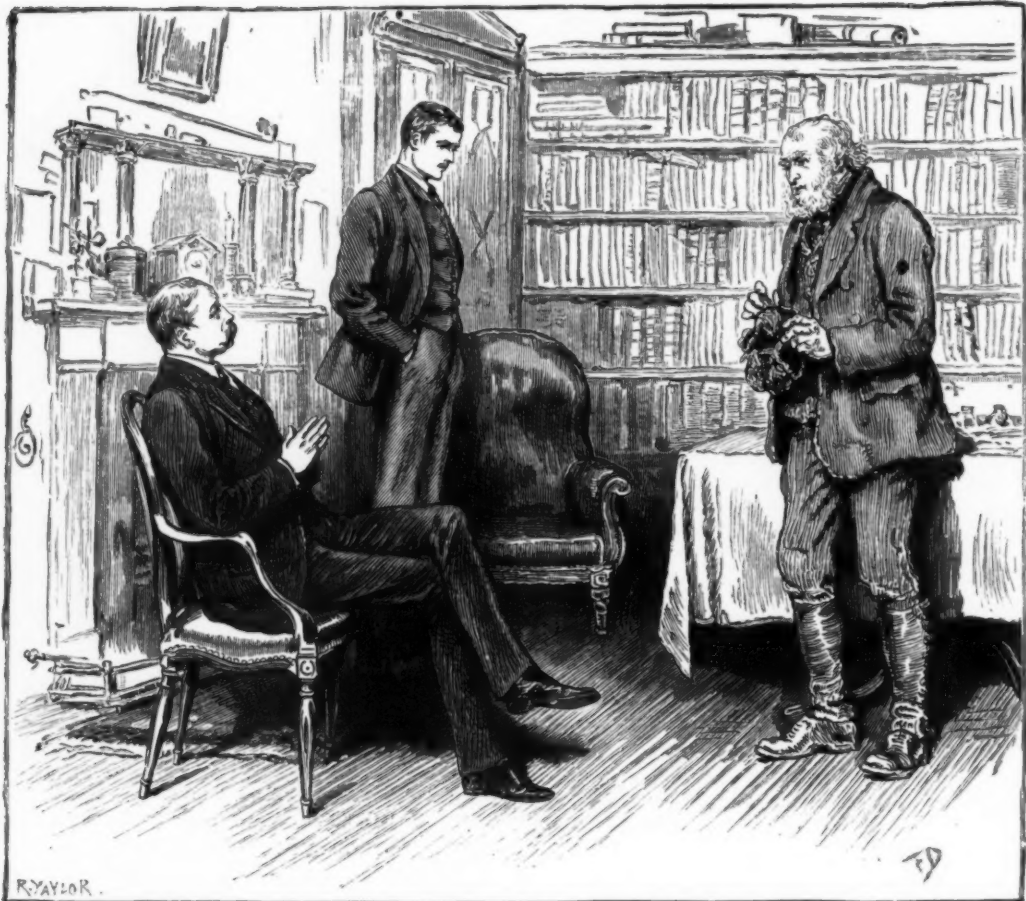
If we utterly refuse all  
Disputatious talk and chatter,  
Yielding points that do not matter,  
No one then can hatch a quarrel.  
Let us learn this lesson wholesome  
From the hermits' unsuccessful  
Fostering of disagreement:  
For a story-spinner may not  
Tell a tale without a moral.

JOHNSON BARKER.

## A POOR GENTLEMAN.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—A DOMESTIC EXPLOSION.



WALTER HAD PARTED COMPANY WITH HIS FATHER.

THE breakfast table at the Hook was not a particularly quiet scene. The children were all in high spirits in the freshness of the morning, and the toys and Christmas presents, though not very fine or expensive, had still novelty to recommend them. Little Molly, before she was lifted up to her high chair, working away conscientiously and gravely with a large rattle, held at the length of her little arm, while her next little brother drew over the carpet a cart fitted up with some kind of mechanism which called itself music, and Horry flogged his big wooden horse, and little Dick added a boom upon his drum, made a combination of noises which might well have shut out all external sounds. This tumult, indeed, calmed when father came in, when the ringleaders were lifted up on their chairs, and another kind of commotion, the sound of spoons and babble of little voices, began.

What other noise could be heard through it? Mab did not think she could have heard anything, scarcely the approach of an army. But the ears of the family were used to it, and had large capabilities. When Martha came in with a fresh supply of milk and a countenance more ruddy than usual, her mistress put the question directly which so much embarrassed the young woman. "Martha, was that your father's voice I heard? Is there anything wrong at home?"

"No, ma'am—my lady," said Martha, in her confusion stumbling over the new title which she was in fact more particular about than its possessor.

"What does he want, then, so early in the morning? I hope your mother is not ill."

"Oh, no, my lady." Martha grew redder and redder, and lingered like a messenger who does not know how to deliver a disagreeable com-

mission, turning her tray round and round in her hands.

"It is me, no doubt, that Crockford wants. If it's nothing very particular he can come here."

"Oh, no, sir; oh, please, Sir Edward, no, it ain't you—"

"Then who is it, Martha? some one here it must be."

"Please, Sir Edward—please, my lady—I don't think as it's no one here at all: it's only a fancy as he's took in his head. Oh," cried the girl, her eyes moist with excitement, her plump cheeks crimson, "don't listen to him, don't give any heed to him! it's all just fancy what he says."

"Why, what's the matter, Martha? has John Baker got into trouble? Edward, go and see what is wrong," said Lady Penton, placidly. She was very kind, but after all, Molly's bread-and-milk, and the egg which was ordered for little Jack because he was delicate, were of more immediate importance than Martha's love affairs. Sir Edward was perhaps even more amiable in this respect than his wife. Old Crockford was a favourite in his way, and had often amused a weary afternoon when the horizon at the Hook was very limited and very dull. And now even Mab could hear, through the chatter of the children, the sound of some one talking, loud but indistinct, outside. At that moment, with the usual cruelty of fate, a pause took place in the domestic murmur, and suddenly Walter's voice became audible, crying,

"Hush! Don't speak so loud."

The door had been left ajar by Martha, and these words, so unexpected, so incomprehensible, fell into the simple warm interior, unconscious of evil, like a stone into the water.

"Go and see what it is, Edward," Lady Penton repeated, growing a little pale. The family to which for so long a time nothing had happened had got to a crisis, when anything might happen, and new events were the order of the day.

Sir Edward, who had been going with great composure, hurried his steps a little, and, what was more, closed the door behind him; but it cannot be said that he anticipated anything disagreeable. When he got out into the hall, however, he was startled by the sight of Walter, who was pushing Crockford into the book-room, and repeating in a half-whisper,

"Hush, I tell you. Be quiet. What good can it do you to let everybody know?"

"It's right, Mr. Walter, as your father should know."

"Not if I satisfy you," said the boy. "Come in here. They are all at breakfast. Quick. Whatever it is, I am the person—"

Walter's voice broke off short, and his under lip dropped with a shock of sudden horror. His father's hand, preventing the closing of it, was laid upon the book-room door.

"If it is anything that concerns you, Wat, it must concern me too," Sir Edward said. He did not even now think any more of Walter's possibilities of ill-doing than of Horry's. They were still on about the same level to the father's eyes. He supposed it was some innocent piece of mischief, some practical joke, or at the worst some

piece of boyish negligence, of which Crockford had come to complain. He followed the two into the room with the suspicion of a smile at the corners of his mouth. He did not quite understand of what mischief his son might have been guilty, but there could be nothing very serious in the matter when old Crockford was the complainant.

"Well," he said, "old friend, what has my boy done?"

But the sight of Sir Edward and this smiling accost seemed to take the power of speech from Crockford as well as from Walter. The old man opened his mouth and his eyes; the colour faded as far as that was possible out of the streaky and broken red of his cheeks. He began to hook his fingers together, changing them from one twist to another as he turned his face from the father to the son. It was evident that, notwithstanding his half-threat to Walter, the presence of Walter's father was as bewildering to him as to the young man.

"Well, sir," he said, instinctively putting up his hand to his head and disordering the scanty white locks which were drawn over his bald crown, "I'm one as is for lookin' ahead, so being as I'm an old man, and has a deal of time to think; my occupation's in the open air, and things goes through of my head that mightn't go through of another man's."

"That is all very well," said Sir Edward, still with his half-smile. "I have heard you say as much a great many times, Crockford, but it generally was followed by something less abstract. What has your occupation and your habit of thought to say to my boy?"

Upon this Crockford scratched his head more and more.

"I was observin' to Mr. Walter, sir, as a young gentleman don't think of them things, but as how it's a good thing to take care: for you never knows what way trouble's a-going to come. The storm may be in the big black cloud as covers the whole sky, or it may be in one that's no bigger nor a man's hand."

"Yes, yes, yes," said Sir Edward, impatiently; "I tell you I've heard you say that sort of thing a hundred times. Come to the point. What is there between Walter and you?"

"There's nothing, father—nothing whatever. I haven't seen Crockford for ages, except on the road. He has done nothing to me nor I to him."

"Then you'd better be off to your breakfast, and leave him to me," said the father, calmly.

His mind was as composed as his looks. He felt no alarm about his son, but with a little amusement cast about in his mind how he was to draw out of the old road-mender the probably very small and unimportant thread of complaint or remonstrance that was in him. But Walter showed no inclination to budge. He did not, it would appear, care for his breakfast. He stood with his head cast down, but his eye upon Crockford, not losing a single movement he made. Sir Edward began to feel a faint misgiving, and old Crockford took his coloured handkerchief out of his breast

and began to mop his forehead with it. It was a cold morning, not the kind of season to affect a man so. What did it all mean?

"Look here," said Sir Edward, "this can't go on all day. Crockford, you have some sense on ordinary occasions. Don't think to put me off with clouds and storms, etc., which you know have not the least effect upon me; but tell me straight off, what has Walter to do with it? and what do you mean?"

"Father," said Walter, "it's something about a lodger he has. There is a—young lady living there. I've seen her two or three times. She has spoken to me even, thinking, I suppose, that I was a gentleman who would not take any advantage. But the old man doesn't think so; he thinks I'm likely to do something dishonourable—to be a cad, or—I don't know what. You know whether I'm likely to be anything of the sort. If you have any confidence in me you will send him away—"

"A young lady!" Sir Edward exclaimed, with amazement.

"And that's not just the whole of it, sir, as Mr. Walter tells you," said Crockford, put on his mettle. "I'm not one as calls a young gentleman names; cad and such-like isn't words as come nat'ral to the likes of me. But as for being a lady, there ain't no ladies live in cottages like mine. I don't go against ladies—nor lasses neither, when they're good uns."

"What does all this mean? I think you are going out of your senses, Wat—both Crockford and you. Have you been rude to any one?—do you think he has been rude to any one? Hold your tongue, Wat! Come, my man, speak out. I must know what this means."

"It means that he is trying to make mischief—"

"It means, sir," said Crockford, in his slow, rural way, taking the words out of Walter's mouth—"I beg your pardon, Sir Edward. I don't know as I'm giving you the respect as is your due, though there's none—I'm bold to say it, be the other who he may—as feels more respect. It means just this, Sir Edward," he went on, advertised by an impatient nod that he must not lose more time, "as there's mischief done, or will be, if you don't look into it, between this young gentleman—as is a gentleman born, sir, and your heir—and a little—a—a—" (Walter's fiery eye, and a certain threatening of his attitude, as if he might spring upon the accuser, changed Crockford's phraseology even when the words were in his mouth) "a young person," he said, more quickly, "as is not his equal, and never can be: as belongs to me, sir, and is no more a lady nor—nor my Martha, nor half as good a girl."

Surprise made Sir Edward slow of understanding—surprise and an absence of all alarm, for to his thinking Walter was a boy, and this talk of ladies, or young persons, was unintelligible in such a connection.

He said, "There is surely some strange mistake here. Walter's—why, Walter is—too young for any nonsense of this kind. You're—why, you must be—dreaming, Crockford! You might as well tell me that Horry—"

Here Sir Edward's eyes turned, quite involuntarily, unintentionally upon Walter, standing up by the mantelpiece with his hands in his pockets, his face burning with a dull heat, his eyes cast down, yet watching under the eyelids every action of both his companions—a nameless air about him that spoke of guilt. He stopped short at the sight; everything in Walter's aspect breathed guilt—the furtive watch he kept, the dull red of anger and shame burning like a fire in his face; the attitude—his hands in his pockets, clenched as if ready for a blow. The first look made Sir Edward stop bewildered, the second carried to his mind a strange, painful, unpleasant discovery. Walter was no longer a boy! He had parted company from his father, and from all his father knew of him. This perception flashed across his mind like a sudden light. He gasped, and could say no more.

Crockford took advantage of the pause. "If I may make so bold, sir," he said, "it's you as hasn't taken note of the passage of time. It ain't wonderful. One moment your child here's a boy at your knee, the next his heart's set on getting married—or wuss. That's how it goes. I've had a many children myself, and seen 'em grow up and buried most on 'em. Martha, she's my youngest, she's a good lass. As for the lads, ye can't tell where ye are: one day it's a pegtop and the next it's a woman. If I may make so bold, I've known you man and boy for something like forty years; and I'm sorry for you, Sir Edward, that I am."

Sir Edward heard as if he heard it not, the *bourdonnement* of this raw rustic voice in his ears, and scarcely knew what it meant. He turned to his son without taking any notice. "Walter," he said, with something keen, penetrating, unlike itself in his voice, "what is this? what is this? I don't seem to understand it." He was going to be angry presently, very angry; but in the first place it was necessary that he should know.

"I won't deceive you, father," said Walter. "From his point of view I suppose he's right enough—but that is not my point of view."

"Mr. Walter," old Crockford said, beginning one of his speeches. The old man in his patched coat of an indescribable colour, the colour of the woods and hedgerows, with his red handkerchief in a wisp round his neck, the lock of thin grey hair smoothed over his bald crown, his hat in his old knotted rugged hands, all knuckles and protrusions, came into Sir Edward's mind, as the companion figure leaning on the mantelpiece had done, like a picture all full of meaning; but he stopped the old man's slow discourse with a wave of his hand, and turned to his son, impatiently. He had not voice enough in his bewilderment to say, "Go on,"—he said it with his hand.

"Well, sir!" said the lad, "I don't know what I have to say; there are things one man doesn't tell another, even if it's his father. There's nothing in me that is dishonourable, if that is what you mean. If there were, it is *her* eye I should shrink from first of all."

Her eye! The father stood confounded, not able to believe his ears. He made one more attempt at a question, not with words, but with a



half stupefied look, again silencing Crockford with his hand.

"I tell you, father," cried Walter, with irritation, "there are things one man doesn't tell another, not even if—" He was pleased, poor boy, with that phrase; but the examination, the discovery was intolerable to him. He gave a wave of his hand towards Crockford, as if saying, "Question him—hear him—hear the worst of me!" with a sort of contemptuous indignation: then shot between the two other men like an arrow, and was gone.

"Things one man doesn't tell to another, even if it's his father!" One man to another! was it laughable, was it tragical? Sir Edward, in the confusion of his soul, could not tell. He looked at Crockford, but not for information; was it for sympathy? though the old stone-breaker was at one extremity of the world and he at the other. He felt himself shaking his head in a sort of intercommunion with old Crockford, and then stopped himself with a kind of angry dismay.

"If you've anything to say on this subject, let me have it at once," he said:

"I can talk more freely, sir, now as he's gone. That young gentleman is that fiery, and that deceived. The young uns is like that, Sir Edward; us as is older should make allowances, though now and again a body forgets. I'm one that makes a deal of allowances myself, being a great thinker, Sir Edward, in my poor way. Well, sir, it's this, sir—and glad I am as you're by yourself and I can speak free. She's nobody no more nor I am. She's a little baggage, that's what she is. How she come to me was this. A brother of mine, as has been no better than what you may call a rollin' stone all his life, and has done a many foolish things, what does he do at last but marry a woman as had been a play-actress, and I don't know what. They say as she was always respectable—I don't know. And she had a daughter, this little baggage as is here, as was her daughter, not his, nor belonging to none o' us. But her mother, she bothered me to 'ave 'er, to take her out of some man's way as wanted to marry her, but his friends wouldn't hear of it. And that's how it is. How she came across Mr. Walter is more than I can tell. That's just how things happens, that is. You or me, Sir Edward, begging your pardon, sir, it's a thing that don't occur to the likes of us: but when a young gentleman is young and tender-hearted, and don't know the world—The ways of Providence is past explaining," Crockford said.

Sir Edward stood with that habitual look in his face of a man injured and aggrieved, and full of a troubled yet mild remonstrance with fate, and listened to all this only half hearing it. He heard enough to understand in a dull sort of way what it was which had happened to his boy, a thing which produced upon him perhaps a heavier effect than it need have done by reason of the vagueness in which it was wrapped, the blurred and misty outline of the facts making it so much more considerable. It was not what Crockford said it was, not the mere discovery that his son had got into a foolish "entanglement," as so many have done before him, with some village girl, that

produced this effect upon him. It was Walter's words so strangely dislocating the connection between them, cutting the ground from under his feet, changing the very foundations of life: "things one man doesn't tell to another"—one man!—to another. He kept saying it over in his mind with a bewilderment that kept growing, a confusion which he could not get right—one man, to another. It was this he was thinking of, and not what Crockford had said, when he went back to the dining-room, where all the children had finished breakfast, and his wife met him with a look so full of surprise. "What has kept you, Edward? everything is cold. Have you sent Wat out for anything? Has anything happened?" she said.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.—MATERNAL DIPLOMACY.

"YOU had better send the children off to play, and never mind if everything is cold. It's my own fault; it's the fault of circumstances."

He seated himself at table as he spoke and helped himself to some of the cold bacon, which was not appetising: nor had he much appetite. His face was full of care as he swallowed his cup of tea, keeping an eye uneasily upon the children as they were gradually coaxed and led and pushed away. When the door closed upon the last of them there was still a moment of silence. Sir Edward trifled with his cold bacon, he crumbled his roll, he swallowed his tea in large abstract gulps, but said nothing, his mind being so full, yet so confused and out of gear. And it was not till his wife repeated her question, this time with a tone of anxiety, that he replied.

"What is it? It's something that has taken me all aback, as you see. It's—something about a woman."

"Something about a woman!" she repeated with the utmost astonishment; but had he said "something about a cabbage," Lady Penton could not have been less alarmed.

"Living at old Crockford's," he went on. "I don't understand the story. The old man talked and talked, and Walter—"

"What has Walter to do with it, Edward? He has gone out without any breakfast. Have you sent him to see after anything? Where has he gone?"

"Gone! is he gone? Why he's gone to *her*, I suppose: that's the amusing thing. He says 'there's things one man doesn't tell to another'; one man!—that's how Wat speaks to me, Annie." He gave a laugh which was far from joyful. "I think the boy's gone off his head."

"Wat says—? I don't know what you mean, Edward."

"Nor more do I; it's past understanding. It's the sort of thing people talk of, but I never thought it would come in our way. It's an entanglement with some girl in the village. Don't you know what that means?"

"Edward!" cried the mother; and a flash of colour like a flame passed over her face. She

was confounded, and unable to make any comment even in her thoughts.

"You can't take it in, and I don't wonder; neither can I, that know more of the world than you can do. Our Wat, that has never seemed anything but a schoolboy! Why, Horry will be saying presently, 'There are some things that one man doesn't tell to—' I don't know what the world is coming to," he cried, sharply. When Sir Edward himself was taken by surprise, he felt by instinct that something sudden and unexpected must have occurred to the world.

Lady Penton was perhaps still more taken by surprise than her husband. But she did not make any observations against the world. The sudden flush faded from her face as she sat opposite to him, her astonished eyes still fixed upon him, her hands crossed in her lap. But a whole panorama instantly revealed itself before her mind. How could she have been so blind? Walter had been absent continually, whenever he could get an opportunity of stealing away. The reading in the evening, and a hundred little kindly offices which he had been in the habit of performing for his sisters, and with them, had all dropped, as she suddenly perceived. For weeks past he had been with them very little, taking little interest in the small family events, abstracted and dreamy, wrapt in a world of his own. She saw it all now as by a sudden flash of enlightenment. "Some things a man doesn't tell to another man"—oh no, not even to another woman, not to his mother! How strange, bewildering, full of confusion, and yet somehow how natural! This was not her husband's point of view. To him it was monstrous, a thing that never used to happen, an instance of the decay and degradation of the world. Lady Penton, though the most innocent of women, did not feel this. To her, with a curious burst of understanding, as if a new world had opened at her feet, it seemed natural, something which she ought to have expected, something that expanded and widened out her own world of consciousness. Walter, then, her boy, loved somebody. It brought a renewed, fainter flush to her cheek, and a wonderfully tender light to her eyes. She thought of that first, before it occurred to her to think (all being the work of a moment) who it was who had opened this new chapter in her boy's life, and made Walter a man, the equal of his father. Oh, that he should have become the equal of his father, a man, loving, drawing to himself the life of another, he who was only a boy! This wonder, though it might have an acute touch in it, had also a curious sweetness. For Lady Penton was not the hungry jealous mother of one child, but the soft expansive parent of many, and never had shut herself up in the hope of retaining them altogether for her own.

"It is very strange," she said, after a pause, "it takes a good time to accustom one's self to such an idea" (which was not the case, for she had done it in the flash of a moment). "It would be quite nice—and agreeable," she added, with some timidity, "if it was a—right person; but did you say, Edward—*what* did you say?"

"Nice!" he cried, with an explosion like thunder, or so it seemed to his wife's ears, a little nervous with all that had happened. "You can't have listened to what I have been saying. I told you plainly enough. A girl that has been living at old Crockford's, a girl out of the village—no, worse, much worse, sent down from London, to be out of some one's way—"

Lady Penton had sprung to her feet, and came towards him with her hands clasped, as if praying for mercy. "Oh! Edward, no, no, no; don't say all that, Edward," she cried.

"What am I to say? It's all true so far as I know. You can ask Martha about her. Perhaps that's the best way; trust one woman to tell you the worst that's to be said of another. Yes, I think on the whole that's the best way. Have her up and let us hear—"

"What!" said Lady Penton, "call up Martha, and question her about a thing that Walter's mixed up in? let her know that we are in trouble about our boy? make her talk about—about that sort of thing—before *you*? I don't know what sort of a woman you take me for, Edward. At all events, that is not what you would ever get me to do."

He stared at her, only partially understanding—perhaps indeed not understanding at all, but feeling an obstacle vaguely shape itself in his path. "Annie," he said, "there's no room for sentiment here: whatever the girl is, she's not a person that should ever have come in Walter's way."

Upon which his mother without any warning began suddenly to cry, a thing which was still more confusing to her husband: exclaiming by intervals, "Oh! my Wat!" "Oh! my poor boy! What did you say to him? You must have been harsh, Edward; oh, you must have been harsh; and to think he should have rushed out without any breakfast!" Lady Penton sobbed and cried.

It was not very long, however, before the mistress of the house, returning to the routine of domestic matters and with no trace of tears about her, though there was a new and unaccustomed look of anxiety in her eyes, found Martha in the pantry, where she was cleaning the silver, and lingered to give her a few orders, especially in respect to the plate. Lady Penton pointed out to her that she was using too much plate-powder, that she was not sufficiently careful with the chasings and the raised silver of the edges, with various other important pieces of advice, which Martha took with some curtsies but not much satisfaction. Lady Penton then made several remarks about the crystal which it would be impertinent to quote: and then she smoothed matters by asking Martha how her mother was. "I have not seen her for some time; I suppose she doesn't go out in this cold weather, which is good for no one," said Lady Penton.

"Oh, my lady, there's worse things than the bad weather," cried Martha. She was her father's child, and apt, like him, to moralise.

"That is very true: but the bad weather is at the bottom of a great deal of rheumatism and bronchitis as well as many other things."

"Yes, my lady, but there's things as you can't have the doctor to, and them's the worst of all."

"I hope none of your brothers are a trouble to her, Martha; I thought they were all doing so well?"

"Oh, it ain't none of the boys, my lady. It's one as is nothing to us, not a blood relation at all. Father was telling master—or at least he come up a purpose to tell master, but I begged him not," said the young woman, rubbing with redoubled energy. "I said, 'father, what's the good?'"

"You are very right there, Martha: Sir Edward is only annoyed with complaints from the village; he can't do anything. It is much better in such a case to come to me."

"Yes, my lady: I didn't want them to trouble you neither. I told 'em her ladyship had a deal to think of. You see, my lady, mother's deaf, and things might go on—oh, they might go on to any length afore she'd hear."

"I know she is deaf, poor thing," Lady Penton said.

"That was why I didn't want her to take a lodger at all, my lady. But Emmy's not a lodger after all. She's a kind of a relation. She's Uncle Sam's wife's daughter, and she didn't look like one as would give trouble. She's just as nice spoken as any one could be, and said she was to help mother: and so she does, and always kind. Whatever father says, she's always been kind—and that handy, turning an old gown to look like new, and telling you how things is worn, and all what you can see in the shops, and as good-natured with it all—"

"Of whom are you speaking, Martha? Emmy, did you say? who is Emmy? I have never heard of her before."

"She's the young woman, my lady; oh! she's the one—she's the young person, she's—it was her as father came to speak of, and wouldn't hold his tongue or listen to me."

"What is there to say about her? Sir Edward, I am afraid, did not understand. He has a great many things to think of. It would have been much better if your father had come to me. Who is she, and what has she done?"

Lady Penton spoke with a calm and composure that was almost too complete; but Martha was absorbed in her own distress and suspected nothing of this.

"Please, my lady," she cried, with a curtsy, "she have done nothing. She's dreadful taking, that's all. When she gets talking, you could just stop there for ever. It's a great waste of time when you've a deal to do, but it ain't no fault of hers. She makes you laugh, and she makes you cry, and though she don't give herself no airs, she can talk as nice as any of the quality, as if she was every bit a lady—and the next moment the same as mother or like me."

"She must be very clever," said Lady Penton. "Is she pretty too?"

"I don't know as I should have taken no notice of her looks but for other folks a-talking of them," said Martha. "I don't know as I sees her any different from other folks; but as for

good nature and making things pleasant, there ain't none like her high nor low."

"And what is she doing here? and why did your father come to Sir Edward about her?" said Lady Penton, in her magisterial calm.

"Oh, my lady, you'll not be pleased; I'd rather not tell you. When father does notice a thing he's *that* suspicious! I'd rather not—oh, I'd rather not!"

"This is nonsense, Martha—you had much better tell me. What has this girl been doing that Sir Edward ought to know?"

Martha twisted her fingers together in overwhelming embarrassment.

"Oh, my lady, don't ask me! I could not bear to tell you—and you'd not be pleased."

"What have I to do with it, my good girl?" said Walter's mother, as steadily as if she had been made of marble; and then she added, "but after hearing so much I must know. You had better tell me. I may perhaps be of use to her, poor thing!"

"Oh, my lady, Sir Edward'll tell you. Oh, what have I got to do pushing into it! Oh, if you're that kind, my lady, and not angry!" Here Martha paused, and took a supreme resolution. "It's all father's doing, though I say it as shouldn't. He thinks as Mr. Walter—oh, my lady, Mr. Walter's like your ladyship—he's that civil and kind!"

"I am glad you think so, Martha. Gentlemen are very different from us; they don't think of things that come into every woman's mind. I shall be angry indeed if you keep me standing asking questions. What has all this to do with my son?"

"It's all father's ways of thinking. There's nothing in it—not a thing to talk about. It's just this—as Mr. Walter has seen Emmy a time or two at the cottage door. And he's said a civil word. And Emmy is one as likes to talk to gentlefolks, being more like them in herself than the likes of us. And so—and so—father's taken things into his head—as he did, my lady," cried Martha, with a blush and a sudden change of tone, "about John Baker and me."

"About John Baker and you?"

"Yes, my lady," cried Martha, very red; "and there's no more truth in it the one nor the other. Can't a girl say a word but it's brought up against her, like as it was a sin? or give a civil answer but it's said as she's keeping company? It ain't neither just nor right. It's as unkind as can be. It's just miserable livin' where there's nought but folks suspecting of you all round."

"Martha, is that how your father treated John Baker and you? I think you're hard upon your father. He behaved very well about that, and you know you were yourself to blame. This that you tell me is all nonsense, to be sure. I will speak to Mr. Walter." She paused a little, and then asked, "This Emmy that you tell me of—is she a nice girl?"

"Oh, yes, my lady."

"Is she one that gives a civil answer, as you say, whoever talks to her?"

"Oh, yes, my lady."

"Not particularly to young men?"



"Oh, no, my lady," said Martha, with vehemence, her countenance flaming red, like the afternoon sun.

"If that is all true," said Lady Penton, "you may be sure she shall have a friend in me. But I hope it is all true."

"As sure as—oh, as sure as the Catechism or the Prayer-book! Oh, my lady, as sure as I'm speaking: and I wouldn't deceive your ladyship—no, I wouldn't deceive you, not for nothing in the world!"

"Except in respect to John Baker," said Lady Penton, with a smile: at which Martha burst out crying over the silver that she had been cleaning, and made her plate-powder no better than a puddle of reddish mud.

This led Lady Penton to make a few more observations on the subject with which she had begun the conversation: and then she went away. But if Martha was left weeping, her mistress did not carry a light heart out of the pantry, where she had got so much information. The picture of the village siren was not calculated to reassure a mother. She had thought at first that Martha was an enemy, and ready to give the worst version of the story; and then it had turned out that Martha herself was on the side of the girl who had fascinated Walter. Had she fascinated Walter? Was it possible—a girl at a cottage door—a girl who—gave a civil answer? Lady Penton's imagination rebelled against this description; it rebelled still more at the comparison with John Baker, with whom Martha herself had gone through a troublous episode. Walter Penton like John Baker! She tried to smile, but her lips quivered a little. What was this new thing that had fallen into the peaceful family all in a moment like a bomb full of fire and trouble? She could not get rid of the foolish picture—the girl at the cottage door, smiling on whosoever passed, with her civil answer; and Walter—her Walter, her firstborn, the heir of Penton—Walter caught by that vulgar snare as he passed by! Had it been a poor lady, the curate's daughter, the immaculate governess of romance—but the girl whose conversation was so captivating to Martha, who described what things were worn, and all that you could see in the shops—and then, with a smile at the cottage door, caught the unwary boy to whom every girl was a thing to be respected. Martha's little bubble of tears in the pantry were nothing to the few salt drops that came to her mistress's eyes. But Lady Penton went afterwards to the bookroom and told her husband that, so far as she could make out, old Crockford must have made a mistake.

"Martha gives a very good account of the girl," she said, "and Walter, no doubt, had only talked to her a little, meaning no harm."

"He would not have answered me as he did this morning if there had been no harm," said Sir Edward, shaking his head.

"You must have been harsh with him," said his wife. "You must have looked as if you believed Crockford, and not him."

"I was not harsh: am I ever harsh?" cried the injured father.

"Edward, the boy darted out without any

breakfast! How is he to go through the day without any breakfast? Would he have done that if you had not been harsh to him?" Lady Penton said

#### CHAPTER XXXV.—WAITING.

THE day was a painful one to all concerned: to the father and mother, who knew, though vaguely, all about it, and to the children, who knew only that something was wrong, and that it was Walter who was in fault, a thing incomprehensible, which no one could understand. The girls felt that they themselves might have gone a little astray, that they could acknowledge that as possible; but Walter! what could he have done to upset the household, to make the father so angry, the mother so sad?—to rush out himself upon the world without his breakfast? That little detail affected their minds perhaps the most of all. The break of every tradition and habit of life was thus punctuated with a sharpness that permitted no mistake. He had gone out without any breakfast—rushing, driving the gravel in showers from his angry feet. When the time of the mid-day repast came round there was a painful expectancy in the house. He must return to dinner, they said to themselves. But Walter did not come back for dinner. He was not visible all day. The girls thought they saw him in the distance when they went out disconsolately for a walk in the afternoon, feeling it their duty to Mab. Oh, why was she there, a stranger in the midst of their trouble! They thought they saw him at the top of the steep hill going up from the house to the village. But though they hurried, and Anne ran on in advance, by the time she got to the top he was gone and not a trace of him to be seen. Their hearts were sadly torn between this unaccustomed and awful cloud of anxiety and the duties they owed to their guest. And still more dreadful was it when the Penton carriage came for Mab with a note only, telling her to do as she pleased, to stay for a few days longer if she pleased. "Oh, may I stay?" she asked, with a confidence in their kindness which was very flattering, but at that moment more embarrassing than words could say. The two girls exchanged a guilty look, while Lady Penton replied, faltering:—"My dear! it is very sweet of you to wish it. If it will not be very dull for you—" "Oh, dull!" said Mab, "with Ally and Anne, and all the children: and at Penton there is nobody!" A frank statement of this sort, though it may be selfish, is flattering; indeed, the selfishness which desires your particular society is always flattering. None of them could say a word against it. They could not tell their visitor that she was—oh, so sadly!—in their way, that they could not talk at their ease before her; and that to be compelled to admit her into this new and unlooked-for family trouble was such a thing as made the burden miserable, scarcely to be borne. All this was in their hearts, but they could not say it. They exchanged a look behind backs, and Lady Penton repeated, with a faint quaver in her voice, "My dear! Of



course, we shall be only too glad to have you if you think it will not be dull." When Mab ran to write her note and announce her intention to remain, the three ladies felt like conspirators standing together in a little circle looking at each other dolefully. "Oh, mother, why didn't you say they must want her at Penton, and that we did not want her here?" "Hush, girls! Poor little thing, when she is an orphan, and so fond of you all; though I wish it had been another time," Lady Penton said with a sigh. They seized her, one by each arm, almost surrounding her, in their close embrace. "Mother, what has Wat done? Mother, what is it about Wat?" "Oh, hush, hush, my dears!" And Lady Penton added, disengaging herself with a smile to meet Mab, who came rushing into the room in great spirits, "I think as long as the daylight lasts you ought to have your walk." It was after this that the girls thought they saw Walter, but could not find any trace of him when they reached the top of the hill.

There had never been any mystery, any anxiety, save in respect to the illnesses that break the routine of life with innocent trouble which anybody may share, in this innocent household. To make excuses for an absent member, and account for his absence as if it were the most natural thing in the world—not to show that you start at every opening of the door, to refrain heroically from that forlorn watch of the window, that listening for every sound which anxiety teaches: to talk and smile even when there are noises, a stir outside, a summons at the door that seems to indicate the wanderer's return—how were they to have that science of trouble all in a moment? Lady Penton leaped to its very heights at once. She sat there as if all her life she had been going through that discipline, talking to Mab, surveying the children, neglecting nothing, while all the while her heart was in her ears, and she heard before any one the faintest movement outside. They were all very silent at table, Sir Edward making no attempt to disguise the fact that he was out of humour and had nothing to say to any one, while the girls exchanged piteous looks and kept up an anxious telegraphic communication. But Walter never appeared. Neither to dinner, neither in the evening did he return—the two meals passed without him, his place vacant, staring in their faces, as Anne said. Where was he? What could he be doing? Into what depth of trouble and misery must a boy have fallen who darts out of his father's house without any breakfast, and, so far as can be known, has nothing to eat all day? Where could he go to have any dinner? What could have happened to him? These words express the entire disorganisation of life, the end of all things in a family point of view, which this dreadful day meant to Walter's sisters, and to his mother in a less degree. Nothing else that could have been imagined would have reached their hearts in the same way. And the last aggravation was given by the fact that all this which they felt so acutely to imply the deepest reproach against Walter was apparent to little Mab, sitting there with her little smiling face as if there was no

trouble in the world. Oh, it was far better, no doubt, that she should suspect nothing, that she should remain in her certainty, so far as Penton Hook was concerned, that there was no trouble in the world! But her face, all tranquil and at ease, her easy flow of talk, her questions, her commentaries, as if life were all so simple and anybody could understand it! The impatience which sometimes almost overcame all the powers of self-control in Ally and in Anne, cannot be described. They almost hated Mab's pretty blue eyes, and her comfortable, innocent, unsuspecting smile. Had any one told them that little Mab, that little woman of the world, was very keenly alive to everything that was going on, and had formed her little theory, and believed herself to know quite well what it was all about, the other girls would have rejected such an accusation with disdain.

It was quite late, after everything was over, the children all in bed, all the noises of the house hushed and silent, when Walter came home. The family were sitting together in the drawing-room, very dull, as Lady Penton had forewarned the little guest they would be. She herself had suggested a game of bezique, which she was ready to have played had it been necessary: but Ally and Anne could not for shame let their mother take that rude and arduous task in hand. So this little group of girls had gathered round the table, a pretty contrast in their extreme freshness and youthfulness. The gravity of this, to her, terrible and unthought-of crisis, the horror of what might be happening, threw a shade upon Ally's passive countenance which suited it. She was very pale, her soft eyes cast down, a faint movement about her mouth. She might have burst out crying over her cards at any moment in the profound tension of her gentle spirit. Anne was different; the excitement had gone to her head, all her faculties were sharpened; she had the look of a gambler, keen and eager on her game, though her concentrated attention was not on that at all. She held her head erect, her slender shoulders thrown back, her breath came quickly through her slightly opened lips. Mab was just as usual, with her pretty complexion and her blue eyes, laughing, carrying on a little babble of remark. "A royal marriage! Oh, Anne, what luck!" "Another card, please—yes, I will have another." Her voice was almost the only one that disturbed the silence. Lady Penton in her usual place was a little indistinct in the shade. She had turned her head from the group, and her usually busy hands lay clasped in her lap. She was doing nothing but listening. Sometimes even she closed her eyes, that nothing might be subtracted from her power of hearing. Her husband, still further in the background, could not keep still. Sometimes he would sit down for a moment, then rise again and pace about, or stand before the bookshelves as if looking for a book; but he wanted no book—he could not rest.

And then in the midst of the silence of the scene came the sounds that rang into all their hearts. The gate with its familiar jar across the gravel, the click of the latch, then the step,

hurried, irregular, making the gravel fly. Lady Penton did not move, nor did Sir Edward, who stood behind her, as if he had been suddenly frozen in the act of walking and could not take another step. Ally's cards fell from her hands and had to be gathered from the floor with a little scuffle and confusion, in the midst of which they were all aware that the hall door was pushed open, that the step came in and hurried across the hall upstairs and to Walter's room, the door of which closed with a dull echo that ran through all the house. Their hearts stood still; and then sudden ease diffused itself throughout the place—relief—something that felt like happiness. He had come back! In a moment more the girls' voices rose into soft laughter and talk. What more was wanted? Wat had come back. As long as he was at home, within those protecting walls, what could go wrong? "Oh, what a fright we have had," said Ally's eyes, with tears in them, to those of Anne; "but now it's all over! He has come back."

The parents looked at each other in the half light under the shade of the lamp. When Walter's door closed upstairs Sir Edward made a step forward as if to follow to his son's room, but Lady Penton put up her hand to check him. "Don't," she said, under her breath. It still seemed to her that her husband must have been harsh. "Some one must speak to him," said Sir Edward, in the same tone; "this cannot be allowed to go on." "Oh, no, no; go on! oh, no, it can't go on." "What do you mean, Annie?" cried her husband, leaning over her chair. "Do you think I should take no notice after the dreadful day we have spent, and all on his account?" "No, no," she said, in a voice which was scarcely audible; "no, no." "What am I to do, then—what ought I to do? I don't want to risk a scene again, but to say 'no, no,' means nothing. What do you think I should do?"

She caught his hand in hers as he leaned over her chair, their two heads were close together. "Oh, Edward, you've always been very good to me," she said.

"What nonsense, Annie! good to you! we've not been two, we've been one; why do you speak to me so?"

"Edward," she whispered, leaning back her middle-aged head upon his middle-aged shoulder. "Oh, Edward, this once let me see him. I know the father is the first. It's right you should be the first; but, Edward, this once let me see him, let me speak to him. He might be softer to his mother."

There was a pause, and he did not know himself, still less did she know, whether he was to be angry or to yield. He had perhaps in his mind something of both. He detached his hand from hers with a little sharpness, but he said, "Go, then: you are right enough; perhaps you will manage him better than I."

She went softly out of the room, while the girls sat over their cards in the circle of the lamplight. They had not paid much attention to the murmur of conversation behind them. They

thought she had gone to see about some supper for Walter, who had probably been fasting all day, an idea which had also entered Ally's mind as a right thing to do; but mother, they knew, would prefer to do it herself. She did not, however, in the first place, think of Walter's supper. She went up the dim staircase, where there was scarcely any light, not taking any candle with her, and made her way along the dark passage to Walter's door. He had no light, nor was there any sound as she opened the door softly and went in. Was it possible he was not there? The room was all dark, and not a murmur in it, not even the sound of breathing. A dreadful chill of terror came over Lady Penton's heart. She said with a trembling voice, "Walter, Walter!" with an urgent and frightened cry.

There was a sound of some one turning on the bed, and Walter's voice said out of the dark in a muffled and sullen tone, "What do you want, mother? I thought here I might have been left in peace."

"Wat!" she cried, "in peace. Is this how you speak to me? Oh, my boy, where have you been?"

"It can't matter much where I've been. I've been doing no harm."

"No, dear. I never thought you had," said his mother, groping her way to the bedside and sitting down by him. She put out her hand till it reached where his head was lying. His forehead was hot and damp, and he put her hand away fretfully.

"You forget," he said, "I'm not a baby now."

"You are always my boy, Wat, and will be, however old you may grow. If your father was harsh he did not mean it. Oh, why did you rush away like that without any breakfast? Walter, tell me the truth, have you had anything to eat? have you had some dinner? Tell me the truth."

There was a pause, and then he said, "I forget: is that all you think of, mother?"

"No, Wat, not all I think of, but I think of that too. If I bring you up something will you eat it, Wat?"

"For pity's sake let me alone," he said, pettishly, "and go away."

"Walter!"

"Let me alone, mother, for to-night. I can't say anything to-night. I came to bed on purpose to be quiet; leave me alone for to-night."

"If I do, Wat, you will hear us, you will not turn your back upon us to-morrow?"

"Good-night, mother," said the lad.

He had turned his head away, but she bent over him and kissed his hot cheek. "I will tell your father he is not to say anything. And I will leave you, since you want me. But you will take the advice of your best friends to-morrow, Wat."

"Good-night, mother," he said again, and turned his flushed and shamefaced cheek to respond, since it was in the dark, to her kiss.

"Wat, there is nobody in the world can love you as we do. God bless you, my dear," she said.

And listening in the dark, he heard the faint

sound of her soft footsteps receding, passing away into the depths of the silent house, leaving him not silent, not quiet, as he said, but with a wild world of intentions and impulses whirling within him, all agitation, commotion, revolution to his finger-ends.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.—POOR WALTER!

WHEN Walter, in ungovernable excitement, trouble, and impatience, rushed out of the house in the morning, leaving old Crockford to make he knew not what revelations to his father, he had no idea either what he was going to do, or how long it might be before he returned home. It might have been that he was leaving the Hook—his birthplace, the only home he had ever known—for years. He might never see all these familiar things again—the pale river winding round the garden, the poplar-tree, thin and naked, in the wind, the little multitude in the dining-room making a hum and murmur of voices as he darted past. In his imagination he saw so clearly that breakfast table—his mother dividing to each of the children their proper share, Ally and Anne, and little Molly, with her spoon, making flourishes, and calling, “Fader, fader!” He saw them all with the distinctness of inward vision as he darted away, though his mind was full of another image. The pang with which, even in the heat of his flight, he realised that he was going away, lay in the background of his heart, as that picture was in the background of his imagination; foremost was the idea of seeing *her* at once, of telling her that all was over here, and that he was ready to fly to the end of the world if she would but come with him, and that all should be as she pleased. He had forgotten the suggestion of last night about the oath which he would have to take as to his age. Nothing was apparent to him except that his secret was betrayed, that all was over, that *she* alone remained to him, and that nothing now stood between him and her. He rushed up the hill to the cottage, feeling that reserves and concealments were no longer necessary, that the moment of decision was come, and that there must be no more delay. He would not wait any longer patrolling about the house till she should see him from a window or hear his signal. He went up to the cottage door and knocked loudly. He must see her, and that without a moment's delay.

It seemed to Walter that he stood a long time knocking at the cottage door. He heard the sound of many goings and comings within, so that it was not because they were absent that he was not admitted. At last the door was opened suddenly by old Mrs. Crockford, who was deaf, and who made no answer to his demand except by shaking her head and repeating the quite unnecessary explanation that she was hard of hearing, backed by many curtsies and inquiries for the family.

“My master's out, Mr. Walter—Crockford's not in, sir; he's gone to work, as he allays does. Shall I send him, sir, to the 'ouse when he comes

in to 'is dinner?” she said, with many bobs and hopes as how her ladyship and all the family were well.

Whether this was all she knew, or whether the old woman was astute, and brought her infirmity to the aid of her wits, he could not tell.

“I want to see your niece,” he said—“your niece—your niece Emmy: I want to see Emmy,” without eliciting any further reply than, “My master's out, Mr. Walter, and I'm a little 'ard of 'earing, sir.”

He raised his voice so that *she* must have heard him, and surely, surely, in the condition in which things were, ought to have answered him! But perhaps she was anxious to keep up appearances still. He said, in his loudest voice, “I am leaving home; I must see her:” but even this produced no response: and at last he was obliged to go away, feeling as if all the machinery of life had come to a standstill, and that nothing remained for him to do. He had abandoned one existence, but the other did not take him up. He roamed about for he scarcely knew how long, till the wintry sun was high in the sky, then came back, and, in the audacity of despair—for so he felt it—knocked again, this time softly, disguising his impatience, at the cottage door. He had acted wisely, it appeared, for she herself opened to him this time, receding from the door with a startled cry when she saw who it was. But this time he would not be put off. He followed her into the little room in front, which was a kind of parlour, adorned by the taste of Martha and her mother, cold, with its little fireplace decked out in cut paper, and the blind drawn down to protect it from the sun. He caught sight of a box, which seemed to be half packed, and which she closed hastily and pushed away.

She turned upon him when he had followed inside this room, with an angry aspect that made poor Walter tremble. “Why do you hunt me down like this?” she cried; “couldn't you see I didn't want you when you came this morning pushing your way into the house? Though it's a cottage, still it's my castle if I want to be private here!”

“Emmy!” cried the youth, with the keenest pang of misery in his voice.

“Why do you call out my name like that? You objected to what I told you last night. Go away now. I don't want to have anything to say to a man that objects to my plans as if I didn't know what's right and what's wrong!”

“I object to nothing,” said the boy. “You sent me away from you, you gave me no time to think. And now my father knows everything, and I have left home; I shall never go back any more.”

“Left home! And how does your father know everything? And what is there to know?”

“Nothing!” cried Walter—“nothing, except that I am yours, heart and soul—except that I desire nothing, think of nothing, but you. And they had never heard of you before!”

She closed the door and pushed a chair towards him. “How did they know about me?—what do they know now? Was it you that told them?”



And what do they think?" she cried, with a slight breathlessness that told of excitement.

Poor Walter was glad to sit down, he was faint and weary; that rush out of doors into the frosty air without any breakfast, which had affected the imaginations of his family so much, had told on him. He felt that there was no strength in him, and that he was glad to rest.

"It was old Crockford who told them," he said. "He came in upon me this morning like a—like a wolf: and my father of course heard, and came to see what it was."

"Oh," she said, in a tone of disappointment, not without contempt in it, "so it was not you! I thought perhaps, being so overwhelmed by what I said, you had gone right off and told your mother, as a good boy should. So it was only old Crockford? and I gave you the credit! But I might have known," she added, with a laugh, "you had not the courage for that!"

"Courage! I did not think of it," he said. "It did not seem a thing to tell them. How was I to do it? And Crockford came—I don't know what for—to forbid me the house."

"No; but to drive me out of it!" she said, with a look which he did not understand. "So you hadn't the courage," she said. "You have not much courage, Mr. Walter Penton, to be such a fine young man. You come here night after night, and you pretend to be fond of me. But when it comes to the point you daren't say to your father and mother straight out, 'Here's a girl I'm in love with, and I want to marry her. I'll do it as soon as I'm old enough, whether you like it or not; but if you were nice, and paid a little attention to her, it would be better for us all.' That is what I should have said in your place. But you hadn't the heart, no more than you'd have had the heart to run a little risk about your age and say you were six months older than you are. That's like a man! You expect a girl to run every risk, to trust herself to you and her whole life; but to do anything that risks your own precious person, oh no! You have not the heart of a mouse; you have not the courage for that!"

She spoke with so much vehemence, her eyes flashing, the colour rising in her cheeks, that Walter could not say a word in his own defence—and, besides, what was there to say? So far was he from having the courage to broach the subject in his own person, that when it had been begun by Crockford he had not been able to bear it, but had rushed away. He sat silent while she thus burst forth upon him, gazing at her as she towered over him in her indignation. He had seldom seen her in daylight, never so close, and never in this state of animation and passion. His heart was wrung, but his imagination was on fire. She was a sort of warrior-maiden—a Britomart, a Clorinda. Her eyes blazed. Her lip, which was so full of expression, quivered with energy. To think that any one should dare to think her beneath them!—of a lower sphere!—which was what he supposed his own family would do when they knew; whereas she was a kind of goddess—a creature made of fire and flame. To brave his father, with her standing by to back him; to

deceive a registrar about a miserable matter of age—six months more or less—what did these matter? What did anything matter in comparison with her?—in comparison with pleasing her, with doing what she wished to be done? He was a little afraid of her as she stood there, setting the very atmosphere on fire. If she ever belonged to him, became his familiar in every act of his life, might there not arise many moments in which he should be afraid of what she might think or say? This thought penetrated him underneath the fervour of admiration in his soul, but it did not daunt him or make him pause.

He said, "It is true I did not tell my father first. It did not come into my head. I can't be sure now that it's the thing to do. But when Crockford said what he did I told him it was so. It is the first time," said Walter, with a little emotion, "that I ever set myself against my father. It may come easier afterwards, but it's something to do it the first time. Perhaps you've never done it, though you are braver than I."

She laughed loudly with a contempt that hurt him.

"Never done it! Never done anything else, you mean! I never got on with my mother since I was a baby; and father, I never had any—at least I never saw him. Well! so you spoke up boldly, and said—what did you say?"

"Oh, don't bother me!" he cried. "How can I tell what I said? And now I've come away. I have left home, Emmy. I am ready to go with you, dear, anywhere—if you like, to the end of the world."

"I've no wish for that," she said, with a softer laugh. "I'm going to London; that's quite enough for me."

"Well," cried the lad, "I'll go with you there; and all can be settled—everything—as you will. It can be nothing wrong that is done for you."

"Oh, you're thinking of the licence again," she said; "never mind that. I've been thinking too; and you can't have your money till you're twenty-one, don't you know? Swearing will do you no good there—they want certificates and all sorts of things. And of course you can't go to the end of the world, or even to London, without any money. So you must just wait and see what happens. Perhaps something will take place before then that will clear you altogether from me."

He listened to the first part of this with mingled calm and alarm. To wait these six months, could he have seen her every day, would not have disturbed Walter much, notwithstanding the blaze of boyish passion which had lighted up all the world to him. The idea of a new life, an entire revolution of all the circumstances round him, and the tremendous seriousness of marriage, had given him a thrill of almost alarm. It was a plunge which he was ready to take, and yet which appalled him. And when she said that he could not have his money till he was twenty-one, a sensation half of annoyance, yet more than half of content, came over his soul. He could bear it well enough if only he could see her every day; but when she added that threat about the possi-



bility of something happening, Walter's heart jumped up again in his breast.

"What can happen?" he said. "Dear, nothing shall happen. If you are going to London I'll go too—I must be near where you are—I've no home to go back to. London will be the best; it's like the deep sea, everybody says. Nobody will find me there."

"You must not be too sure of that. Sir Edward Penton's son could be found anywhere. They will put your arrival in the papers, don't you know? 'At Mivart's, Mr. Walter Penton, from the family seat.'" She broke off with a laugh. Walter, gazing at her was entirely unaware what she meant. The fashionable intelligence of the newspapers, though his mother might possibly give an eye to it, was a blank to him; and when she met his serious impassioned look, the girl herself was affected by it. It was so completely sincere and true that her trifling nature was impressed in spite of everything. She despised him in many ways, though she was not without a certain liking for him. She was contemptuous of his ignorance, of the self-abandonment which made him ready to follow her wherever she went, even of his passion for herself. Emmy was very philosophical, nay, a little cynical in her views. She was ready to say and believe that there were many prettier girls than herself within Walter's reach, and the idea that he cared for anything but her prettiness did not occur to this frank young woman. But the look of absolute sincerity in the poor boy's eyes touched her in spite of herself. She put her hands on his shoulders with a momentary mute caress, which meant sudden appreciation, sudden admiration, like that with which an elder sister might have regarded the generous impulse of a boy: then withdrew laughing from the closer approach which Walter, blushing to his hair, and springing to his feet, ventured upon in response. "No, no," she cried, "run away now. You can come back later; I'm very busy, I've got my packing to look after, and a hundred things to do—there's a dear boy, run away now."

"I am not a boy, at least not to you," he cried, "not to you; you must not send me away."

"But I must, and I do. How can I get my things ready with you hanging about? Run away, run away, do; and you can come back later, after it's dark—not till after it's dark. And then—and then—" she said.

He obeyed her after a while, moved by the vague beatitude of that anticipation. "And then—" Nothing but the highest honour and tenderness was in the young man's thoughts. He did not know indeed what to do when he should reach London with that companion, where he could take her, how arrange matters for her perfect security and welfare until the moment when he should be able to make her his wife. But somehow, either by her superior knowledge, or by that unfailing force of pure and honest purpose which Walter felt must always find the right way, this should be done. He went away from her cheered and inspired. But when he had got out of sight of the cottage he was not clear what to do for the long interval that must elapse; home he could not

go—where should he go? He thought over the question with the icy blast in his face as he turned towards the east. And then he came to a sudden resolution, not indeed consciously inspired by Emmy, but which came from her practical impulse. In another mood, at another stage, her suggestion about his money might have shocked and startled him. It seemed now only a proof of her superior wisdom and good sense, the perfection of mind which he felt to be in her as well as the sweetness of manner and speech, the feeling, the sentiment, all the fine qualities for which he gave her credit, and for which he adored her, not only for the beauty in which alone she believed. And if he was about to do this bold and splendid thing, to carry off the woman he loved, and marry her by whatever means—and are not all means sanctified by love?—surely, certainly, whatever else might be necessary, he would want money. Having made up his mind on this point, Walter buttoned his coat, and set off for Reading like an arrow from a bow. There he managed to dine with great appetite, which would have been a comfort to his mother had she known it, and had an interview with Mr. Rochford, the solicitor, on the subject of the money which had been left to him (as he preferred to think) by old Sir Walter, the result of which was that he got with much ease a sum of fifty pounds (to Walter a fortune in itself), with which in his pocket he walked back with a tremendous sense of guilty elation, excitement, and trouble. He lingered on the road until after dark, as she had said, until, as he remembered so acutely, the hour of the evening meal at home, when the family would be all gathering, and every one asking, Where is Wat? He had rebelled before against the coercion of that family meal. This time it drew him with a kind of lingering desire which he resisted, he who before had half despised himself for obeying the habit and necessity of it. He went to his old post under the hedge, not knowing whether Emmy wished her departure with him to be known. For himself he did not care. If everybody he knew were to appear, father and mother, and all the authorities to whom he had ever been subject, he would have taken her hand and led her away before their faces. So he said to himself as he waited in the cold, half indignant, at that wonderful moment of his fate, that any concealment should be necessary. The cottage was all dark; there was not even a light in the upper window, such as was sometimes there, to make him aware that she looked for him. Not a glimmer of light and not a sound. The cottage seemed like a place of the dead. It seemed to him so much more silent than usual that he took fright after a while, and this, in addition to his feeling that the time for secrecy was over, emboldened him in his impatience. He went up to the cottage door and knocked repeatedly more and more loudly after a while, with a sensation of alarm. Was it possible that old deaf Mrs. Crockford was alone in the house? He had time to get into a perfect fever of apprehension before he heard a heavy step coming from behind, and the door was opened to him by Crockford himself, who filled up the whole of the little passage. The old man had a candle in his

hand. "What, is it you, Mr. Walter?" he cried, astonished. "Where is she?" said Walter. "What have you done with her? Will you tell her I am here?" He could not speak of her familiarly by her name to this man. But Crockford had no such delicacy; he stared Walter in the face, looking at him across the flame of the candle, which waved and flickered in the night air.

"Emmy!" he said. "Why, Mr. Walter, she's gone hours ago!"

been down at the house. I didn't believe her, but she's kept her word. All the better for you, Mr. Walter, if you only could see it; all the better, sir. She's not the same as you think. She's—"

"Silence!" cried Walter again. "I don't believe she has gone away at all; you are making up a story; you are trying to deceive me!"

At this old Crockford opened the door wider and bid him enter, and Walter, with eyes which



"IS THAT YOU, MR. WALTER?"

"Gone! Where has she gone? You've driven her away. Some one has been here and driven her away!"

"Ay, Mr. Walter! The fly at the Penton Arms as she ordered herself to catch the two o'clock train; that's what drove her away, and thankful we was to be quit of her; and so should you be, my young gentleman, if you was wise. She's a little—"

"Hold your tongue!" cried Walter. "Who has driven her away? Is it my father?—is it—Some one has been here to interfere. Silence! If you were not an old man I'd knock you down."

"Silence, and asking me a dozen questions? That's consistent, that is! There's been nobody here—not a soul. She's gone as she intended. She told my old woman as soon as she heard I'd

were hot and painful, as if the blood had got into them, stared in, not knowing what he did. He had no desire to investigate. He knew well enough that it was true. She had sent him out of the way and then she had gone. She had not thought him worth the trouble. She had wanted to get rid of him. This sudden blow awoke no angry flush of pride, as it ought to have done. He felt no blame of her in his mind; instead, he asked himself what he had done to disgust her with him. It must be something he had done. He had disgusted her with his folly—with his hesitation about transgressing any puritanical habits of thought for her sake: and then by his talk about his home. He remembered her flash of disappointment, of contempt, when he had owned that it was not he who had told his

father. Of course she had despised him, how could he think otherwise? She was ready to trust herself to him, and he had not been strong enough to make the least sacrifice for her. He turned and went away from Crockford's door without a word.

And after that he did not know very well how he got through the weary hours. He walked to the railway station and prowled all about with a forlorn sort of hope that she might have missed her train. And then quite suddenly it occurred to him, having nothing else to do, that he might go home. He went, as has been seen, to his room in the dark, and sent his mother away with an entreaty to be left alone. He was not touched by his mother's voice, or her touch or blessing. He was impatient of them, his mind being full of other things. His mind, indeed, was full of Emmy—full to bursting. It might be well for him that she was gone, if he could have thought so. He half agreed to that in his soul. But he would not think so. Had he carried her off triumphantly his mind would have been full of a hundred tremors, but to lose her now was more than he could bear. He lay thinking it all over, longing for the morning, in the dark, without

candle or any other comfort, sleeping now and then, waking only to a keener consciousness. And then he became aware by some change in the chill, for there was none in the light, that it was morning. He got up in the dark—he had not undressed, but had been lying on the bed with the coverlet drawn over him in his morning clothes. It was very cold and blank, the skies all gloom, the river showing one pale gleam and no more. He got up as quietly as he could and stole downstairs and opened stealthily the house door. No one was stirring, not even the servants, though in so full a house they were always early. The fresh morning air blew in his face and refreshed him. He felt his fifty pounds in his pocket. He scarcely thought of the misery he would leave behind him. Long enough, he said to himself, he had been bound by the family, now his own life was in question, and he must act for himself. There was a train at half-past six which he could just catch. How different it was from his night drive so short a time ago! Then he was acting reluctantly for others, now willingly for himself. The cold air blew in his face with a dash of rain in it. He shut the gate quietly not to make a noise, but never looked back.

## HOBSON-JOBSON.

**J**ULIET was no doubt right from her own special point of view when she declared there was nothing in a name. We are perhaps indifferent whether our love answers to the name of Romeo or Bill, of Juliet or Jemima, but there is much, very much, in the name of a book, and whether we be repelled or attracted by the name of a book called "Hobson-Jobson," lately brought out by Colonel Yule, of the Royal Engineers, we cannot help noticing it, and wondering what the strange designation may mean.\* Colonel Yule's work would certainly, under any title, "retain that dear perfection which it owes," but it will, we fear, attract fewer readers than it might with a more happily-chosen one. To an enormous number of readers "Hobson-Jobson" can convey no meaning whatever, and this Colonel Yule seems to have felt, since he partly apologises for, partly explains, the title he has given to his glossary of Anglo-Indian words. Were Colonel Yule's work and that of his sometime coadjutor, Dr. Burnell, an ordinary one, were it the dry compilation we usually expect—and find—in a glossary, this would matter little. But this is no ordinary book. It is not only a work of profound erudition, pleasantly free from even a trace of pedantry, it is not only a very storehouse of information for the student of history and literature, as well as of philology, it is also one of the most amusing, one of the most fascinating, books we

have seen this long while. It is a book that will be equally welcome to the learned and the unlearned, the specialist and the "general reader." The initial purpose of the book is to illustrate what few persons know, how many Anglo-Indian words and phrases have become incorporated into our ordinary speech, as well as to explain the meaning and origin of much of the hybrid phraseology current in India. It is curious to note what an eminently receptive tongue the English clearly is. Colonel Yule can give a long list of words that have been admitted to what he calls "full franchise," while others have received partial recognition. No tongue in the world seems so capable of assimilating the words and phrases of other tongues as ours, provided we have need of them. We take words because they are useful to us, as we annex territories because we want them, and as in the former case we have no literary academy, as in France, to call us to order, what was at first lazy convenience grows to be accepted, and at last is admitted to a dictionary and receives scholarly sanction.

And first, what is the meaning of the words Colonel Yule has chosen as title for his glossary? With glossaries they have nothing to do, but they are a curious example of what the British tongue in India manages to achieve in assimilating strange sounds. For this reason, and because the words convey "a veiled intimation of dual authorship," this curious title was selected. As to the words themselves, this is what Colonel Yule tells us of them:

\* A Glossary of Anglo-Indian Colloquial Words and Phrases. By Colonel Henry Yule, R.E., C.B., L.L.D., and the late Arthur Coke Burnell, Ph.D., C.I.E. (John Murray).



"Hobson-Jobson is a native festal excitement, but especially the Moharram ceremonies. This phrase may be taken as a typical one of the highly assimilated class of Anglo-Indian *argot*. . . . It is peculiar to the British soldier and his surroundings, with whom it probably originated, and with whom it is by no means obsolete. . . . It is, in fact, an Anglo-Saxon version of the wailings of the Mohammedans as they beat their breasts in the processions of the Moharram, 'Yā Hussan! Yā Hussan!'"

There are, Colonel Yule says, "no literary quotations" to "exemplify the phrase as it stands," but he gives some delightful specimens of this word in its "process of evolution," a process characteristic of innumerable words of foreign origin adopted into our language. Thus the "Vah Hussein, seiah Hussein" of a writer in 1618, appears as "Hussan-Hussan" in 1630, as "Hosseen-Gosseen" and "Hossey-Gossey" in 1673, as "Hossein-Jossen" in 1720, and so forth.

Indeed the British soldier is answerable for a large number of these corruptions. "Hobson-Jobson" is as perverse an echo of "Hassan-Hussein" as the distorting ear of Tommy Atkins could invent, but it stands at the head of a whole class of phrases of which it is the type and convenient exemplar. Thus the British soldier used grimly to twist "cholera morbus" into "Corporal Forbes." Mark Twain's estimate of Chaucer, that he was "a clever man but could not spell," stands true of so many of our forerunners, who, having even less than a phonetic knowledge of Indian names, put them into a shape past recognition. Colonel Yule points out the interesting fact that in innumerable cases it is difficult to trace the origin of a word, because there are two or more sources of equal probability and in themselves entirely diverse, and because in many of these cases, while the word may have *originated* from one of these sources, the existence of the other has invigorated that use and contributed to its eventual diffusion. As an illustration of these cases, let us take the word "boy," as used by Anglo-Indians for servant. To this the old English use of *boy* for camp-servant, or slave (like the French *garçon*) and the Hindi-Marāthi *bhoi*, the name of a caste which has furnished palanquin and umbrella bearers to many generations of Europeans in India, have both contributed in almost equal measure; but the habitual use of the word by the Portuguese, for many years before any English influence had touched the shores of India (e.g., *bóy de sombrero*, *bóy d'agua*, *bóy de palanquay*), shows that the earliest source was an Indian one.

In speaking of the words—few in number—that have come to Anglo-Indian *via* French, Colonel Yule quotes the phrase *mort-de-chien*, and gives us information of great historical as well as philological value. It is no uncommon statement that cholera was unknown in India till the governorship of the Marquis of Hastings. But Colonel Yule, by tracing the word "mort-de-chien" to its Portuguese origin, proves that cholera must have been a well-known epidemic at least as early as 1543. The name *mort-de-chien* he tells us is "a name for cholera more or less up to the end

of the last century. . . . The word in this form is really a corruption of the Portuguese *mordexim*, shaped by fanciful French etymology. The Portuguese word again represents the Koukam and Mahratti *modāchi*, *modshī*, or *modwashī*, 'cholera,' from a Mahratti verb *moduen*, to break up, to sink, to collapse." Then Colonel Yule gives us literary illustrations of the use of this word, and the account of "morxy," as it is called by Correa, leaves no doubt that "morxy" was our cholera. The "morxy" of 1543 appears in Garcia as "morxi" in 1561; Linschoter calls it "mordexigu" in 1598; Carletti calls it "mordescin" in 1599, and it becomes later on "mordeschin" (1665); and "mort-de-chien" (1768). The latest familiar use of the word with which Colonel Yule has met is in Johnson's "Influence of Tropical Climate" (1813), where occurs the statement that "mort-de-chien is nothing more than the highest degree of cholera-morbus." Some idea of the literary interest of Colonel Yule's work may be gathered from the fact that in illustration of this one phrase "mort-de-chien" he gives no fewer than twenty-eight quotations, ranging from Correa (1543) to Johnson (1813).

But while there are such a number of words and phrases that have come to us consciously or unconsciously through Anglo-Indian, it is of the utmost interest to know, as Colonel Yule, or rather his collaborator, Mr. Burnell, points out, that "considering the long intercourse with India, it is noteworthy that the additions that have thus accrued to the English language are, from an intellectual standpoint, of no intrinsic value. Nearly all the borrowed words refer to natural facts or to particular customs and stages of society, and though a few of them furnish allusions to the penny-a-liner, they do not represent new ideas."

It had originally been the intention of Colonel Yule and his co-worker to include in their glossary only such words as occur habitually in Anglo-Indian social life and Anglo-Indian periodicals, newspapers, etc. But the materials for the work (and for the arrangement of these Colonel Yule is alone responsible) gradually accumulated, the whole scope of it widened out, and it now embraces not merely Anglo-Indian words and phrases in common use, but administrative, geographical, zoological, and botanical terms. When it is borne in mind that each word or phrase given is, wherever possible, illustrated by literary quotations in chronological order—quotations ranging over the whole field of literature from the early Greek geographers to the modern penny-a-liner—some idea may be gathered of the magnitude of the work, of its value, and of its interest, even for the casual reader.

Few persons probably have any conception of the number of words we have taken from India. For example, who thinks of *gingham*, *chintz*, *shawl*, *calico*, as Indian? Above all, who would imagine that three boats of a man-of-war, the *cutter*, *dingy*, and *jolly-boat*, all have the same origin? *Chintz*, *calico*, and *gingham* date back to the time of Elizabeth and James I, being used then in the warehouses, and, as Colonel Yule puts it, "lying in wait for entrance into English literature." We



have first the derivation from the Marāḥṭi *chit* and Hindi *chint*, followed by a reference to its probable origin in the Sanscrit *chitra*, "variegated, speckled." *Calico* is derived from Calicut, one of the chief ports of Malabar, in Southern India. It probably comes through the French *calicot*, which, though retaining the *i* to the eye, does not do so to the ear.

But while on the one hand we have words innumerable of whose Indian origin we are ignorant, there are an enormous number of others which we are in the habit of considering as Indian, but which come to us only through the medium of some other tongue—especially through the medium of Portuguese. For example, the word *goglet* (a water-bottle) is usually considered to be of Indian origin; we all fancy *caste* must come to us direct, and not through the Portuguese *casta*; and, above all, many will be astonished to find that the Indian *ayah* is simply the Portuguese *aia*, a nurse or governess, as *aio* is a tutor (governor).

But if many words have come to us in this indirect fashion, we have, in turn, formed many extraordinary new compounds that are, as Colonel Yule points out, applicable to new objects or shades of meaning. Of such are *outry* for auction and *competition-wallah*. As to our perversion of certain words and sounds, the title of the glossary is one example. Here are a few more. Allahabad becomes "Isle o' Boats" with English soldiers; the Portuguese *sombrero* becomes (with all classes) in Bombay "summer-head"—i.e., a large umbrella; the aquatic plant *sola*, which affords protection from the sun, has become "solar;" *Fuwa Rajah*—i.e., "young king," becomes Upper Roger; *Sujah Gosh*, the black ear of the lynx, "Shoe Goose," etc.

Next we come to words that have a special meaning to the Anglo-Indian, like "home," which to him invariably means "England," and never India, and words we have quite annexed. Of the latter *shampoo* and *chicane* are good examples. *Shampoo* comes from the Hind verb "chāmpna," meaning "to knead and press the muscles with the view of relieving fatigue." As to *chicane*, it is only a form of "chaugaun," or horse-golf, better known by its modern name of "polo," a sport with an ancient history. It appears to have been first played in Persia, and was introduced from that country into Byzantium under the Greek emperors, whence the Crusaders brought it to Provence. In Provence its popularity did not survive very long, but it endured long enough for the *finesse* demanded by the inequalities of the ground (the ancient polo-sticks were far more delicate than the modern) to have suggested a secondary meaning and application. Strangely enough, polo also seems to have almost totally disappeared in the East, till it was revived by Anglo-Indian society some twenty years ago, although the great Mogul emperors were munificent patrons of the game.

Colonel Yule also gives us many expressions whose original meaning we have forgotten, that

we have vulgarised, and that in many cases we assume to be merely "slang." Thus the Slang Dictionary defines "quite the cheese" as meaning "anything good, first-rate in quality, genuine, pleasant, or advantageous." But in "Hobson-Jobson" we find that the expression is probably derived from the Persian and Hind: *chêz* = thing. "The expression used to be common among young Anglo-Indians, 'My new Arab is the real *chêz*;' 'these cheroots are the real *chêz*,' i.e., the thing."

The gambling terms "chicken-hazard" and "chicken stakes" Colonel Yule traces to the word "chicken," or its more common form "chick," meaning a sum of four rupees.

Not the least interesting will be found Colonel Yule's explanations of many familiar geographical terms. To Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, to many other towns and provinces, long paragraphs are devoted, and if the derivations of some of these words seem a little far-fetched, they are always interesting and ingenious.

Nor has Colonel Yule devoted himself only to recording Indian words. He gives us innumerable examples of words taken from mispronounced Chinese words: "Chopstick," "Java," "Joss," etc., are of this class, and those belonging to the fearsome Pigeon (i.e. business!) English of the Chinese and those who deal with them. But perhaps the most interesting are those words which we commonly use—and use incorrectly. To give but one example, the word Nautch. Nautch means "a kind of ballet dance performed by women, also any kind of stage entertainment, a European ball." But we commonly apply the term to the individual dancer (the Bayadère), and probably nine people out of ten imagine nautch to be Indian for dancing-girl. In this mistaken sense no less a person than Browning uses the word.

We have spoken of this delightful book as the work of Colonel Yule. It is but just to point out the relative positions of the two men whose names appear on the title-page. It seems that in 1872 Colonel Yule and Dr. Burnell discovered that they were both working at the same subject—the compilation of an Anglo-Indian glossary—and they determined to compare their notes and labour for the future together. The help afforded Colonel Yule by Dr. Burnell he illustrates by a quotation from the life of Frank Buckland: "It is said that the Man of Ross was present at the casting of the great bell and that he took with him an old silver tankard, which—after drinking claret and sherry—he threw in and had cast with the lead." In like fashion, says Colonel Yule, his friend contributed the most precious metal, whose value bears no proportion to the whole mass, but this precious metal has been so fused with the lead of his own contribution that they are now one. But as Colonel Yule admits writing (almost entirely) and arranging (entirely) the volume before us, as it has been rewritten by himself *four times* he may fairly claim the work as his, and we are doing no injustice in speaking of him as its author.

## THE HARVEST OF THE MINOR SHELLFISH.

"REAL Stukey cockles" are not a luxury known to us all, and yet amongst a certain class of her Majesty's subjects they are as much appreciated in their way as Whitstable Natives. We are so accustomed to look upon the oyster as the only mollusc worth eating, that it comes as a surprise when we hear that of one of the minor shellfish alone—the humble cockle—no less than £20,000 worth is caught every year in one of our English bays. The quantity this means is enormous; for as cockles fetch at first hand about £5 per ton the output from the Kent Bank must thus weigh at least 80,000cwt. The cockle fishery is, however, not confined to Morecambe; in Carmarthen Bay it is also carried on largely, and some 60,000cwt. are there accounted for every year. On the east coast also there are happy hunting grounds of the heart-shaped shell; Stiffkey itself, the home of the "Real Stukey," is in Norfolk. And at the mouths of our large rivers the cocklers may be seen at work almost the year round with their spades and baskets gathering for the great city near by.

The cockle needs no description. Its shell is familiar on every beach, and as the main constituent of the shell-gravel on our park and garden walks. The animal—except as a toothsome mass—is only of interest to the zoologist. Carlyle in his immortal Sartor says nothing about the shellfish which, nevertheless, would have afforded Herr Teufelsdröckh innumerable instances of the wonderful power of clothes. It is, indeed, by their clothes, and their clothes alone, that the millions know the mollusca. There is even a special "science"—conchology to wit—which deals with these suits, and, disregarding the individual, concerns itself only with his garment! We need not therefore dissect our *Cardium edule* to display his yellow mantle "open in front," or enlarge on his strange sickle-shaped foot which he distends with water in order to bore a hole large enough for him to dwell in; nor need we do more than mention that he feeds upon the finer algæ with or without the sand around, trusting to the separating action inside him to select only what is nutritious, and eject, in worm fashion, the inorganic grit.

Cockles, by the way, are largely used as bait, though to nothing like the extent of their neighbours of the street stalls, the mussels and the whelks. The consumption of mussels by our fishing fleets is indeed astonishing. Take as an instance Mr. John Doull's report as to the quantity used at Eyemouth.

"The 28 Eyemouth boats shot their lines 2,825 times during the fishing season ended May, 1883; each boat carries 7 men and 7 lines, but on Mondays 10½ lines; each line is 1,200 yards long, so that the total length of lines that passed through the fishermen's hands during the season was 15,200 miles, or a length that would extend to about two-thirds the circumference of the earth. Every day the boats proceeded to sea

they shot 135 miles of lines, and on Mondays 202 miles. On each line there are 1,050 hooks, and every time the boats were at sea 205,800 hooks, baited with 411,600 mussels, were put into the water; and the total number of mussels used during the season, averaging two for each hook, was 46,819,500." This is for one port, and a similar state of things exists all round the coast. In one year the London and South-Western Railway Company has received as much as £2,000 for the carriage of mussels from the Exe estuary!

Mussels owe their excellence as bait to their vitality. After they are taken from the shell they will live on the hook for a couple of days, and hence are more attractive to the larger fish than any dead bait would be. In Sweden, however, they are used merely as a link in a chain. The Swedes bait the haddock lines with them and catch haddocks, and then cut the haddocks up as bait for the cod and ling.

As a food they are eaten by the thousand. In Edinburgh hundreds of bushels are sold in a year, and in London the consumption is much greater. Like cockles, they are eaten raw, boiled, or pickled, and in sauces for fish and meat; and notwithstanding mysterious cases of so-called poisoning from some unknown property that occasionally distinguishes them, they seem to be growing in popularity, although the doctors teach that in spring they are only fit "for such as are shipwrecked on desert islands and are starving for lack of nourishment."

Mussels have many enemies besides man. Crows may be seen darting down on them, seizing them in their beaks, and, flying aloft, dropping them to smash their shells; and on the banks the starfish is often found grasping them with his five fingers, watching his opportunity for them to open to breathe, and then darting in his central mouth and sucking them into his stomach. Sea urchins are also said to prey on the mussels, boring holes in the shell about the size of a sixpence, through which they can get at them; and in the same way, according to Mr. Stevenson in his account of the building of the lighthouse on the Bell Rock, the white whelk uses his tongue and sucks out the tenderer parts.

Mussels increase very rapidly—at one of the clearings of the Great Eastern's bottom two hundred tons of mussels were scraped off—and there would now have been abundance for our fishermen had it not been for their wasteful use as manure. How many millions of mussels were used within the last few years for manuring it would be impossible to say; fortunately the fishery exhibitions of a year or two back drew attention to the necessity of cultivating the mussel for bait, and checking the manure waste with a firm hand.

This mussel cultivation is now becoming an important industry. For years in many places there have been "mussel gardens"—little plots in estuaries marked in with stones—and it has

been the custom to look after the young mussel by removing him as soon as he is big enough far up the river mouth and planting him on the rocks or banks of gravel and coarse sand, where by the alternate washings of fresh and salt water he can fatten and grow. But now the French as against the British method is recommended, the French method being that introduced six centuries ago at Esnaudes, where the "farm" now yields £400,000 per year by the sale of its mussel crop.

An interesting story, often told, is that of the founding of the mussel farm. According to the completest version it seems that in 1235 an Englishman named Walton was with two companions on his way up Channel with a cargo of sheep from Ireland. A gale arose, and the ship was driven out of her course and wrecked at the creek of Aiguillon not far from La Rochelle. The fishermen amongst whom he was cast were almost as destitute as himself, and to add to their food Walton set their nets at night on a stake or two, so as to capture some of the sea-fowl. The nets being out all night were found to be covered with the spawn of the edible mussel, and seeing therein an opportunity of increasing the supply of bait, Walton drove down a series of posts and laced in between them a kind of wattling or wicker work, which in like manner became coated with spawn. Success being assured, more and more stakes were driven in, and finding it to his advantage to stay where he was, Walton in ten years had all the bay covered with the simple apparatus, which eventually found imitations in many other ports of France.

It takes some time to grow a mussel, however, even at Aiguillon. Fourteen months after the spawn has adhered to the wattles, the animal is about the size of a Windsor bean. It is then fit for removal and is scraped off by iron hooks, and with others put into a linen or netting bag and hung on to wattled palisadings at a higher level. In time the bag rots away and the mussels are left clinging to the wood, from which, in a similar manner, they have three more transplantings before they are fit for sale.

The wattled palisades are termed bouchots, and the men are bouchotiers. The mud into which the posts are driven, and of which the whole shore consists at low water, is too soft to bear a man's weight, and as it is constantly necessary for the bouchotiers to traverse the mud alongside the bouchots, small flat-bottomed boats are used, called "pirogues" or "acous." They are much the same as Walton left them, and are built of four planks, two at the bottom and two at the sides, the bottom curving up to form the bow. The man drives them along, not by scull or pole, but by kneeling in them on one leg and using the other as a ferry pole, kicking it out behind and propelling the boat across the mud at quite a respectable pace. When a heavy load is carried two boats are lashed together, and the two owners kick—one with the left leg, one with the right.

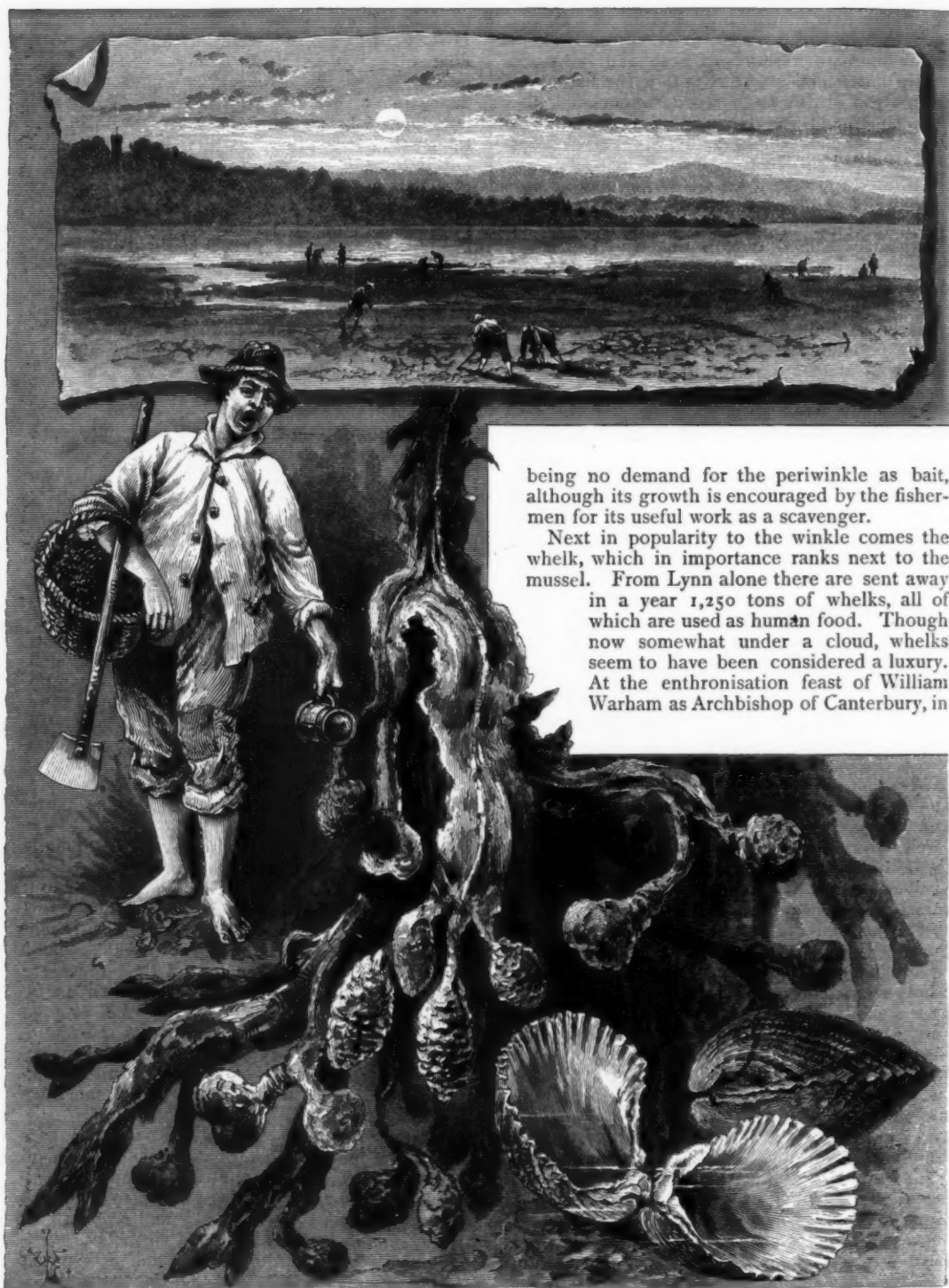
There is another use for the mussel besides those we have noticed. In the past it was sought

for its pearls. We are afraid the mussel-pearl fishery has now died out, but fifty-five years ago, to judge from Loudon's Magazine of Natural History for 1830, it seems to have been in a flourishing way in North Wales. "The pearl-mussel," says the article, "is found in abundance in the River Conway in North Wales, and is collected by many of the natives, who obtain their livelihood entirely by their industry in procuring the pearls. When the tide is out they go in boats to the bar at the mouth of the river with their sacks and gather as many shells as they can before the return of the tide. The mussels are then put into a large kettle over a fire to be opened and the fish taken out singly from the shells with the fingers and put into a tub, into which one of the fishers goes barefooted and stamps upon them until they are reduced into a sort of pulp. They next pour in water to separate the fishy substance, which they call solach, from the more heavy parts consisting of sand, small pebbles, and the pearls which settle at the bottom. After numerous washings, until the fishy part is entirely removed, the sediment is put out to dry, and each pearl separated on a large wooden platter, one at a time, with a feather; and when a sufficient quantity is obtained they are taken to the overseer, who pays the fisher so much an ounce for them. The price varies from 1s. 6d. to 4s. There are a number of persons who live by this alone, and when there is a small family to gather the shells and pick out the fish it is preferable to any other daily labour. What makes this fishery the more singular is the mystery which hangs over it. At present it is a monopoly, and there is but the one who buys them up that knows what becomes of them afterwards. It has been carried on in this manner for many years, and many have been the curious and fanciful surmises. Some suppose that the pearls are sent abroad to be manufactured into seed pearls, others more gravely that they are exported to India to be dissolved in the sherbet of the nabobs,"—or more appropriately, perhaps, of the mussulmans.

But we must bid adieu to *Mytilus edulis*. How strange it is that all our edible molluscs are the fossils of the crag, and therein begin their specific existence! Whelk, and periwinkle, cockle, mussel, scallop and oyster are all there together, though almost unrecognisable under their Latin aliases—*Buccinum undatum*, *Littorina littorea*, *Cardium edule*, *Mytilus edulis*, *Pecten maximus*, and *Ostrea edulis*. The coincidence may be significant of nothing, but still it is worth noting, and at any rate forms a useful aid to memory for the student of the East Anglian Pliocene.

Of the periwinkle—"harpooned by a pin;" and called the pinpatch in Suffolk—the winkle or pettiwinkle of some of the old dictionaries, two thousand bushels at the least come to Billingsgate every week between March and August. In spring and autumn a thousand bushels a week are exported south from Kirkwall and Stromness, and at Belfast it is recorded that the periwinklers receive £60 a week in wages. The number consumed in these islands can therefore be imagined, and all are used as food and eaten cooked, there





being no demand for the periwinkle as bait, although its growth is encouraged by the fishermen for its useful work as a scavenger.

Next in popularity to the winkle comes the whelk, which in importance ranks next to the mussel. From Lynn alone there are sent away in a year 1,250 tons of whelks, all of which are used as human food. Though now somewhat under a cloud, whelks seem to have been considered a luxury. At the enthronisation feast of William Warham as Archbishop of Canterbury, in

THE COCKLE HARVEST.

1504, the bill of fare included 8,000 whelks at five shillings per thousand—which may or may not have been used for sauce. Formerly whelks were used for bait by the codmen in the North Sea, but now they are getting scarce, and lampreys and herrings are alternated with them on the lines. This question of bait is a serious one, for it is reckoned that each smack requires £20 worth for each voyage.

When whelks are used the shells are broken with a mallet and the snail sorted out and hooked. Mussels are used as bait because they live and last long, whelks are used because they are tough and hold on well to the hook. They are caught chiefly in the Wash, off Saltfleet, Blakeney, Hunstanton, and in Boston Deepes. Whelk pots are used—round baskets a foot in diameter with a hole in the top through which the animal creeps to his fate, attracted by a bait of crabs, haddocks, or refuse fish. In some places hoop-nets baited with fish are sunk to the bottom in suitable ground, and round them the whelks gather in great numbers. Sometimes they are dredged for; sometimes, as in the mouth of the Thames, they are "trotted for," the "trots" being long lines of small dimensions threaded with shore crabs, a score or so on each, to which the whelks cling as if they had been glued.

The Whitstable whelk fishery is said to be worth

£12,000 a year, so that the numbers required for the London market, in addition to the tons from Lynn Deepes, must be considerable. Whelks are sold by the "wash," a "wash" of whelks holding twenty-one quarts and a pint. Grimsby is said to take for its fishing fleet 150,000 wash per year. Each vessel starts with forty-five wash, and this serves it for four days. Altogether the Grimsby smacks must use up 2,500 tons of whelks in the twelvemonth.

Another bait used as food is the scallop, or pecten, or combshell, of which, however, several species are taken for the lines, though, except in Devonshire, and where they are dredged from the oyster-beds, one only is reserved for the kitchen. All have the peculiar sweetish scallop flavour more or less marked, but all are coarse in taste except the large one, which, however, is not very common. With the scallop we can close our short list of the molluscs known to the fishmonger in England. Elsewhere, of course, other lands other manners. But enough has been said about our minor shellfish to show that the trade in them is by no means insignificant, and that mussels and cockles and winkles and whelks are of rather more importance to the community than we are apt to think when we see them on the barrows of the costermongers.

W. J. GORDON.

## A PORTRAIT GALLERY IN WORDS.

### THE PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF FAMOUS POETS.

IT has occurred to us that it might prove interesting to collect the portraits in words of the worthies of the world, and in this article we invite the reader to visit that portion of our gallery occupied by famous poets.

There is often a pretty close connection between the personal appearance of literary men and the sentiments expressed in their works. On reading a book, then, it is reasonable to ask what sort of a man wrote it, what was the colour of his hair, whether he was tall or short, stout or thin, handsome in features or a byword for ugliness. Some may call it curiosity, but the charitable will distinguish it as a neglected branch of criticism.

Face and figure are keys to character; they "do but write," it has been remarked, "and make commentaries on the heart," and one may acknowledge this without being such an enthusiast in physiognomy as to hold that a man's disposition may be accurately determined by a glance at his back. "Of the soul the body form doth take," says Spenser, and if cases here and there in our catalogue of the illustrious seem to contradict this statement, we must reflect that physiognomy is not a simple science, and never will be till some method is discovered whereby men may grow externally of a size corresponding to their internal merits.

We begin with the Father of English Poetry. Chaucer has introduced himself among the Canterbury Pilgrims, and in the prologue to the "Tale of Sir Thopas" we have what is probably a faithful picture of the poet's personal appearance. He describes himself as a "puppet," "small and fair of face," and "elvish"—that is, according to Tyrwhitt, shy and reserved. It seems to have been his habit to walk with his eyes gravely fixed on the ground.

Of Spenser there are several portraits in existence, but the degree of authenticity belonging to them is a difficult point to settle. Aubrey was informed by Christopher Beeston, who was much mixed up with poets during the reigns of James I and Charles I, that Spenser was "a little man with short hair, a small band, and cuffs."

Aubrey has told us that Shakespeare was "a handsome, well-shaped man." His features have been made familiar by the Stratford bust and the portrait engraved by Martin Droeshout prefixed to the first edition of the plays, a portrait which had its correctness vouched for by Ben Jonson in the following lines:

"This figure, which thou here see'st put,  
It was for gentle Shakspeare cut;

Wherein the graver had a strife  
 With Nature to outdo the life :  
 O, could he but have drawn his wit  
 As well in brass as he has hit  
 His face, the print would then surpass  
 All that was ever writ in brass.  
 But since he cannot, reader, look  
 Not on his picture but his book."

William Howitt, in his "Visits to Remarkable Places," claimed to have discovered a descendant of Shakespeare's at Stratford-on-Avon, and to have recognised him by his likeness to his great ancestor. Mr. Howitt had got into conversation with the master of the national school. "I have a Shakespeare here," said the master, with evident pride and pleasure. He then mustered his lads in a row, and said, "There now, sir, can you tell me which is a Shakespeare?"

"I glanced my eye," says Mr. Howitt, "along the line, and, instantly fixing it on one boy, said, 'That is the Shakespeare.' 'You are right,' said the master, 'that is the Shakespeare; the Shakespeare cast of countenance is there. That is William Shakespeare Smith, a lineal descendant of the poet's sister.'" "It sounded oddly enough," adds Mr. Howitt, "as I was passing along the street in the evening to hear some of the same schoolboys say to one another, 'That is the gentleman who gave Bill Shakespeare sixpence.'"

"Rare" Ben Jonson was a large, stout man. According to Aubrey he had been fair and smooth-skinned, but some ailment or other had scarred his face in a very marked way. His features were neither irregular nor unpleasing. After he had reached the age of forty his figure changed for the worse, and to this we find frequent allusions in his writings.

Milton looked like a poet. In youth he is said to have been extremely handsome, and to have merited the title bestowed on him by his companions of the Lady of his college. His complexion was fresh and fair. His hair, which was of a light brown, was parted in front, and hung down upon his shoulders. His eyes were greyish, and even when he was totally blind they do not appear to have betrayed the fact. He was of moderate height—indeed, rather below the middle size.

Like Milton, Dryden in his young days was handsome, and had a pleasing face, but he changed with age and grew stout. As he was short in stature his corpulence attracted all the more attention, and got for him the nickname of "Poet Squab."

Of the person of Pope a graphic account has been given by Sir Joshua Reynolds. "He was," says Sir Joshua, "about four feet six inches high, very humpbacked and deformed. He wore a black coat, and, according to the fashion of that time, had on a little sword. He had a large and very fine eye, and a long, handsome nose; his mouth had those peculiar marks which are always found in the mouths of crooked persons, and the muscles which ran across the cheek were so strongly marked that they seemed like small cords."

Alluding to Pope's diminutive size contrasted with his pretensions as a poet, a brother author, writing in 1735, says: "'Tis very amazing to see a little creature, *scarce four feet high*, whose very sight makes one laugh, strutting and swelling like the frog in Horace, and demanding the adoration of all mankind because it can make fine verses."

The deformity and meanness of Pope's figure, however, seemed to have been atoned for by the ease and elegance of his manners.

The personal appearance of Scott, the Wizard of the North, has been described over and over again, and been rendered in numberless paintings and engravings. Scott and his dog Maida were painted so often that Maida tired of it, and whenever he saw an artist unfurl his paper and open his colour-box he used to get up and walk off with "an expression of loathing," says his master, "almost human."

From amongst the numerous pictures in words we may select that given by George Ticknor, the distinguished historian of Spanish literature, who saw Scott frequently in 1819. "He was not," says Mr. Ticknor, "quite forty-eight years old, tall and striking in his figure—full six feet high, I think—stout and well made. From the malformation of one of his feet he stooped a little—at least, that seemed to me the reason why he was somewhat prematurely bent—and his features bore the marks of coming age, which, like his grey hairs, had, I was told, much increased during the two preceding years. His countenance, as everybody knows, was dull when at rest, and even in common conversation. I think it expressed only much good-nature, and a remarkable willingness to listen; but his smile was uncommonly sweet and winning, and when he repeated poetry, which he loved to do, there was a transfiguration of his features which seemed to change their expression entirely. His deep, bluish-grey eyes—or rather the white portions of them—blushed and became pink with his emotion, an effect I have noticed in only a few other instances, and those in persons who possessed much sensibility."

Of all word-portraits of Lord Byron, the most interesting and complete is perhaps that sketched by Lady Blessington, who saw the poet a few months before his departure for Greece. "I had fancied him taller," says her ladyship, "with a more dignified and commanding air, and I looked in vain for the hero-looking sort of person with whom I had so long identified him in imagination. His appearance is, however, highly prepossessing; his head is finely shaped, and the forehead open, high, and noble; his eyes are grey, and full of expression, but one is visibly larger than the other; his mouth is the most remarkable feature in his face, the upper lip of Grecian shortness, and the corners descending, the lips full and finely cut. In speaking he shows his teeth very much, and they are white and even; but I observed that even in his smile—and he smiles frequently—there is something of a scornful expression in his mouth that is evidently natural, and not, as many suppose, affected. His countenance is full of expression, and changes with the subject of conversation. He is very slightly lame, and the deformity of his foot



is so little remarkable that I am not now aware which foot it is."

Wordsworth was a large, strong man, about five feet ten inches in height. His figure was not graceful, and he was somewhat careless in dress. At first sight one might have set him down as an ordinary matter-of-fact person—a middle-class man of active country habits and regular life. When his face, however, was carefully observed, it was found to disclose a fine mixture of the poet and the philosopher. He resembled the portraits of Locke; his eyes burned with an inward glare, and looked as if they saw things in nature not revealed to ordinary vision.

According to Wordsworth Coleridge was—

"A noticeable man with large grey eyes,"

but Coleridge himself, alluding to a portrait that had been painted of him, says, "My face is not a manly or representable face. Whatever is impressive is part fugitive, part existent only in the imaginations of persons impressed strongly by my conversation. The face itself is a feeble, unmanly face."

The poet was about five feet nine and a half inches in height, but he looked shorter. His shape was bulky and loose. In youth his hair was black and glossy, but it was white by the time he was fifty. He had a fair complexion.

Shelley has been described by P. G. Patmore, the father of Coventry Patmore, in "My Friends and Acquaintances." "Shelley's figure," says Mr. Patmore, "was tall, and almost unnaturally attenuated, so as to bend to the earth like a plant that had been deprived of its vital air; his features had an unnatural sharpness and an unhealthy paleness, like a flower that has been kept from the light of day; his eyes had an almost superhuman brightness, and his voice a preternatural elevation of pitch and shrillness of tone; all which peculiarities probably arose from some accidental circumstances connected with his early nurture and bringing up."

Keats was distinguished by an unusually small head, which was covered with copious auburn-brown ringlets, parted down the middle. He had large, blue, and sensitive eyes, and a singularly sensitive mouth. There was a pugnacious character in the full under lip meeting a rather overhanging upper lip. Every one was struck by the general brightness and even beauty of his face, and he was observed to wear "an expression as if he had been looking on some glorious sight."

We turn now to a poet of a very different character. In the pleasantly written life of George Herbert, by Isaak Walton, we have the following "short view of Herbert's person." "He was for his person," says Walton, "of a stature inclining towards tallness; his body was very straight; and so far from being cumbered with too much flesh that he was lean to an extremity. His aspect was cheerful, and his speech and motion did both declare him a gentleman, for they were all so meek and obliging that they purchased love and respect from all who knew him."

Thomson, the author of the "Seasons," was

rather stout in person and above middle height. In youth he was thought handsome, but his good looks were lost as he advanced in life. His face was not remarkable for expression, but in conversation it became animated, and his eye grew fiery and intellectual.

Oliver Goldsmith was short in stature, being about five feet five or six inches. He was strong but not heavy in make. His forehead was low and more than usually prominent, and he had a pale face almost round and marked with the smallpox.

Another poet who was considerably marked with the smallpox was William Falconer, the author of the "Shipwreck." Falconer had a dark weather-beaten complexion; his hair was of brownish hue. In person he was about five feet seven inches in height, and of a light, thin make.

Chatterton looked much older than he really was. There was something about the "marvellous boy," we are told, uncommonly prepossessing. His most remarkable feature was his eyes, which, though grey, were very piercing. When he grew excited they sparkled with fire, and one eye was observed to be more brilliant than the other.

The poet-artist Blake was below the middle height, his stature being barely five feet and a half. "His eye," says Mr. Palmer, "was the finest I ever saw; brilliant but not roving, clear and intent yet susceptible. It flashed with genius or melted with tenderness. It could also be terrible; cunning and falsehood quailed under it. Nor was the mouth less expressive; the lips flexible and quivering with feeling." Blake was shortsighted, and his eyes were prominent, as is usual in such cases, but he wore spectacles only now and then. He had a massive head, the brow full and rounded. He dressed very simply.

"Monk" Lewis, in his day the "greatest master of the art of freezing the blood," has been described by Sir Walter Scott. "Mat," says Scott, "had queerish eyes—they projected like those of some insects, and were flattish on the orbit. His person was extremely small and boyish; he was, indeed, the least man I ever saw to be strictly well and neatly made. I remember a picture of him by Saunders being handed round at Dalkeith House. The artist had ingeniously flung a dark folding mantle around the form, under which was half hid a dagger, a lantern, or some such cut-throat appurtenance. With all this, the features were preserved and ennobled. It passed from hand to hand into that of Henry Duke of Buccleugh, who, after hearing the general voice affirm that it was very like, said aloud, 'Like Mat Lewis! Why, that picture's like a man!' He looked, and lo! Mat Lewis's head was at his elbow."

Thomas Moore, the Irish song-writer, was another diminutive poet. His face was not very impressive, but he had fine dark eyes, and his mouth was pleasingly dimpled.

Professor Wilson—"Christopher North"—is described by Haydon, the artist, as looking like a fine Sandwich Islander who had been educated in the Highlands. He had light hair, deep sea-blue

eyes, a lion-like head and face, and a tall athletic figure.

"Barry Cornwall" is met with in Carlyle's "Autobiography." "I have seen and scraped acquaintance," says Carlyle, "with Procter—'Barry Cornwall.' He is a slender, rough-faced, palish, gentle, languid-looking man, of three or four and thirty. There is a dreamy mildness in his eye."

We may take now the three most famous poets of Scotland—Allan Ramsay, Robert Burns, and Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd." The personal appearance of Allan Ramsay, in his thirty-fourth year, is described by himself. He says he is

"five feet five inches high,  
A black-a-vised snod dapper fellow,  
Not lean nor overlaid with tallow."

As he advanced in years he grew stout, and is written of by those who knew him as a squat man who looked as if he were fond of good feeding. He had a smiling countenance, and wore a fair round wig, which was rather short.

Of Robert Burns the following account—often quoted—has been given by Sir Walter Scott: "His person was strong and robust, his manners rustic, not clownish; a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity, which received part of its effect perhaps from one's knowledge of his extraordinary talents. His features are represented in Mr. Nasmyth's picture, but to me it conveys the idea that they are diminished, as if seen in perspective. I think his countenance was more massive than it looks in any of the portraits. I would have taken the poet, had I not known what he was, for a very sagacious country farmer of the old Scotch school—*i.e.*, none of your modern agriculturists, who keep labourers for their drudgery, but the *douce gudemans* who held his own plough. There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments; the eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large, and of a dark cast, and glowed (I say literally *glowed*) when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men in my time. His conversation expressed perfect self-confidence without the slightest presumption."

The author of the "Queen's Wake" is sketched by Carlyle in a lifelike way. "Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd," he says, "is a little, red-skinned, stiff sack of a body, with quite the common air of an Ettrick shepherd, except that he has a highish though sloping brow (among his yellow grizzled hair), and two clear little beads of blue or grey eyes that sparkle, if not with thought, yet with animation."

Leaving our own country, we conclude this article by noticing a few of the poets of the Continent. And for the first of these take Dante, the greatest luminary of Italian literature. Dante was a man of middle height and grave deportment. He had a rather long face, large eyes, an aquiline nose, large and prominent cheek-bones, and his under lip projected beyond the upper. His

complexion was dark, and he had black curling hair and beard. In his dress he had some regard to his rank and station, but it was always very plain.

After years of persecution and exile had increased the natural sternness of his face, his personal appearance certainly harmonised with his famous poem, and in illustration of this the following anecdote is told. He chanced to be passing through one of the streets of Verona some time after the publication of the "Inferno." A group of women were seated in the shade, and one of them was overheard whispering to the others, as she looked awestruck at the poet, "Do you see that man? That is he who goes down to the infernal regions whenever he likes and brings back news of the sinners below."

"Like enough," replied another; "see how his face is scarred over with fire and brimstone, and blackened with smoke, and how his hair and beard have been singed and curled in the flames."

Tasso, the admired author of "Jerusalem Delivered," was so tall that even among tall men he was conspicuous. His complexion in youth was healthy, but it afterwards grew pale, a natural result with "those who o'er books consume the midnight oil." His head was large, his forehead large and square, and he was almost bald. His eyes were large and of a vivid blue; their gaze and motion full of gravity, and often, says one of his biographers, "directed towards the skies, as following the soarings of the mind within." His cheeks were rather long than round; his nose long and inclined towards the mouth, which was also large and leonine; his lips were thin and pale. He laughed but rarely, and when he did, gently, and without any noise. "His figure, notwithstanding its size, was well proportioned. He had in his whole person, but especially in his countenance, something dignified, noble, and attractive."

Molière, the French dramatist, according to Mlle. Poisson, who had seen him in her youth, was neither too stout nor too thin, and tall rather than short. He had a noble carriage, limbs well made, walked slowly, and had a very serious expression. His nose was thick; his mouth large, with thick lips; his complexion brown; his eyebrows black, and strongly marked. It was his way of moving his eyebrows that gave him his comic expression on the stage. "His eyes," says the author of "Zélinde," "seemed to search the depths of men's hearts."

Corneille was a man of serious, almost of stern, countenance. His general address and manner, according to his nephew, Fontenelle, were not at all prepossessing. "Others," remarks Mr. Saintsbury, in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," "use stronger language, and it seems to be confessed that either from shyness, from pride, or from physical defects of utterance, probably from all three combined, he did not attract strangers."

Amongst poets Goethe will ever be distinguished for his good looks and noble air. The beauty which characterised him in youth he carried into old age, and in his seventy-fourth year he

have Eckermann, his faithful secretary, thus describing his personal appearance. "His figure," he says, "is still to be called handsome; his forehead and eyes are extremely majestic. He is tall and well built, and so vigorous in appearance that one can scarcely comprehend how he has been able for some years to declare himself too old to enter into society and to go to court."

To speak of Goethe is to recall Schiller, whose appearance has been described in the following passage translated by Carlyle from the *Life of Schiller* by Schwab. "The poet's form," says Schwab, "had somewhat the following appearance: Long straight stature; long in the legs; long in the arms; pigeon-breasted; his neck very long, somewhat rigorously stiff; in gait and carriage not the smallest elegance. His brow was broad; his nose thin, cartilaginous, white of colour, springing out at a notably sharp angle, much bent—a parrot-nose, and very sharp in the

point (according to Dannecker, the sculptor, Schiller, who took snuff, had pulled it out so with his hand). The red eyebrows over the deep-lying, dark-grey eyes, were bent too close together at the nose, which gave him a pathetic expression. The lips were thin, energetic, the under lip protruding as if pushed forward by the inspiration of his feelings; the chin strong; cheeks pale, rather hollow than full, freckly; the eyelids a little inflamed; the bushy hair of the head dark red; the whole head rather ghostlike than manlike, but impressive even in repose, and all expression when Schiller declaimed. Neither the features nor the somewhat shrieky voice could he subdue."

We have now described the personal appearance of thirty-two of those who have their dwelling on the slopes of Parnassus. It is enough for the present, so we here shut up our portrait gallery and turn the key in the door.

JAMES MASON.

## SKETCHES IN FINLAND.

### CHAPTER I.

A RESIDENCE of five years in the Russian Grand Duchy of Finland gave the writer an opportunity of getting an insight into the modes of life and government of an interesting people, inhabiting one of the by-paths of the world seldom trodden by the ordinary travelled Englishman. It is, indeed, a *terra incognita* of which little has been seen and still less written; yet a province having an area two-thirds the extent of France, with a population of over two million souls, may repay one for a backward glance at its history, or a peep at its scenery and the manners and customs of its inhabitants.

The Fins proper are a kindred race to the Laps and the Magyars of Hungary, while their speech is nearly related to that of the latter. The peasants are of middle height and strongly built, usually fair, with faces rather square than oval. Simple and rude in their habits, they are withal honest, patient, and industrious. These speak in the Finnish tongue; but the merchants, usually highly educated, with few exceptions converse in English, French, and German, though Swedish is the medium of their daily intercourse. Merchants, however important their transactions in other ways, are also shopkeepers, the chief object in this being to keep the peasant connection together by supplying them with the necessities of life, even at times when the inhospitable nature of their climate renders work impossible and famine imminent.

There is little to vary the monotony of the home-life of the Fin. He is more frequently than not an unlettered man, and the available literature, if he were not, is of the scantiest; though they have produced two poets, Runeberg and Franzén, the latter's "Pojkarne," or "The Boys," being still

read. Of amusements or sports there are few. The peasantry confine their attention in the way of music to the "harpee," an instrument as national as the bagpipes. Trotting races are held annually at several places, and the native horses, though small—not more than twelve hands high—are beautifully formed, under perfect control, and trot at the rate of twelve miles an hour with ease. Fairs are also held at stated times in various parts of the country. At Christmas people assemble for amusement, and even in the huts of the poorest the table is covered with the best the place affords. Cleaning, too, enters into the ceremonial—and, one would think, at this time only!—and the walls are covered with spills, or small faggots for burning. Midsummer night is a gay time, for then the *kacko*-fires are lighted on the hills and much powder is wasted. Such excitement leads to thirst, and if any drink is about the Finlander is not particularly abstemious, being as prone to intoxicating beverages as to tobacco, of which he is a most persistent consumer. Tumult is, however, rare, as the Fins are good-tempered and harmless.

The dwellings of the poorer class, as may be conceived, are neither models of cleanliness or comfort nor in the highest form of architecture. Nearly all the houses are of wood—indeed brick or stone buildings are rare, save in the towns of Helsingfors, Abo, and Ulëaborg—solid square barks of timber, placed one on the other, "dove-tailed" at each end, and bolted together by wooden pegs. The interstices are well caulked with dry moss, collected in the forests, not as the log huts of America, where a mere frame is boarded on either side and filled up with sawdust.

With very few exceptions the houses are of one



storey only, in the better sort the number of rooms sometimes reaching twenty or upwards. The roofs are also of wood, the planks of which they are composed being covered with small pieces of knotless fir tacked on in the manner of slates. The interiors of the best houses differ little in appearance from our own, save in the matter of "cagloons," or stoves, which are of a kind peculiar to the country. These are lavishly supplied with wood, and used alike in sitting and sleeping rooms, so that "Jack Frost" is excluded, and the temperature can be regulated by means of a "spjeld," or flue-plate, fixed in the upper part of the stove, and acted upon by a cord with handsome tassels attached, similar to our old-fashioned bell-pulls. The natives, high and low, are perfect "salamanders," and the sensation on entering such hot rooms after walking or driving is most oppressive. The temperature of the rooms in my residence suited very few of our visitors, so my wife was fain to heat them to a degree somewhat inconvenient to ourselves when we expected friends to call upon us.

The interior of a peasant's cot presents a picture of considerable interest: the women are seen spinning, weaving, and knitting; the men repairing their sledges, mending their nets, or patching their boots. You may also find the hut converted into a slaughter-house, as the operation of killing has to be performed in a hot place, lest the animal should be frozen ere the blood was out of its body, and could not be cut up or even divested of its skin. The month of October is called "Slagtmanad," or "killing-month," as cattle at this period are in good condition, just returned from the forests, where they have been pasturing during the summer. The peasant cannot afford to keep them all through the long winter, so the beasts are killed. The meat immediately freezes, and remains in that state for several months, being quite fit for the table in the following May. Game and other things are kept in like manner, most houses having ice-cellar attached to them.

The staple food of the peasant population is rye-bread, the meal being mixed with water and left to ferment for a whole day and night in a warm room. It is then kneaded into cakes with holes in the centre, and these are, as it were, threaded upon long poles and hung up until quite dry and hard, when they will keep for any period.

As time is so valuable in the summer many farmers prepare a sufficient quantity to last over the harvest months, no slight undertaking when we remember that each farm labourer eats three of such cakes per day.

This black bread when rolled out thin and made with yeast—which the natives never use—was not unpalatable to myself and family; and it is undoubtedly wholesome and nutritious.

A peculiarity of the Fins is that the brains of all animals are discarded, and, until my advent, all tails shared the same fate. I noticed a man engaged in skinning and cutting up a beast throw the tail away, and ascertaining the cause, I offered ten pennies (Finnish; *1d.* English) for every caudal appendage brought to me, by which

I considerably astonished the natives. On the first being taken to the kitchen there was great merriment there, and shortly afterwards my cook appeared holding the ox-tail at arm's length and asking in Swedish, "What will the master have done with this thing?" I said "Soppa" (soup), much to the surprise and disgust of my hand-maiden—queen of the kitchen and ruler of the roast. However, she soon found it particularly toothsome, and revealing the mystery of the art-cookery outside, tails rose—in price!

The national bath is of a most remarkable character. Almost every peasant has a small building adjacent to his dwelling for the purpose, consisting of one chamber. A raised platform, or shelf, over which straw is laid, is reached by a ladder. In one corner of the chamber are piled a number of large stones, which are heated by wood, and when these become red-hot the door is opened for a short time to allow the smoke to escape, and the bath is ready. So far it is but a rude *fac-simile* of the Turkish fashion, but the Finnish "Hammam" is provided with birch-rods, with which the bathers flagellate themselves and their neighbours unmercifully. Water is then cast upon the heated stones, causing a thick cloud of hot vapour to arise, out of which these hardy Fins rush on the coldest winter's night, roll naked in the snow—twenty, or even thirty, degrees below freezing-point—and then rush back into an atmosphere of seventy degrees of heat to be re-steamed. This is like popping out of boiling into freezing water, and back into boiling again. Strange to say, the peasants feel no ill-effects from these sudden changes; they consider the bath most healthy, and will tell you that its use strengthens and refreshes them even more than sleep. During the winter they take at least one bath weekly, usually on Saturday evenings; and, looking out along a plain dotted with numerous homesteads, the smoke from many bath-houses in process of heating is visible. In summer the bath is taken regularly twice a week, and, during the time of threshing corn, every morning by those so engaged.

## II.

SAINT HENRIK, or Henry, Bishop of Upsala and patron saint of Finland, founded his see at Randomoki, and fell a victim to his zeal in the year 1157, being murdered on Lake Kjølo. The Fins became converts to Christianity soon afterwards, and were led against their conquerors, the Swedes, by Bishop Thomas (who, like Henry, was an Englishman) in a gallant though unsuccessful attempt for freedom in 1248. One of the famous Bishops of Upsala was Olaus Magnus, whose account of the sea-serpents that left the cliffs of Bergen by night, their eyes emitting a bright light, is still quoted. One of these, he says, was seen in 1522, near the Isle of Moos, which measured over fifty feet in length. This turned round continually, but could still "turn and turn and be a villain" if partaking of the usual character of its species, which the bishop says is that of banditti, as they rear up on



AT SEA IN THE GULF OF FINLAND.

*[After Albert Edelfeldt, a Finn painter of Borga, Hålsö, Gulf of Finland.]*

approaching a vessel and seize anything portable that may happen to be on deck.

At present the prevailing religion of Finland is Lutheran—the State Church—Martin Skytte and Peter Sirkilar having been the pioneer preachers. Abo is now the seat of the archbishopric. Two services are held in the churches on Sundays, the first, in Finnish, from eight to ten o'clock in the morning; the second, in Swedish, from eleven to one. The churches are as a rule comfortless and very badly attended, save at certain periods, when it is incumbent upon all to partake of the Lord's Supper.

The principal parishes in the north are of great extent, and the villages widely scattered; it is therefore impossible for the priest to visit remote hamlets more frequently than two or three times a year. His journeys from place to place frequently occupy an entire day; then he will stop at some farm preaching, catechising the children, christening the infants, performing marriages, and reading the burial service over such as have been interred since his last visit.

The death and burial customs are somewhat peculiar. On each side of the portico or doorway of the house of mourning young fir-trees are planted; and within, the coffin—of birchwood, stained black and beautifully enamelled—is placed, with the lid raised, upon trestles and covered with chaplets of flowers and immortelles. At the head of the coffin fir-trees are placed in an upright position, whilst the floor is strewn with the fresh green boughs of the same. On the day of the funeral the roads before the house and for a considerable distance are carpeted with the leaves of the fir.

Funerals are attended in the towns much in the same manner as in England: the priest addresses the relatives of the deceased by the graveside, and the ceremony is concluded by singing a hymn. The invited friends return to the house of mourning to partake of refreshments, and there drink in solemn silence to "the memory of the dead." On one occasion the widow of a friend, whose funeral I was unable to attend, sent me cakes and punch, the latter that I might drink to the memory of her husband.

But a country funeral is quite another matter. The burial-ground will be a plot rudely fenced in, with sticks stuck in the ground and white and coloured rags attached thereto. These each mark a loss to some humble household. Presently you may see some peasant of dejected aspect and with downcast eyes walk slowly along the path, and with his spade clear away the snow before he digs a grave—the last resting-place for father, mother, wife, or child. He prepares it with his own hands, and on the morrow he will come with his sledge and take out the rough wooden chest that holds his loved one, and lay it, without voice of priest, in its last narrow home. No eye witnesses the sorrows of the bereaved ones save that of Him who is "the Resurrection and the Life." When the priest comes round the prayers of the church are read over the grave, and possibly a name takes the place of the stick with its waving rag pennon, marking the spot where the beloved lie.

One of the few gleams of sunshine in the life of a Finnish clergyman—apart from the gratification derived from devotion to their holy calling—is on the 1st of May in each year, when every parishioner within reasonable distance visits him, and all spend a sociable evening together. The stipend and emoluments of his office are also then secured to him or his family for the ensuing twelve months.

Amongst the peasantry are a few of the strange sect known as "Jumpers" here, but *Uskovaiset* in Finnish, and—very appropriately—*Hoppa* in Swedish. The meetings are generally held at each other's houses. All of this sect of whom I had any knowledge I found strictly moral, truthful, honest, and industrious. They are, also, total abstainers, and support their own sick or impoverished members.

The Finnish "Jumpers" believe that from the date of their *dying*—or conversion—their spirits visit the other and the better world, from which they shortly return charged with some special mission. Their "dying" takes place in a darkened chamber, where they cry out dolefully, "Voi! voi! voi!"—equivalent to our "Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!" as used in great pain or mental agony. Another exclamation, something in sound like "Hip! hip!" has secured for these peculiar people the sobriquet of *Hippulites*. On issuing from the room their appearance is horrible; their eyes appear as if starting from their sockets, while they are fixed in a vacant, ghastly, and unearthly stare. They have, indeed, the appearance of being under mesmeric influence.

The author of "Unorthodox London" compares the jumping he witnessed amongst the Walworth sect to that of an agile performer called Stead, in "The Perfect Cure." The Finnish "Jumper" differs in several matters from his London brother, and in his jumping more than all. He does not take the perpendicular Walworth hop, but a horizontal flying leap—like a grasshopper's.

As the peasants do not boast of many articles of furniture in their homes, and the assembly has for the greater part to find seats upon the floor, it is as well for those troubled with corns to keep away while these saltatory exercises are on.

I do not think the Finnish "Jumper" entertains the never-dying-more belief. If he did so, he would have been painfully undeceived by an incident that occurred at the Kurimo Iron Works, of which the writer was administrator, where one of their body met with his death under most melancholy circumstances. In the spring of 1873 the weather gave suddenly and with little notice. Melted snow rushed from the heights, and disconnected ice floated in large masses down the swollen river. The blast-furnaces, rolling-mills, and other workshops were in danger of being flooded, so that the wooden barrier erected for the purpose of forming a dam had to be cut away. Two workmen, one of whom was the doomed Ollila, were deputed to the work. They had already cleared away the greater part of the obstruction when a misdealt blow of an axe dislodged the keystone of the barrier, and the whole



structure gave way and precipitated the two men into the foaming water beneath. Ollila's companion contrived to reach the side of the river, but he, poor fellow, was carried by the rushing flood until he reached that part of the river facing my own dwelling. Here the ice was unbroken, and the water rushed underneath it with a sullen roar. By a mighty effort Ollila raised himself, and managed to get one arm upon the surface of the ice, and with agony depicted on his countenance mutely appealed to those on land for help. Strong arms soon launched a boat, and it was rapidly shot close to him, when the despairing man was carried by the force of the current under the ice and rose no more. His poor wife and children were amongst those who witnessed Ollila's tragical end. His body was recovered close to where he disappeared, in a large cavity formed in the river's bank.

The Finn, however religious, is also superstitious, a feeling doubtless engendered by the loneliness of his life and the wild and weird character of the scenery by which he is surrounded. In the Finnish mythology, which still obtains, the world is, not a tortoise, but an egg, of which the white is the ocean, the yolk the earth, and the arched shell the sky. On St. Stephen's Day the peasant will throw a piece of money, or bit of silver, into the trough where horses drink, for good luck; he tells of *Kirkonvaki*, "church folk," or "watchers," misshapen beings who dwell beneath the altar-stones; the *Tonttu*, or "House-spirit" (a kind of Scottish "Brownie"); and the Alp, or Nightmare, which he calls *Painajainen*—i.e. Presser—which resembles a white maid, and whose brilliance illumines a whole room. This latter spirit it is that causes children to squint! For the Finn also the *Nakki* plays his silver harp upon the waters; and his imagination peoples the hills with little men who hide their treasures of gold and gems in wide-spreading and subterranean halls.

Oft in the still night the peasant will hear wailing sounds, attributable, as he believes, to the "Gentleman in Black" and his attendants as they hurry on their fearful errand. Such sounds forbode calamity to the person hearing them. There is nothing more supernatural about them, however, than the voice of the night wind sighing through the pine forests, or the rush of water over cascades or through the rapids. Such sounds are often carried great distances in consequence of the rarified state of the atmosphere. But the Finnish peasant would not hear of so prosaic a solution as this; nothing less than satanic influence will satisfy him.

I remember a case where a benighted man, striding over the frostbound road, became afraid

of his own footsteps. Meeting some friends, he, for the sake of company, visited a roadside hostelry, and, with the view of casting evil spirits out, poured some very bad spirits down. Next morning a farmer, hearing strange sounds proceeding from his pig-sty, was curious enough to ascertain the cause, and found the spirit-stricken peasant comfortably ensconced between two fat, and therefore warm, porkers. He was fast asleep and snoring, and no doubt fancied, when he sought the place of rest, that he was retiring to his own couch, as he had drawn the highly perfumed straw over him as a coverlet.

There is to be found in almost every parish one—and seldom more than one—who professes to cure certain diseases and ailments by charm and incantation. They certainly do affect very remarkable cures, these men; and one of them operated upon the son of the writer of this paper when the boy had inflicted a severe wound upon his foot with an axe while felling a tree. The bleeding was so profuse as to defy all my efforts to staunch it, and our nearest doctor was thirty-two miles away. Under the circumstances I consented to allow the "wise" man to try his skill. He commenced operations by passing both sides of the axe over the injured place, muttering some unintelligible jargon the while. Then he bit the axe and passed its sharp edge three times between his lips, after which he deposited it in a corner of the room with an injunction that it was not to be removed until further notice. He now took the injured foot upon his knee, stroking it with one finger lengthways and with two fingers across; and he kept on with his mumbling abracadabra, and turned his eyes up until only the whites of them were visible. Then he discharged a stream of saliva upon the wounded part, and in a very short time the bleeding stopped. He afterwards placed a piece of tobacco on the wound, and covered it with the thin skin-like bark of the birch. The foot rapidly healed, and did not require any further attention from the "charmer."

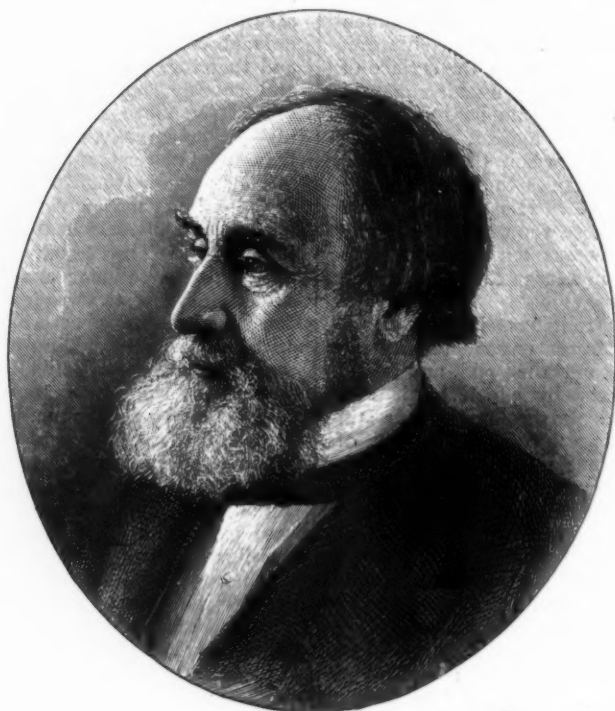
I was told, and it seems exceedingly probable, that these men inherit a secret—handed down from father to son—relative to the curative properties of one or more roots to be found in the forests, and that when called upon in such cases as the foregoing—and these accidents occur almost every day—they secrete the root in their mouths. This would account for the mumbling, and the mummery the "charmer" went through would be only a ruse to gain time until the requisite quantity of juice had been extracted.

Happily many superstitions are dying out with the rising generation in Finland, as, through commerce, it receives more light than some places of greater pretensions.

W. F. SONGEY.

PRINCIPAL SIR WILLIAM DAWSON, OF MONTREAL,

PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION



*W. Dawson*

JOHN WILLIAM DAWSON was born at Pictou, Nova Scotia, in October, 1820. He received his early academic training in the College of Pictou, then one of the best institutions of higher education in Nova Scotia, under the principalship of the Rev. Dr. McCulloch. Here, while prosecuting his studies as a schoolboy and student, he began to make collections in the natural history of his native province, thus early manifesting a taste for original scientific inquiry. His attention was naturally directed to the fossil plants which abounded in the carboniferous shales of the district, and he also collected marine animals, and having procured a microscope, made drawings of the structures of many species of planariæ, hydroids, minute crustaceans, and embryonic mollusks and medusæ, which he afterwards used as lecture illustrations.

Having finished his course at Pictou, he entered the University of Edinburgh. After a winter's study he returned to Nova Scotia, and devoted himself with ardour to geological research. He was the companion of Sir Charles Lyell during his tour in Nova Scotia, in 1842, and followed up

his researches by studies of the carboniferous rocks of Nova Scotia, on which he contributed his two first geological papers to the Geological Society of London.\*

In the autumn of 1846 he returned to the University of Edinburgh, his special objects of study being now practical chemistry and other subjects, of which he had found the necessity in the original work in which he was engaged. In this winter, at Edinburgh, with the view of extending the range of his linguistic and literary knowledge beyond the mere Greek and Latin of ordinary classical education, he attended a daily class in Hebrew, under an eminent teacher of that language, and has continued to keep pace with the advance of the study of the Old Testament in our times, though declining to accept the results of some of the so-called "advanced" German critics. On returning to Nova Scotia he pursued his geological investigations with renewed energy.

\* In the "Leisure Hour" for 1875 a detailed account was given of the earlier scientific researches of Sir William Dawson. Some of the points it is advisable to repeat here, along with the records of subsequent years, so as to render the present article more complete.

In 1847 he was united in marriage to Margaret A. Y. Mercer, youngest daughter of George Mercer, Esq., of Edinburgh, a lady who has been in all respects a true helpmeet, and who by her accomplishments and social qualities, and her high Christian character, has graced and dignified the public and private life of her husband in all the positions in which he has been placed.

In 1850 he was appointed Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia. This office he held for three years, and rendered valuable service to that province at a time of special interest in the history of its schools and educational institutions. He also took an active part in the establishment of a Normal school in Nova Scotia, and in the regulation of the affairs of the University of New Brunswick, as a member of the commission appointed by Sir Edmund Head, then governor of the province, for that purpose. In connection with these educational labours he published several elaborate reports on the schools of Nova Scotia, and a work on agricultural education, entitled "Scientific Contributions toward the Improvement of Agriculture," which went through two editions, and was of much practical utility.

In 1855 he was invited, at the instance of Sir Edmund Head, who had in the meantime become Governor-General of Canada, to occupy the position which he still holds, that of Principal and Professor of Natural History in McGill College and University, an institution which, situated in Montreal, the commercial capital of Canada, draws its students from all parts of the Dominion. The University has prospered under his management beyond the most sanguine expectations of its friends and promoters.

The raising of McGill College to its present position would have been work enough in itself for these years, but in addition to this Dr. Dawson had till 1870 under his care the Protestant Normal School. From his position there he has had a great deal to do with the moulding and controlling of the school system of the country. He still retains the post of chairman of its committee of management.

A mere list of his important scientific labours will show us how much may be done even in the midst of engrossing educational occupations. As early as 1830 Dr. Dawson began to make collections of the fossil plants of the Nova Scotia coal formation. In 1841 he contributed to the Wernerian Society of Edinburgh his first scientific paper, on the species of field-mice found in Nova Scotia. In 1843 he communicated a paper on the rocks of Eastern Nova Scotia to the Geological Society of London; this was followed in 1844 by a paper on the newer coal formation. In 1845, besides exploring and reporting on the iron mines of Londonderry, Nova Scotia, he published a paper on the coal formation plants of that province. From that time his contributions to various journals have been numerous and important.

In 1852, in company with Sir Charles Lyell, he visited many of the most remarkable geological sections and formations, and afterwards published descriptions of points of interest, including papers on the "structures in coal," and on "the mode of

formation of coal-fields." A list of his scientific contributions in succeeding years was given by us in an article in the "Leisure Hour" of 1875.

In 1855 he published the first edition of his "Acadian Geology," a complete account, up to that date, of the geology of the Maritime Provinces of British North America. In 1856, though now trammelled by the arduous duties incumbent upon the principal of a University, he still continued his geological work in his native province, and prepared a description of its Silurian and Devonian rocks. During the same summer he visited Lake Superior, and wrote a paper and report on the copper regions of Maimansee and Georgian Bay, in which he discussed the geological relations of the then little known copper-bearing rocks of the north shore of Lake Superior, and the origin of the deposits of native copper.

In the two following years he made a number of contributions to the "Canadian Naturalist" and the Journal of the Geological Society, and commenced the study of the post-pliocene deposits of Canada. In 1859 his "Archæia," or studies of creation in Genesis, appeared, a work showing not only a thorough knowledge of natural history, but also considerable familiarity with the Hebrew language and with Biblical literature.

In 1860 Dr. Dawson issued a supplementary chapter to his "Acadian Geology," and in the following year he issued his "Air-Breathers of the Coal Period," a complete account of the fossil reptiles and other land animals of the coal of Nova Scotia. This publication was followed, in 1864, by a "Handbook of Scientific Agriculture." It was in 1864, moreover, that Dr. Dawson made what may be considered as one of the most important of his scientific discoveries—that of *Eozoon Canadense*. This fossil had already been noticed by Sir William Logan; but Dr. Dawson, to whom Sir William submitted his specimens, was the first to recognise its Foraminiferal affinities, and to describe its structure, and it was subsequently thoroughly studied and compared with modern Protozoa by the late Dr. Carpenter. Previous to this the rocks of the Laurentian age were looked upon as devoid of animal remains, and called "Azoic." Dr. Dawson now proposed the term "Eozoic."

There are some who still remain sceptical as to the nature and origin of the *Eozoon*, but no one can deny that its study has been a most important contribution to science.

In 1865 Dr. Dawson, at the meeting of the British Association at Birmingham, gave illustrations of his researches on the "Succession of Palæozoic Floras," the "Post-pliocene of Canada," and the "Structure of *Eozoon*."

In 1868 appeared the second edition of "Acadian Geology," enlarged to nearly seven hundred octavo pages, with a great number of illustrations from the author's drawings, and which still remains the standard work on the geology of the Maritime Provinces, while it also treats of many of the more difficult problems of general geology.

While in England, in 1870, Dr. Dawson lectured at the Royal Institution. He also read a paper on the "Affinities of Coal Plants" before the



Geological Society, and one on the "Devonian Flora" before the Royal Society. The same year his "Handbook of Canadian Zoology" appeared, being followed in 1871 by a "Report on the Silurian and Devonian Flora of Canada," and a "Report on the Geological Structure of Prince Edward Island," in which he was ably assisted by Dr. Harrington. His studies of the Devonian plants were begun as early as 1858, and Gaspé, St. John's, and Perry in Maine were twice visited in order to collect material to aid in their prosecution.

His "Notes on the Post-pliocene of Canada" were published in 1873. From them we learn that the number of known species of post-pliocene fossils had been raised, principally by his labours, from about thirty to over two hundred. We also find that Dr. Dawson is still what he has always been, a staunch opponent to the theory of general land glaciation. "The Story of the Earth and Man," issued in 1873, was a republication of papers published in the "Leisure Hour" in 1871 and 1872. It gives a popular view of the whole of the geological ages, presented in a series of word-pictures, and with discussions of the theories as to the origin of mountains, the introduction and succession of life, the glacial period, and other controverted topics. A course of six lectures delivered in New York in the winter of 1874-75 has been largely circulated both in America and England, under the title "Science and the Bible;" and in 1875 there also appeared in London and New York a popular illustrated *resumé* of the facts relating to Eozoon and other ancient fossils, entitled "The Dawn of Life."

Dr. Dawson was elected a Fellow of the Geological Society of London in 1854, and of the Royal Society in 1862. He is a Master of Arts of Edinburgh, and Doctor of Laws of McGill and of Edinburgh University; and is an honorary or corresponding member of many of the scientific societies on both sides of the Atlantic.\*

In 1882 he received the Lyell medal of the London Geological Society, an honour doubly grateful to him as bearing the name of his early patron and friend. In the same year he was selected by the Marquis of Lorne, Governor-General of Canada, to organise the Royal Society of Canada and to be its first President, and in this capacity he had to gather around the Society in friendly and united action the leading scientific and literary men of the Dominion, and of the English and French nationalities. For this his extensive personal acquaintance and kindly relations with the prominent men of all the provinces gave him great advantages. The undertaking was successfully accomplished, and the Society has thus far been vigorous and harmonious, and its work and publications creditable to Canada. It was after the organisation of the Royal Society that, on the recommendation of the Governor-

General, he was created Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

The concluding words of his inaugural address delivered at Ottawa on the occasion of the first meeting of the Royal Society of Canada breathe the spirit of an honourable ambition, and give good presage of a distinguished career for the future for the science and learning of the transatlantic Dominion:

"We aspire to a great name. The title of 'Royal Society,' which, with the consent of Her Gracious Majesty the Queen, we hope to assume, is one dignified in the mother country by a long line of distinguished men who have been Fellows of its Royal Society. The name may provoke comparisons not favourable to us; and though we may hope to shelter ourselves from criticism by pleading the relatively new and crude condition of science and literature in this country, we must endeavour, with God's blessing on earnest and united effort, to produce by our cultivation of the almost boundless resources of the territory which has fallen to us as our inheritance, works which shall entitle us, without fear of criticism, to take to ourselves the proud name of the Royal Society of Canada."

In the same year he was elected President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which includes the scientific men of Canada as well as of the United States among its members and officers, and in his address to the Association, at its meeting in Minneapolis, he took up and discussed "Some Unsolved Problems in Geology" in a manner which attracted attention on both sides of the Atlantic. The following are the concluding words of this address:

"This last consideration (the duration of the glacial age) suggests a question which might afford scope for another address of an hour's duration,—the question how long time has elapsed since the close of the glacial period. Recently the opinion has been gaining ground that the close of the ice-age is very recent. Such reasons as the following lead to this conclusion. The amount of atmospheric decay of rocks and of denudation in general which have occurred since the close of the glacial period are scarcely appreciable. Little erosion of river valleys or of coast terraces has taken place. The calculated recession of waterfalls and of production of lake ridges lead to the same conclusion. So do the recent state of bones and shells in the Pleistocene deposits and the perfectly modern facies of these fossils. On such evidence the cessation of the glacial cold and settlement of our continents at their present levels are events which may have occurred not more than 6,000 or 7,000 years ago, though such time-estimates are proverbially uncertain in geology.

"This subject also carries with it the greatest of all geological problems, next to that of the origin of life, namely, the origin and early history of man. At present I shall only draw from them one practical inference. Since the comparatively short Post-glacial and recent periods apparently include the whole of human history, we are but new-comers on the earth, and therefore have had little opportunity to solve the great problems which it presents to us. But this is not all. Geology as a science scarcely dates from a century ago. We have reason for surprise in these circumstances, that it has learned so much, but for equal surprise that so many persons appear to think it a complete and full-grown science, and that it is entitled to speak with confidence on all the great mysteries of the earth that have been hidden from the generations before us. Such being the newness of man and of his science of the earth, it is not too much to say that humility, hard work in collecting facts, and abstinence from hasty generalisation should characterise geologists, at least for a few generations to come."

These are words of wise caution, and the address closed with an earnest appeal to scientific

\* Fellow of the Edinburgh Geological Society; Honorary Member of the Philosophical Society of Glasgow, of the Academy of Sciences of New York, of the Liverpool Literary and Philosophical Society, of the Philosophical Society of Leeds, of the Philosophical Society of Princeton, of the Boston Society of Natural History, and of the Maryland Institute; also a Fellow or Corresponding Member of many other scientific societies in different parts of the world.

men to work in a spirit worthy of their high calling.

In the early part of 1883 Dr. Dawson made a rapid excursion along the line of the Canada Pacific Railway as far as the Rocky Mountains, in order that he might have some personal knowledge of that great and newly-opened region. The results of his geological observations on this excursion were published in the *Journal of the Geological Society*, in advance of the intended visit of the British Association to Canada, and with the view of whetting the appetite of geologists and naturalists for the novelties awaiting them.

In the autumn of the same year he attended the meeting of the British Association at Southport, and with Sir Charles Tupper represented Canada in the invitation then accepted to meet in Montreal in 1884. At the meeting in Southport, and afterwards in London, he took an active part in promoting the arrangements for the Canadian meeting, and in settling the various difficulties of detail which necessarily arose in connection with this new departure. A number of his fellow-citizens in Montreal had presented him on his departure from Canada with the handsome gift of five thousand dollars in aid of an extended tour before returning to his work, and the governors of the University had given leave of absence for a year. He was thus enabled to travel in Egypt and Syria, going up the Nile as far as Assouan, crossing to Suez and studying the cliffs of Jebel Attaka, and making two sections across Syria, one from Jaffa the other from Beyrout. Devoting himself more especially to critical and disputed questions of geology and physical geography, he returned with rich stores of facts respecting the structure of these countries, and with large collections of specimens not yet fully worked up. Some portions of his notes he has, however, already published in the "*Geological Magazine*," and in the *Transactions of the Victoria Institute*, and in a popular form in the "*Leisure Hour*," and in his little work, "*Egypt and Syria*," in "*By-paths of Bible Knowledge*."

In the spring of 1884 he was present at the Tercentenary of the University of Edinburgh. On this occasion he received the degree of LL.D. from his Alma Mater. One result of his visit to England was the collection of a large amount of information respecting the new college education provided for women; and on his return this was communicated to the public of Montreal, with the result that one of its wealthy and public-spirited men, the Hon. Donald A. Smith (now Sir Donald A. Smith, K.C.M.G.), who also deserves mention as a leader in the opening-up of the Great North-West, and a munificent benefactor of its educational and other public institutions, offered the handsome sum of 120,000 dollars to the University as an endowment for a college for women, which is now in successful operation as a special course of the Faculty of Arts of McGill University. Its arrangements are such that while women receive separate lectures, they have the same examinations, and can attain to the same degrees and honours with

men. Though only the Junior Classes have been opened, it has already fifty students.

In the autumn of 1884 the meeting of the British Association was held in Montreal with much success; and at its closing session Lord Lansdowne, the Governor-General of Canada, announced the conferring of the honour of knighthood on the subject of our memoir, taking occasion at the same time to speak in the highest terms of his public services.

In colonial communities men are often called on to play many parts, and this has given a very varied character to Sir William Dawson's pursuits, though that natural versatility which is characteristic of Canadians, as of Americans, may have had a share in this. His early residence on the coal formation of Nova Scotia, and by the sea, naturally led to the study of fossil plants and the land animals associated with them, and to an interest in invertebrate zoology, and to these pursuits he has always returned whenever possible. His studies at Edinburgh were specially directed to make him a self-contained naturalist, in chemistry, mineralogy, geology, and biology. On this subject he remarks in the inaugural address to the Royal Society of Canada:

"The older men among us know how much has been done within the lifetime of the present generation. When, as a young man, I began to look around for means of scientific education, there was no regular course of natural science in any of our colleges, though chemistry and physics were already taught in some of them. There were no collections in geology or natural history except the private cabinets of a few zealous workers. The Geological Survey of Canada had not then been thought of. There were no special schools of practical science, no scientific libraries, no scientific publications, and scarcely any printed information accessible. In these circumstances, when I proposed to devote myself to geological pursuits, I had to go abroad for means of training not then equal to that which can now be obtained in many of our Canadian colleges. Nor at that time were there public employments in this country to which a young geologist or naturalist could aspire. It is true this was more than forty years ago, but in looking back it would seem but as yesterday, were not these years marked by the work that has been done, the mass of material accumulated, and the scientific institutions established within that time. Those who began their scientific work in these circumstances may be excused for taking somewhat hopeful views as to the future."

He used his position as Superintendent of Education, which required him, as the administrator of a new school law, to visit nearly every part of his native province, in aid of his geological pursuits, and endeavoured to master the whole of the somewhat complicated structure of the Acadian provinces. When removed to Canada, the exigencies of a teaching position in a Siluro-Cambrian and Laurentian district, and the necessity of familiarity with the rocks and fossils of this new region, widened still farther his range of studies, directing this at once to the old crystalline rocks, and to the Pleistocene deposits so extensively distributed in the St. Lawrence valley. As a student in Edinburgh, he had learned from the late Mr. Sanderson, who had aided Witham in his work on the structures of fossil plants, the art of slicing fossils for the microscope; and it has been his habit through life to apply this method to every specimen to which microscopic

study is of importance. In later years a new field has opened up in the fossil botany of the cretaceous rocks of the North-West, and in this he has worked in conjunction with his eldest son, Dr. George M. Dawson, Assistant Director of the Geological Survey of Canada. Much of the results of these varied labours remains yet to be realised, and it is hoped that some time may yet be given to this veteran worker to gather up and arrange the many threads of research he has followed, and to present still riper fruits of observation and study than those he has yet produced.

Our space has been chiefly occupied with notices of Sir William Dawson's many scientific pursuits; but it is pleasant to remember that, with all this, he has been throughout the active years of his

life an educational administrator, a teacher, a popular lecturer and writer, and a worker in many religious and benevolent enterprises. His labours have never been confined to official duty. Seldom has a teacher more thoroughly gained the devoted attachment of his pupils, in whose pursuits he takes the warmest personal interest. Nor is this sympathy shown only to those to whom he stands in academic relations, for we have heard grateful recollections of the free Bible-classes on Sundays, as well as lectures on week-days, for the instruction and improvement of any who might avail themselves of his generous services. In all such good work he is ever busy, and we honour Sir William for his philanthropic labours as much as for his being President of the British Association

## GLEANINGS FROM THE OLD STORYTELLERS.

ADAPTED FROM THE EARLY ENGLISH VERSIONS OF THE "GESTA ROMANORUM."

BY G. LATHOM BROWNE.

### III.—THE FOOLISH COVENANT.

THE Emperor Selestinus had a fair but avaricious daughter, whom one of his knights so dearly loved that he gave her again and again such costly gifts, without gaining her love, that he wasted all his substance except his lands.

"Alas!" said he to the maiden, "now I have spent all my goods without success, yet ere I die I will make another trial. What shall I give thee that you will consent to be my wife?"

"Give me," she replied, "as much again as thou hast already given me."

The knight assented, and journeyed into a far country, until he came to a great city, in which were many merchants and many philosophers, and among the last was Virgil. Then the knight went to a rich merchant.

"Sir," he said, "I have need of a hundred marks, and if thou wilt lend them to me until a certain day, I will pledge to thee all my lands, on this condition, that if I pay not the hundred marks on that day my lands shall be your property."

"Dear friend," replied the merchant, "I care little for thy lands, but if thou wilt make this covenant with me, which I will now tell thee, I will fulfil thy wish."

"Agreed!" said the knight. "What is the covenant?"

"That if you pay not this money on the day named it shall be lawful for me to cut off all thy flesh from thy bones with a sharp sword. If thou wilt sign a bond on this condition I will do thy pleasure."

Mad for love of the maiden, the knight consented. The bond was drawn in his own blood and sealed with his seal, and the money paid to him by the merchant. Hardly, however, had he

received the money when he repented of the bargain.\*

"If I get not the maiden with this money," he thought to himself, "I shall die. Nay, nay, it must not be so."

Then he sought out Virgil the philosopher and told to him all his case, how he had made a bond to pay this money on a certain day, or let the merchant cut all the flesh off his bones, which must be his death. "Therefore," said he, "I am come to thee for counsel and craft, that I may have help against such a peril, and yet also win the love of this lady."

"Thou hast made a foolish covenant," replied Virgil, "for as a man bindeth himself with his own will, rightfully so shall he be dealt with by the law of the emperor. Thou wilt be wise, therefore, to keep to the day of payment, and let nothing hinder thee. As for the fickle damsel, she wears a talisman by which she is able to deceive thee. Get this, and all will be well."

Then the philosopher told the knight how to get possession of the talisman, and the knight returned to the emperor's palace, and, by the crafty device which Virgil had taught him, rett

\**Skylock.* This kindness will I show :—

Go with me to a notary, seal me there  
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,  
If you repay me not on such a day,  
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are  
Expressed in the condition, let the forfeit  
Be nominated for an equal pound  
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken  
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

*Antonio.* Content in faith; I'll seal to such a bond,  
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

*Merchant of Venice*, Act i. Scene 3.



his daughter of the talisman, and wedded her and won all her wealth. So much, however, did he love her and enjoy her company that he forgot the merchant and his bond until the day of payment was overdue by fourteen days. One night as he lay in bed he recollected his bond, and his heart fainted in him.

"Alas, lady!" said he: "woe, woe that I ever saw thee! For thy sake I am a dead man! For the sake of thy love I borrowed the money which thou requiredst, on the condition that if I repaid it not on a fixed day the lender should have the right to pare my flesh off my bones. Now that day is past full fourteen days."

"Grieve not," replied the lady; "go to the merchant and give him the money, and if he will not take it, ask him how much he will have, and I will pay it."

So the knight took comfort and rode to the city, and when he met the merchant in the street, bowing lowly to him, offered him the money. The merchant refused to take it.

"Sir," said the knight, "for the trespass I have made against our agreement I will pay thee double."

"That was not what we spake of," replied the merchant. "I will have my rights as thou didst bind thee to me."

"Only say how much thou wouldest have and it shall be paid."

"What thou sayest is all in vain," replied the merchant. "If you would give me all the wealth in this city I would have the bond; and none other will I have but as the sealed bond declares!"

Then he had the knight arrested and put into prison until the judge sat.\* And when the court was arrayed, the knight stood at the bar with the other prisoners, and the merchant showed the bond to the judge. When the judge had read the bond he said to the bystanders,

"Sirs, ye know well that it is the law of the emperor, that if any man bind himself of his own free will, he shall receive as he deserveth, and therefore this merchant shall have his bond, as the law wills."

Now during all this time the lady had sent knights to spy out and inquire how the law was pressed against her husband, and when they told

her that the law passed against him, she cut off her beautiful long hair, clad herself in goodly clothing like a man, and set out for the merchant's city, where she arrived in the court just as her knight was about to be doomed, and saluted the judge—all men taking her to be a knight. When the judge inquired of her whence she came, and why she was in his court,

"Sir," replied the lady, "I am a knight, and come from a far country, and hear tidings that there is a knight among ye here that should be doomed to death for an obligation that he made to a merchant, and therefore I am come to deliver him."

"Sir knight," said the judge, "it is the law of the emperor that whosoever bindeth himself with his own proper will and consent, without any constraint, he should be served so again."

"Dear friend," said the lady to the merchant, when she heard what the judge said, "what profit is it to thee that this knight, who standeth here ready for the doom, should be killed? It were better for thee to have the money than to have him slain."

"Thou speakest all in vain," replied the merchant, "for without doubt I will have the law, since he bound himself freely; and therefore he shall have none other grace than the law; for he came to me and not I to him; I pressed him not thereto against his will."

"I pray thee," replied the lady, "how much shall I give to have my petition? I will give thee double thy money, and if that doth not please thee, ask what thou wilt and I will give it thee."†

"Thou never heard me say but that I would have my bond."

"Surely," replied the lady, "thou shalt have it; trust me. Before you, Sir Judge, and all ye who hear me, I say, this is the right wisdom of what I shall say. Ye have heard how much I have proffered this merchant for the life of this knight, and he refuseth all, and claims the law; that I like much. And, therefore, lords that be here, hear what I shall say. Ye know well that the knight only bound himself by letter, that the merchant should have power to cut his flesh from his bones, but there was no covenant made of shedding his blood. Of this nothing was spoken.

\**Shylock.* Gaoler, look to him. Tell not me of mercy;—  
This is the fool that lent out money gratis;—  
Gaoler, look to him.

*Antonio.* Hear me yet, good Shylock.

*Shylock.* I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond;  
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond;  
Thou call'st me dog, before thou had'st a cause:  
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:  
The duke shall grant me justice.—

*Antonio.* I pray thee, hear me speak.

*Shylock.* I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:  
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.  
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,  
To shake head, relent, and sigh, and yield  
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;  
I'll have no speaking; I'll have my bond.

*Merchant of Venice, Act iii. Scene 3.*

†*Portia.* Shylock, there's thrice thy money offered thee.

*Shylock.* An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:  
Shall I lay perjury on my soul?  
No, not for Venice.

*Portia.* Why, this bond is forfeit;  
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim  
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off  
Nearest the merchant's heart:—Be merciful;  
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

*Shylock.* When it is paid according to the tenour.  
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;  
You know the law; your exposition  
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,  
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,  
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear,  
There is no power in the tongue of man  
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

*Merchant of Venice, Act iv. Scene 1.*

Let him therefore set hand on his debtor at once, and if he sheds any blood in paring off his flesh, then in truth the knight shall have good law against him."

"Give me my money," cried the merchant, "and I forego my action."

"Nay," said the lady, "thou shalt not have a penny! Before all this company I proffered to thee all that I had, and you refused it, and saidest with a loud voice that thou wouldest have thy covenant. Do thy best, therefore, with him; but look ye that you shed no blood, I charge thee, for it is not thine, it is not in the bond."\*

Then the merchant, hearing this, went his way from the court, and so the knight's life was saved, and not a penny paid on the bond.

Home then went the lady, disrobed herself of the knightly dress, and in her woman's attire met her husband at the castle gate when he returned, and asked him how he had sped, as though she knew naught about it.

"Ah, lady," said he, "this day was I on the point of being doomed for the sake of thy love, when there suddenly came a knight, fair and shapely, whom I never saw before, and he delivered me by his excellent wisdom both from death and from the payment of the bond."

"Thou wert unkind," replied the lady, "that thou didst not bid him to meat that had so kindly saved thee."

"Suddenly he came, and suddenly he went away."

"Shouldest thou know him if you saw him?" asked the lady.

"Right well."

Then the lady went to her tiring-room, put on again the knightly dress that she had worn in court, and returned to her husband. Right well

\**Portia.* Tarry a little;—there's something else.

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;  
The words expressly are a pound of flesh:  
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;  
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed  
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods  
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate  
Unto the state of Venice.

*Shylock.* I take this offer then,—pay the bond thrice,  
And let the Christian go.

*Bassanio.* Here is the money.

*Portia.* Soft;

The Jew shall have all justice;—soft;—no  
haste;—  
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

*Shylock.* Give me my principal and let me go.

*Bassanio.* I have it ready for thee; here it is.

*Portia.* He hath refused it in the open court;  
He shall have justice merely and his bond.

*Shylock.* Shall I not have barely my principal?

*Portia.* Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,  
To be taken at thy peril, Jew.

*Shylock.* Why, then, the devil give him good of it!  
I'll stay no longer question.

*Merchant of Venice, Act iv. Scene i.*

then did he know her, and, throwing himself with joy into her arms, "Blessed be thou!" he cried; "and blessed be the hour in the which I first knew thee!" and he wept for joy.

So the knight and the lady lived and died in the service of God, and yielded to Him good souls.

In this morality we probably have the earliest English version of the Bond story immortalised in the "Merchant of Venice." Shakespeare, however, could hardly have taken it from this source, as it is not found in Wynkyn de Worde's (1510) edition, nor in those which followed in the time of the great dramatist. The probability is that he obtained it from the tales of the Italian, Ser Giovanni, who has closely imitated it in "Il Pecorone," published at Milan, 1558, a translation of whose novels was popular in England in Shakespeare's days. To complete his drama Shakespeare also made use of the following tale of "The Three Caskets," several versions of which are found in the *Gesta* and other collections of mediæval moralities. For substitution of a Jew in the place of the merchant Shakespeare may have been indebted to an old ballad on "Gernutus, a Jew of Venice," which was found in the Pepysian Library of Magdalen College, Cambridge, the opening stanza of which says:

"In Venice town not long ago  
A cruel Jew did dwell,  
Which lived all on usurie,  
As old Italians tell."

The full title of this ballad is "A New Song, showing the cruelties of Gernutus, a Jewe, who, lending to a merchant a hundred crowns, would have a pound of his flesh because he could not pay him at the day appogated—to be sung to the tune of Black and White."

In the present version from the Harleian ms. I have been obliged to take great liberties with the introductory portion, to make it fit and profitable to present readers. And as the moral drawn by the old monk turns on the immoralities of the tale, it is sufficient to say that the Lady is the Soul clothed with virtue, and the Merchant the Tempter, baffled by reason.

#### IV.—THE THREE CASKETS.

ANCELMUS, the Roman Emperor, had wedded the daughter of the King of Jerusalem, and had no children, at which the lords of his empire greatly grieved. One night after supper the emperor walked in his garden and thought over his troubles, in that he had no heir to his kingdom, and that the King of Naples was always at war with his empire. At night, when he lay down to sleep, he dreamed a strange dream. It was morning, he thought, the firmament was more than usually bright, and the moon in it more pale on one part of her orb than the other. Then came out from the moon a bird with party-coloured feathers, and two beasts that between them

nourished the little bird with the warmth of their bodies. After that came many other beasts and made obeisance to the bird, and then many other birds came and sang so sweetly that they awakened the emperor.

On the morrow, wondering much of his dream, the emperor called to him the lords of the empire and his diviners.

"Dear friends," said Ancelmus, "tell me, on pain of death, the interpretation of my dream, and I will reward thee."

"Yea, my lord," they replied, "show us thy dream, and we will tell thee what it means."

Then from the beginning to the ending of it did the emperor tell them what he had dreamed, and they were glad, and with much joy showed him its interpretation.

"Great lord," said the chief of the diviners, "right good is thy dream. The brightness of the firmament betokens that thy empire shall henceforth be in peace; the moon is the empress, the paleness of which sheweth that anon she shall have a child, which the fair bird betokens shall be a son, who shall be nurtured and obeyed by all wise and rich men, as the beasts nourished the little bird. The other beasts that made obeisance to him are other people who have not yet paid him homage, but shall now be subject to thy son. The birds that sang so merrily and sweetly are all thy people who shall rejoice at his birth."

Then was the emperor glad, and gave the diviners great presents, and after this the child was born, to the joy of himself and the empire.

When the King of Naples heard of the event he was troubled.

"Long time," thought he, "have I made war with the emperor, and it may not be but that when his son cometh to his full age it will be told to him, how during all his life I have fought against his father. Whilst then he is a child, it will be better for me that I make peace with his father, that when the son cometh of age he may have nothing against me."

So the King of Naples wrote letters to the emperor that there should be peace between them. And the emperor, saying that he did so more from fear than love, wrote again to him, "that he would make him sure of peace if he would bind himself to be his servant year by year and pay him homage and tribute all his life." Then the king called together his councillors and asked them what he should do, who advised that he should follow the will of the emperor.

"In the first place," said they, "ask of him a sure peace. Then thou hast a fair daughter and he a fair son. Let a marriage be made between them, and so shall there be a firm alliance. It is good also that thou do homage and pay tribute to him, as he asketh."

Then did the King of Naples send ambassadors to the emperor, to tell him that he would obey his will, and to offer to give his daughter in marriage to the emperor's son. To this the emperor agreed, when he had heard that the damsel from her youth up had lived in purity and chastity. And when a covenant had been signed, the king fitted out a goodly ship, to take his daughter, with many

knights and ladies as her companions, to the emperor, to be married to his son.

After, however, they had embarked and set sail, and had passed far from the land, a violent storm arose, and the ship was broken by the waves, and all that were in it drowned, except the king's daughter, who put her trust in God. And at last the tempest ceased, but a great whale followed hard by the wreck to devour the damsel. Sore afraid was she, and when night came she struck flame from a stone and lighted a great fire, and as long as the fire lasted the great whale did not dare to approach the wreck. About cockcrow, the damsel, from the fatigue of the tempest, and from trouble, began to be heavy with sleep, and at last slumbered; whilst she slept the fire went out, and she was swallowed by the whale, with the whole wreck. When she awoke and found herself in the whale's belly, striking flame again from the stone, with pieces of the wreck the damsel lighted a fierce fire, and grievously wounded the whale with a little knife, insomuch that it swam to the land and there died.

Now it happened at this time that a certain earl named Pirias, as he walked on the seashore, saw the whale come to land. He therefore got together a great company with various weapons, and caused them to strike the whale on every side. When the damsel heard the blows, with a loud voice she cried,

"Oh, ye gentle sirs, have pity on me, for I am a king's daughter."

Marvelling greatly at what he heard, the earl made them cut open the whale, and took out the damsel, who told him that she was a daughter of the King of Naples, and had been wrecked, and should have been married to the son of the Emperor of Rome.

Right glad was the knight, who kept the damsel with him a long time until she had recovered, and then sent her with a goodly train to the emperor. When the damsel told the emperor her adventures, he had great pity on her.

"Good damsel," said the emperor, "thou hast suffered much trouble for the love of my son, nevertheless I must prove whether thou be worthy of him, and shall do so right soon."

Now the emperor had lately ordered three caskets to be made, the first of pure gold set with precious stones on the outside, but within full of dead men's bones. On it was this inscription, "*They that choose me shall find in me what they deserve.*" The second casket was of pure silver and filled with earth, and on it was this inscription, "*They that choose me shall find in me what their nature and kind desireth.*" And the third casket was of lead, without any ornament, and was full of precious jewels. Outside was this inscription, "*They that choose me shall find in me what God hath disposed for them.*"

Taking these to the damsel, "Lo, dear damsel," he said, "here are three precious caskets, and if thou chooseth one of these wherein is profit and ought to be chosen, then shalt thou have my son to be thy husband. But if thou chooseth that which is not profitable to thee or to any other person, then thou shalt not have him."



Looking on the caskets, the damsel lifted up her hands to God and prayed thus :

"Thou, O Lord, knoweth all things; grant me Thy grace now in the need of this time, that I may so choose that I may please the emperor's son and have him to be my husband."

Then when she looked on the golden casket and read the superscription she thought within herself, "What have I deserved to have so precious a casket, and though it be never so gay without, I know not how foul it may be within." So she told the emperor that she would in no way choose that.

Then when she looked on the silver casket and read its superscription she said to herself, "My nature and kind asketh only for the pleasures of the flesh—forsooth, lord, I refuse this."

Then she looked on the leaden casket and read its superscription. "Truly," said the damsel, "God never disposeth evil; that which God disposed I will take and choose."

"Good damsel," said the emperor, "open now the casket and see what thou hast chosen."

And when it was opened it was full of gold and precious jewels, and then the emperor said, "Fair damsel, thou hast chosen rightly, and won my son for thy husband."

So the day was fixed for the bridal, which was celebrated with great joy. The son reigned after the death of his father, and ended his life in peace.

#### THE MORAL.

"Dear friends," saith the preacher, "by the damsel we may understand the soul which, in its journey through the ocean of the world, in the ark of a good life, is oftentimes sorely tried in the tempest of tribulation, by the temptations of the flesh, and the suggestions of the tempter, and like to be drowned in sin, if it does not place its firm reliance in the protection of God. The great whale is the tempter himself, who, when the soul sleeps, yielding to temptation, for a time gets possession of it, and but for the flame struck out of the corner-stone of the faith, lighting a fire with the dry sticks of pleasure, and the wounding of him by the knife of repentance and contrition, would destroy it utterly. The earl is any holy man, living by the world but out of it, who, with the words of Holy Scripture, slays the devil and delivers the soul from the prison of sin."

As the emperor set before the damsel three caskets, so God setteth before man's soul life or death, good or evil, and whichever he shall choose that shall he have. As was said by an old father of the Church, there be three things which I dread.\* *First*, I know that I must die. *Secondly*,

\* The lines quoted are as follows :

"Sunt tria quæ vere, Me faciunt sæpe dolere.  
Est primum durum, Quonian scio me moriturum;  
Est magis addendo moriar, sed nescio quando;  
Inde magis flebo quia nescio quo remanebo."

That is to say :

"Three things ben, in fay, that maketh me to sorrow alway:  
One is that I shall henne, An other I wot neuer when:  
The third is my most care, I wot not whither I shall fare."

which is more dreadful, I know not when I shall die. *Thirdly*, until the day of doom I know not whether the sentence will be for me or against me. The *first* casket is the world, glittering without, but within dead men's bones. So the mighty men of the world have this world's good in abundance, and very fair to look upon, but their works are dark, and dead in the sight of God. Like gay sepulchres, arrayed fairly without, with gold and jewels, but within naught but dead men's bones. By the *second* casket we may understand the judges and wise men of the world, whose words shine like silver, but they themselves are worms and of the earth earthy. The *third* casket signifies the simple life of the Christian, the child of God. Simple in his dress, meek in his spirit, and obedient to God's commands. The jewels in this casket are the works pleasing to God, which, by faith in the Saviour and the help of the Holy Spirit, the children of God can perform. These shall inherit the kingdom prepared for them, to which in His mercy may God bring all of us.

This is by no means the earliest form of the story which supplied Shakespeare with the incident of the three caskets in the "Merchant of Venice." It is found in the Greek Text of the spiritual Romance of Barlaam and Josaphat, about A.D. 800, in the voluminous compendium of Vincent of Beauvais, about A.D. 1250, subsequently in the "Golden Legend," in Boccaccio's "Decamerone," and Gower's "Contessio Amantis," the last of whom cites a "Cronecke" as his authority. In the tale as told by the monk Barlaam to King Avenamore,

"The king ordered four chests to be made, two of which were covered with gold and secured by golden locks, but filled with rotten bones of human carcasses. The other two were overlaid with pitch and bound with rough cords, but filled with the most precious stones and exquisite gems, and with ointments of the richest odour. He called his nobles together, and, placing these chests before them, asked which they thought the most valuable. They pronounced those with the golden coverings to be the most precious, supposing that they were made to contain the crowns and girdles of the king. The two chests covered with pitch they viewed with contempt. Then said the king, 'I thought what would be your decision, for ye look with the eyes of sense. But to discover the baseness or value which are hid within we must look with the eyes of the mind.' He then ordered the golden chests to be opened, which exhaled an intolerable stench, and filled the beholders with horror."

In the "Decamerone" the story tells "how the king conducted the knight into the great hall, where, as he had before given order, stood two great chests fast locked. 'Signor Rogero,' he said, 'in one of these is mine imperial crown, the royal sceptre, the mound, and many more of my richest girdles, rings, plate, and jewels; even the very best that are mine. The other is full of earth only. Choose one of these two, and which thou makest election of, upon my royal word thou shalt enjoy it.'" (Tenth Day Travel 1.)

In Gower's version the old poet thus says :

"Anon he let two coffers make,  
Of one semblance and one make.

His own hands that one chest  
Of fine gold and of fine perie (pearls)  
The which out of the treasury  
Was take, anon he filled full :  
That other coffer of straw and mull (rubbish),  
With stones mened (accompanied) he filled also,  
Thus be they full both two."

The courtiers chose the wrong coffer.

"Thus was the wise king excused,  
And they left off their evil speech,  
And mercy of the king beseech."

In adapting this tale Shakespeare makes the golden casket contain

*Prince of Morocco.* "A carrion head, within whose empty eye  
There is a written scroll. I'll read the writing.  
All that glitters is not gold,  
Often have you heard that told ;  
Many a man his life has sold  
But my outside to behold :  
Gilded tombs do worms infold.  
Had you been as wise as bold,  
Young in limbs, in judgment old,  
Your answer had not been inscroll'd.  
Fare you well ; your suit is cold."

On the second suitor, the Prince of Arragon, opening the silver casket, he finds "the portrait of a blinking idiot," presenting these verses :

"The fire seven times tried this ;  
Seven times tried that judgment is  
That did never choose amiss :  
Some there be that shadows kiss ;  
Such have but a shadow's bliss.  
There be fools alive, I wis,  
Silvered o'er, and so was this ;  
Take what wife you will to bed,  
I will ever be your head :  
So begone ;—you are sped."

Bassanio finds in the leaden casket "Fair Portia's counterfeit," with a scroll that says :

"You that choose not by the view,  
Chance as fair, and choose as true,  
Since this fortune fall to you,  
Be content and seek no new.  
If you be well pleased with this,  
And hold your fortune for your bliss,  
Turn you where your lady is,  
And claim her with a loving kiss."

In the Latin version of the *Gesta* similar tests are applied, in the following tale, to a covetous man who had hidden a large sum of money in the trunk of a tree.

A certain carpenter, who lived in a city near the sea, and was very covetous and wicked, collected a large sum of money, and hid it in the trunk of a tree, which he put by his fireside, and never lost sight of it. Such a place he thought no one would suspect. One night whilst he and his people slept, the sea arose, swept away the side of the building where the log lay, and carried it far away till it was cast on shore at a certain city, where there dwelt a good and charitable man, who kept open house. Seeing the trunk of the tree on the shore, he brought it to his house to burn. Now it chanced that one day when he was entertaining some pilgrims, in bitterly cold weather, that he began to cut up the log for firewood, and when he had struck two or three blows he heard something rattling, and as he clove it in twain the gold pieces ran out in every direction. These he carefully put away until he could find out the owner.

Bitterly lamenting the loss of his money, the carpenter travelled far and wide in search of it, and came by accident to the house of the hospitable man. When the good man heard his account, he thought within self that he would try whether the title of the carpenter was good.

"I will prove," said he to himself, "whether God wills that the money should be returned to him."

Thereupon he made three cakes, the *first* of which he filled with earth ; the *second* with dead men's bones ; and in the *third* he put some of the gold from the log.

"Friend," said he to the carpenter, "we will eat three cakes, made of the best meal in my house. Choose which you will have."

So the carpenter took the cakes in his hand and weighed them, and finding that with the earth the heaviest, chose it.

"If I want more," said the carpenter, "my worthy host, I will have that," laying his hand on that containing the bones, "you may keep the third cake yourself."

"I see clearly," said the host to himself, "that God does not will that the money should be restored to this wretched man."

Then calling the poor, the sick, the lame, and the blind, and opening the cake of gold,

"Miserable wretch," said he to the carpenter, "this is thy own gold, but thou dost prefer the cakes of earth and dead men's bones. I am persuaded therefore that God wills not that I should return to thee the money."

Then he distributed all the money amongst those whom he called in, and drove away the carpenter, sorely grieved at his mistake.

In the moral of this tale the carpenter is any worldly-minded man, the trunk of the tree is the human head, filled with the riches of the world. The host is a wise confessor. The cake with the earth is the world, that with dead men's bones the flesh, and that with the gold the kingdom of heaven. It is a warning of the inevitable result of the avaricious pursuit of wealth.

## THE UTILISATION OF WASTE.

I.

NOT a few great fortunes owe their origin to the utilisation of waste. It may further be very safely said that during the next quarter of a century considerable wealth will accrue to those sufficiently enterprising to experiment in this direction, and especially those able to bring practical chemistry to bear upon their operations.

There is at the present time scarcely a single branch of commerce, and in all departments of the animal, vegetable, and mineral world, in which some utilisation of waste is not going on, but I am convinced that we have as yet only discovered the rudiments in some sections of this vast field of inquiry. So wide-spreading, indeed, is this subject that it will not be possible in a short series of papers to do more than glance at some examples of these new industries.

Dirt has been very aptly described as only matter in the wrong place, and such, as we shall presently see, is the case. Heaps of stuff, formerly looked upon as so much rubbish, to be had for the carrying away, or not worth even removal, are now being turned to account, and in some cases proving a veritable philosopher's stone to those fortunate enough to stir up the heap and see of what uses it was capable.

I need not dwell on the familiar instances of the production of paper from rags, and its reproduction from waste paper; the conversion of old and worn cloth into shoddy—a much-abused name, and which represents a really useful textile fabric. The slag from iron furnaces, once considered so unsightly and obstructive, comes out again as glass bottles, and in Germany, but not yet in this country, in glass railway sleepers, and in slabs for flooring instead of stone. A further use of this heap is in producing a slag wool useful for many purposes, as I shall point out later. Water in which wool has been washed for manufacturing purposes, and which for generations has been allowed to flow away down village streams or rivers, is now being passed through various processes, and yields grease and other substances which form a base for soaps and lubricants. For many years after gas was the happy outcome of a Scotchman's fertile brain the coal-tar was a terrible problem in the hands of gas-makers, and now we have out of it rich aniline dyes, which produce those bright and attractive colours seen in every draper's shop. Colours and combinations of colours yet unthought of will in future years be the outcome of skill and chemical knowledge in utilising coal-tar. Other products from it are carbolic acid, benzole, and naphthaline. After crude petroleum has been refined we get some 25 per cent. of products of a variety positively perplexing, some of which play no unimportant part in the British pharmacopœia. In Norway sawdust is being used for producing sugar, and, sad to say, the sugar is turned into brandy. Other products also come out of sawdust, such as charcoal, potash,

and oxalic acid. In the great cotton plantations of the Southern States of America cotton-seed was for generations thrown away, but it is now a recognised commercial commodity for the blending of lubricating oil, and in the mixing of feeding-cakes for cattle. Smoke from factory chimneys is carbon in another form, and in course of a few years we may expect to see some diminution of the smoke nuisance so prevalent in large towns, not from the vigilance of the sanitary inspectors, but because manufacturers are beginning to learn that instead of allowing the particles of carbon to escape with other products of combustion, and so helping to poison themselves and their neighbours, they may have lighter coal bills to pay by burning up these particles. Old ropes, after they have been picked by prisoners, are served up again as a material for caulking ships. The refuse from candle works comes out as glycerine, and that of soap works as a manure. Some of the most delicately-scented perfumery comes out of waste rubbish. Ladies will be further interested to know that the cheap so-called sealskins are made from common plasterers' hair, or that obtained from the tan-pits, and that this hair has formerly been the head or nether adornment of a horse or a cow.

The utilisation of animal waste presents an extensive field of investigation. In the large pig-killing establishments in America, and some in England and Ireland, there is literally nothing lost but the squeak, every part being used up for one purpose or another. Whether horseflesh will ever become in this country an article of food it is difficult to say, but an organisation in Paris, known as the "Society for Promoting the use of Horseflesh," claims to have provided Paris between 1866 and 1881 with 67,809,460 lb. of meat. With us the worn-out and dead horses come out from the knacker's yard, the flesh as oil for soapmakers and leather-dressers, and the bones as oil, fat, glue, and manure, to say nothing of the large quantities sold for cat's meat. The manufacture of butterine and oleomargarine as substitutes for butter, are now established industries, and these are products from animal and vegetable waste. The many uses to which rabbit-skins are being put is a subject which has been already treated in the "Leisure Hour." In other departments of animal life—alligators, crocodiles, and even snakes are hunted for their skins, which are tanned, and provide a useful material for bags, purses, cigar-cases, and other articles.

In the utilisation of vegetable waste much of a surprising nature could be said. The seeds or stones of many fruits which would apparently seem useless, have some economic value. I refer chiefly to those which are often thrown away, and pass over many that are applied to ornamental uses. In some parts of Egypt the date stones are boiled to soften them, and the camels and cattle



are fed upon them. They are calcined by the Chinese, and said to enter into the composition of their Indian ink. In Spain they are burnt and powdered for dentifrice, and vegetable ivory nuts are said to be applied for the same purposes. Some species of *Attalea* nuts are burned in Brazil, to blacken the raw indiarubber. In India the seed or stone of the tamarind is sometimes prescribed in cases of dysentery as a tonic. In times of scarcity of food the natives eat them after being roasted and soaked for a few hours in water; the dark outer skin comes off, and they can then be cooked in various ways. From this seed an oil has also been obtained. The seed of the carob bean is ground up as food for cattle, and is used in Algeria, when roasted, as coffee. The use of some Mexican and other grasses for brushes is being rapidly developed. This material is as strong and flexible as bristles, and even the refuse from this is being used as a stuffing for mattresses. The use of esparto grass for paper-making is well known, and straw is largely used for the same purpose. The contents of old straw mattresses are very often sold to paper-makers. I have already referred to cotton-seed and its products of cotton-seed oil and cakes. We may anticipate from the opening up of the Congo territory, vegetable pods and seeds of a commercially valuable nature.

Seaweed has many uses. The utilisation of mineral waste is even more varied than in the other two departments of nature to which I have called attention.

The utilisation of sewage is a most important question, but, apart from the chemical and agricultural uses to which it is now put, there is yet to be solved the problem of utilising the waste with which every river to a less or greater extent is polluted. This is one of the things which they do seem to manage better in France, for in a most interesting article which appeared a few months ago in the "Leisure Hour," it was pointed out how the floating *débris* of the Seine has for years been a source of profitable manufacture in obtaining from it greases and other products of commercial value.

The *chiffonnier*, with his long basket strapped to his back, and his lamp in one hand, walking in the gutter at a regular pace, and with a practised eye noticing everything worth picking up, has become, in Paris, quite an institution. We can scarcely be said to have in England a corresponding class to them. True, we have a large class who are now dignified with the name of "marine store dealers," and who carry on a useful as well as a sometimes profitable trade, but they cannot be said to do what the humble, but sometimes moderately rich, *chiffonnier* does across the Channel.

When an article has performed every use for which it was intended, and is then in the household looked upon as rubbish, it comes to the dustbin, if it has not previously found its way to the rag-and-bottle man; but, notwithstanding the vigorous onslaught of the medical papers, the dustbin is still an appendage of the domestic dwelling, and the contents of this much-abused receptacle are not by any means useless.

Ever since "Our Mutual Friend" made its appearance Dickens has given to dust, as a wealth-producing commodity, a wonderful interest. Boffin, the Golden Dustman, was a living reality. This good-natured fellow, in speaking of his mounds of dust, says, "I may sell them, though I should be very sorry to see the neighbourhood deprived of 'em too. It'll look but a poor dead flat without the mounds. Still, I don't say that I'm going to keep 'em always there, for the sake of the beauty of the landscape. I ain't a scholar in much, but I'm a pretty fair scholar in dust. I can price the mounds to a fraction, and I know how they can be best disposed of, and likewise that they take no harm by standing where they do." This Golden Dustman is said to have been one Adam of Paddington, of whom there was an old song, beginning, "Adam was the first dustman," and then describing in verse the wealth represented by his heaps of dust. The story runs, too, that on the intended husband of his daughter expressing some curiosity as to the dowry, he was shown one of the mounds as being the proposed gift with the daughter. The lover was anything but satisfied, and the engagement was in danger of being broken off, but the heap of dust turned out to be worth £3,000, and so his scruples were overcome.

It was, however, well for the Golden Dustman that he lived half a century ago, for he would scarcely be able to acquire such a designation now. A change has come over dust-sorting in London and other large towns, as changes have come in many other departments of life. In Boffin's time dust was worth a guinea a cartload for brick-making, and now its value is somewhere about eighteenpence. The profuseness of the supply has brought down the price, and a contractor informs me that it hardly pays now for sifting and sorting.

Some of the London Vestries still have their sorting yards, such as Paddington, Islington, St. Luke's, and others. In the City yards they are burning it, and they are preparing to do the same in Whitechapel. In Leeds all the town refuse passes through a furnace, and from the slag which accumulates an excellent mortar is made. So that dust-sorting may eventually become obsolete. This burning of towns' refuse is one of the pressing subjects of the day, for sanitary reasons. It is not intended, as I have indicated, that these furnaces, for which several patents have of recent years been secured, shall entirely burn up the refuse, but from the contents of the dust-carts, emptied *en masse* into the furnace, there will come out of the ashes, bricks, cement, mortar, and clinkers for road-making.

Where dust-sorting goes on it is divided into four heaps. First of all a man roughly sorts it with a fork, then a man called a "filler" shovels it into the sieves, and three women, or two, as the case may be, to each filler, do the sorting! The batches into which they divide it are—ashes used for brick-making, breeze for burning bricks, hard core for road-making, and soft core for manure, the latter was much more largely used in the past than at the present time. The refuse found by the

women sorters, who work from seven to five for some sixteenpence a day, is placed in heaps of old iron and other metals, bones, rags, and glass. All this waste material finds a market. The old iron is remelted up, but now its price as old iron is only about eighteenpence a hundredweight. The old pieces of tinware are melted down, first for the solder. The bones are used for glue and size-making, and for manure. The glass represents a perfect *olla podrida*—physic-bottles, ink-bottles, sauce-bottles, and broken glass in endless variety. The whole bottles are washed with acid and do service again, usually in the same capacity as before. The history and adventures of a physio-bottle could be made into a story. The broken glass is sorted, the white from the coloured, and some of it goes again into the making of glass "to set the furnace going," and other kinds go for the making of emery and glass paper. Old boots in some cases are patched and

mended and resold by the secondhand dealers, and if they are too far gone for this they are boiled down for size-making. The rags go for paper and shoddy.

I have watched these women sorters at work, and as well as being struck with all the various uses of waste, I have thought that even beyond this there is the greater use in the employment it provides for the poor. Those I have seen worked cheerfully and industriously. Now and again they find a stray coin, swept off the mantelpiece into the ashes, and so reaching the dustbin. This is a perquisite—"perks," to use the vernacular—of the sorter.

"Nothing wasted" is a wonderful lesson to all who will give the subject any thought, and I cannot refrain from again saying that there are many yet undiscovered fields for the utilisation of waste.

THOMAS GREENWOOD, F.R.G.S.

### THE BEGINNING AND THE END OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

IN his recently published book, "The Dawn of the xixth Century in England,"\* Mr. John Ashton, whose knowledge of social manners and customs of the past in this country is the result of extensive research, has given us a succession of pleasant pictures which show in what sense the early part of the century differed from the present. We are bound to say that the study, while affording plenty of entertainment, is a very informing one; and as we take account of many things which were formidable drawbacks to life two or three generations ago, we are the better enabled to estimate at their proper worth our present advantages. Accustomed as we are to complain of hard times, depression in trade, and some other matters which bring worry or serious trouble in their train, we have only to contrast our lot with that of our forefathers under George III. to discover that our surrounding circumstances are immeasurably superior to theirs. The nineteenth century has been emphatically the era of religious, social, and political progress; and the almost fifty years' reign of our present queen will probably stand out in history as an unique period of transition from the old to the new order of things. It is a period which has been crowded with great reforms, with brilliant scientific conquests which have redounded to the welfare of mankind, and with an extension of general knowledge such as has no parallel in the annals of the world. This is sufficiently reassuring to inspire devout gratitude; and by studying the past we have the most encouraging auguries for the future.

The end of the old century was made memorable by many warm disputes respecting the day on which its successor could be said to begin; and among others who began their reckoning a year

before the time, *i.e.*, Jan. 1, 1800, was Henry James Pye, Poet-Laureate. The arguments he addressed, though far-fetched, are of interest as showing that others, such as Dryden and Prior, had fallen into similar errors a hundred years before. "The worthy Laureate has certainly got into a scrape," remarks the Gentleman's Magazine for January, 1800, "and we wish him well out of it. . . . though not convinced by an iota of the statement that ninety-nine can make one-hundred." The controversy even extended to France, where Lelande, the astronomer, had common-sense enough to show that the year 1800 necessarily belonged to the eighteenth century.

But leaving this small question, it more concerns us to know that the old era grew more trying and troublous to the people at large as it neared its close. We suppose that there are sentimental persons who think that its days were more undisturbed, and therefore happier, than our own; but although life may have been less hurried, and in some of its phases more picturesque, a decided change for the worse rapidly developed after the outbreak of the American revolution and the wars which succeeded. The last quarter of the old century, and especially the latter end of that quarter, brought burdens which the people at large could ill bear; for while taxes increased at an extraordinary rate, the cost of living, on account of the extreme scarcity of provisions, also took upward strides in an alarming manner, while the difficulty of obtaining adequate supplies of gold increased the worth of guineas, until those who risked melting them were able to realise considerable profits. Popular discontent led to riots in London and elsewhere; and certainly, when we compare the advance in the cost of certain necessities which set in, and for which the uneducated populace were not always able to account, we can well understand their occasionally

\* London: T. Fisher Unwin, 26, Paternoster Square.

manifesting a little temper. Thus a chaldron of coals, which in 1773 cost a guinea and a half, had gone up to £2 11s. in 1800. In the same period hay had also risen from £2 2s. to £7 a load; meat and butter had more than doubled in price; soap and candles had nearly doubled; while the change in loaf-sugar was from 8d. to 1s. 4d. a pound. More galling than such advances, however, must have been the enormously augmented taxes, especially to such as disapproved of the profitless wars in which the money was expended. The rates for the poor had greatly increased; the window-tax on a house of thirty windows had advanced from £3 10s. to £12 12s.; and the income-tax, which did not exist at all in the first-

rather to aggravate the evils complained of than to bring relief, but our great-grandfathers wanted that discernment. The common people could not be expected to be more sagacious than their teachers; and hence, they sought to cure by riot and violence evils which in part arose from bad government and insufficient harvests. The bread riots, which alarmed the Lord Mayor and his subordinates in the autumn of 1800, not only showed the temper of the Londoners, but of the common people generally throughout the country. In reply to the chief magistrate's pacific words, the angry crowd rolled obnoxious Quaker corn-factors in the mud, broke into the house of a Mr. Rushby, near Blackfriars, with the intention of



THE PEACE OF 1802. (From a contemporary Engraving.)

named year, was £20 on an income of £200 in 1800.

The burdens beneath which the people groaned, and the uncertainties of war, naturally fomented discontent which not only found expression in occasional riot, but generated a good deal of unreasonable ill-feeling against those who were engaged in legitimate trade. It became an indictable offence for any one to *forestall* the market, as it was called; that is to say, speculators were not allowed to purchase grain on its way to market, nor were they permitted to buy from a sample and sell the same at an advanced rate in the market on the same day. Some jurymen, who in 1800 convicted a cornfactor of the last-named offence, were complimented by the judge for having conferred by their verdict "almost the greatest benefit" on their country "that was ever conferred by any jury." It wanted little discernment to see that such arbitrary interference with laws which would still work in their own way whether people would have it so or not, was calculated

hanging the trader as a *regarter*, and shouted "Cheap bread! Birmingham and Nottingham for ever! Three loaves for eighteenpence!" The imaginary offences of cattle-dealers at Smithfield created similar indignation; and about the same time a butcher was arraigned at the Clerkenwell Sessions charged with "forestalling the market of Smithfield by purchasing two cows and an ox on their way to the market." To read the accounts at this time of day it looks as though the country had reached the border-land of famine, especially when the king himself is found commanding his loving subjects to be strictly economical in the use of food, and not to waste flour by making it into pastry. The outlook was rendered still more gloomy by the deplorable condition of the thousands of French prisoners who were then in England.

Of course there were many who well knew that the national troubles in the main arose from the well-nigh interminable wars in which the country had been engaged; and therefore one cannot



wonder at the joy, the handshakings, the modest illuminations, and the bounding rises in the funds, which signalled the peace of 1802. "The two

Margate, and on board of which "no profane conversation" was allowed, must have been no small boon in the way of accommodation to decent people, especially those accompanied by ladies, notwithstanding the merriment which the subject occasioned Sydney Smith while writing his article on Methodism.

The condition of the City highways was anything but satisfactory as regards paving and draining. Even the main thoroughfares were none too well looked after; but side streets were a source of danger to health and limb. "Cellar-flaps of wood, closed or unclosed, and, if closed, often rather made pitfalls for all except the excessively wary," remarks Mr. Ashton. "Insufficient scavenging and watering, and narrow and often tortuous streets, did not improve matters; and when once small-pox or fever got hold in these back streets, death held high carnival." At night the dangers to which passengers were sub-

jected were heightened by insufficient lighting, although gas, which was just beginning to appear, was ridiculed by the *quidnuncs*, and also by the *savants*, even Sir Humphrey Davy being included among the latter. Alarming ills and great disasters were prognosticated; but when once the cheerful flame was found really to give light in the streets, and not merely to make darkness visible, as had been the case with the old oil-lamps, a change naturally came about in public opinion. At the same time antiquated tinder-boxes were



WATERMEN.

great nations of Europe require peace," remarked Napoleon to C. J. Fox; "they have nothing to fear; they ought to understand and value one another." In the course of a few brief months the fair weather had again given place to the uncertainties of war, however; and then set in that era of caricatures of Napoleon, which is still studied with interest by curious inquirers. In the letter which the emperor addressed to George III., at the opening of 1803, he professed to harbour a hatred of war: "My first sentiment is a wish for peace," he said. "France and England abuse their prosperity." What years of carnage, culminating in Waterloo, were coming on when these words were written. In the memorable crisis, when a French invasion was really threatened, large numbers came forward to volunteer for military service; but at the same time legalised pressgangs were a standing terror to many quiet-living people, while able-bodied vagrants and others charged with small offences, brought before the London magistrates, were in many instances summarily sent to do compulsory service on the fleet.

Turning to pleasanter matters—the ordinary manners and customs of those days—we find that the Thames between Greenwich and Chelsea was more commonly used as a highway than now for small boats, while persons who wanted change of air and scene went as far as Gravesend or Windsor. Those who went farther on the advertised hoys, were thought to have set out on an adventurous voyage. The "Religious Hoy," which sailed weekly to



GAS LAMPS.

giving place to "instantaneous light and fire machines," destined soon to develop into veritable lucifer matches; and the manufacture of these attracted numbers of sight-seeing loungers in high life, who, according to a morning newspaper of 1808, expressed "themselves highly gratified with the utility and ingenuity of these philosophical curiosities."

In regard to many other particulars the age was



THE POSTMAN.

inconveniently backward, that is to say, we should think so if it were possible for us to be transferred into its midst. With the exception of the quarter supplied by the New River, water was not too plentiful; and as wells in proximity to cesspools were not yet obsolete, the quality was indifferent. Some families were even dependent on itinerant vendors for their water at a penny a bucket. But while water was scarcer, fires in proportion to the population were more than plentiful; and, in consequence of the more primitive character of the engines, greater difficulty was experienced in putting them out.

The age is commonly spoken of as having been wanting in practical philanthropy; but in point of fact many of those great philanthropic agencies which have since conferred such matchless benefit on the world, were then inaugurated. The anti-slavery agitation was also gaining strength, although it would have been well if some more commiseration could have been awakened for slaves at home, especially for infant chimney-climbers, who must have existed in large numbers, and whose treatment and condition would supply a forcible illustration of the defective civilisation of those times. But although they attracted little sympathy from the general public, these cruelly used waifs found some genuine friends. Mrs. Montague, a character well known in her day, was accustomed to feast a number of them on each succeeding May Day; while an association was founded for their especial benefit, and perhaps to look after hard-hearted masters who at times rendered themselves liable to the corrective discipline of the law.

The streets of London were usually dull and monotonous as regards their buildings; but the cries heard in them of those who carried on their varied itinerant traffic were very characteristic of

the times. The man with "flowers all a-growing" then appealed to a constituency who more often than now had good gardens; and then came the brickdust vendor, who had a liking for bull-dogs; the poultry-dealer, whose geese, it is to be hoped, were not fed on fish; the dustman, the rat-trap seller, the watercress-girl and others, who in the near suburbs did not hesitate to make known their business with all the strength of lungs they possessed. A more important functionary than any of these, however, was the postman, who then went abroad with a more striking livery than now, and with a bell to give warning of his approach. He was, in many respects, a more important official than the modern postman, and he was less hurried while accomplishing his rounds. The houses he called at were of course comparatively few, but of more importance on the average than now, and at the end of each delivery a considerable sum of money would be handed to the authorities by the letter-carrier.

In regard to food, people in general appear to have been predisposed in favour of plainer cooking than at present; but they are supposed to have eaten and drunk much more per head than in these more refined days. The population of London at the census of 1801 was 864,000; and twelve breweries sent out more than 1,300,000 barrels of strong beer in the year ending July 5th, 1810, while a similar number of bullocks and



THE THREE MR. WIGGINS.

calves, sheep, lambs, and pigs were slaughtered in a year, thus probably showing an average consumption far higher than that of the present day. In these times ambitious housekeepers plume

themselves on their French cookery; but eighty years ago a dish which proclaimed itself to be of Gaulish origin would have carried with it a sure condemnation to patriotic epicures.



WATCHMEN.

In the matter of dress the age certainly had its peculiarities; but, on the whole, probably people were not more eccentric under this head than they are now. The general fashions of the time are pretty familiar to ordinary readers who have taken any notice of illustrated books in which the characters are depicted as they lived and acted. In their topboots, beaver hats, etc., the gentlemen were perhaps more ornamented than at present; but there were fewer exquisites about town rigged out by the cheap tailor. Hats were taxed, and the best kinds were sufficiently expensive to be worth taking care of by those whose means were limited. Thus we find one firm advertising that they had brought "the art of re-beavering old hats to greater perfection than it is possible to conceive; . . . they can make a gentleman's old hat (apparently not worth a shilling) as good as it was when new." The custom of powdering was also in vogue, so that each well-appointed house had its powdering-room. Ladies' head-dresses were of course more imposing and more costly than could have been always convenient, while Paris fashions were perhaps as eccentric as they have ever been since. The following is quoted from a daily paper of March 21st, 1800: "Yesterday a bald-pated lady lost her wig on Westminster Bridge; and, to complete her mortification, a near-sighted

gentleman, who was passing at the time, addressed the back of her head in mistake for her face, with a speech of condolence." It is pleasant to find that the queen and her daughters set a worthy example to the general public. It is said that the princesses "were not ashamed to embroider their own dresses for a drawing-room, and the queen, in order to encourage home manufactures, used Spitalfield's silk or stuffs made in this country."

While it was thus with the ladies of the royal household, the king likewise showed much simplicity of taste in daily life, his habits having been those of a good old-fashioned country gentleman, who loved horseback exercise and farming when the weather was favourable, or a game of chess in his favourite sitting-room when obliged to remain indoors. In regard to domestic life in general, Mr. Ashton evidently does not think that English people have improved in certain important particulars. Thus the children of eighty years ago are thought to have been "very different to the precocious little prigs of the present time." In the education of boys attention was chiefly given to the classics, and girls' "brains were not addled by exams. or Oxford degrees." Perhaps, however, after looking at the matter more impartially, the majority of persons will yield the palm to the present-day system, despite many undoubted drawbacks.

The Georgian period was characterised by much gambling; but, bad as the times were in this respect during the opening years of this century, public opinion was beginning to moderate what could not be altogether cured, while all classes betrayed predilections for immoral play. In some instances immense sums were lost and won, but society was in danger of being altogether demoralised by a system which excited people's avarice and taught them little meannesses which otherwise might have been foreign to their nature. In some houses the mistresses would be small enough



LONG EXPECTED.



to expect their guests to place "card money" in the snuffer-tray, ostensibly for the servants, but really for themselves. The "Morning Herald" of 1802 denounced this custom as "a shameful degradation of everything like English hospitality;" and thus, like other abuses, such as cock-fighting, bull-baiting, and pugilism, it had to yield to the supreme force of public opinion. Akin to gambling in private was the Government lottery, which yielded a profit of nearly a thousand pounds a day to the revenue, but the pernicious tendencies of which were eventually admitted, so that this too was abolished in the reign of George IV.

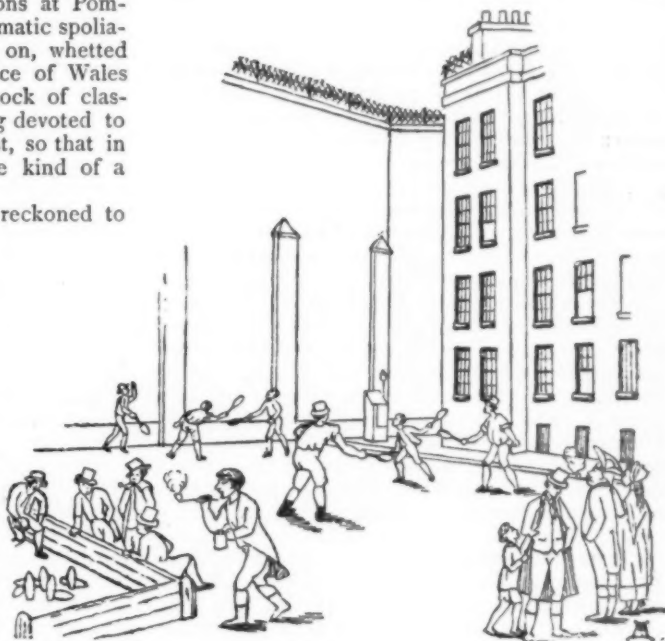
In regard to the authors who were living, we are reminded that the time was "an age of dear books, and not of literature for the million." Indeed, the million were not able to read, and hence had no one to cater for them; otherwise, the list of authors then living was a distinguished one, even though it might not bear comparison with the celebrities who now work for the entertainment of the public. The age, too, had some other valuable redeeming features. "It was a great age for the collection of first editions, unique copies, and large paper books," it is remarked; and, thanks to the industry and good taste of this era, priceless treasures have been preserved to us which might otherwise have been lost. It was a peculiarly classical age, the excavations at Pompeii and Herculaneum, and the systematic spoliation of Etruscan tombs, then going on, whetted men's appetites, and even the Prince of Wales helped to contribute towards the stock of classical lore. More attention was being devoted to the treasures and literature of the East, so that in a sense there may have been some kind of a literary awakening.

The Georgian era can hardly be reckoned to have been a period of newspaper enterprise, as we understand the term; for editors were worried with state prosecutions for trivial offences, or no offence at all, and at the beginning of the century they were handicapped by the threepenny stamp duty, which every copy of their paper had to bear. "Of the London daily papers that were then existing but two are now alive, the 'Morning Post' and the 'Times,'" Mr. Ashton remarks; but this is a mistake, as the "Morning Advertiser," which dates from 1794, and the "Globe" (1803), are still flourishing. The diminutive sheets were sold at sixpence, but in 1802 unanswerable reasons were given for an advance of a halfpenny: "Paper has risen upwards of fifty per cent., types upwards of eighty per cent., printing-ink thirty-five per cent., journeymen's wages ten per cent., and everything else in the same proportion."

Though small according to our ideas, the sale of the leading newspapers was large when all circumstances are taken into account. In 1806 the "Post" claimed to have 5,000 subscribers while Parliament was sitting, and thus plumed itself on

holding a position superior to those who resorted to "the low expedient of selling their papers by the noisy nuisance of horn-boys." The "Times," against which this remark was specially aimed, boasted of a sale as high as seven or eight thousand a day. In connection with this subject mention might properly have been made of the "Courier," which, as an evening paper, during the war with France sold 10,000 copies of each issue, and thus outdistanced all competitors.

The crime of eighty years ago was much greater in proportion to the population than now; but the means taken to keep the lawless in check plainly showed that neither the authorities nor the public understood what the requirements of the times really were. It is well known that the watchmen usually employed were old, worn-out men, who were totally unfit for the ordinary duties of life; but, as will appear from the following extract from a newspaper of 1802, these ancient patriots accomplished quite as much as was required or expected of them. "It is said that a man who presented himself for the office of watchman to a parish at the west-end of the town very much infested by depredators, was lately turned away from the vestry with this reprimand: 'I am astonished at the impudence of such a great, sturdy, strong fellow as



THE FLEET PRISON.

you being so idle as to apply for a watchman's situation when you are capable of labour." Such a speech was characteristic of an age which encouraged murder by punishing with death comparatively trivial offences. The old watchman, the Tyburn-tree, the gaol, the stocks, the pillory, all combined failed to keep down crime. In one way and another something equivalent to a bounty

was given to crime-detectors, and, human nature being what it is, this latter service at times itself became criminal. "Tyburn tickets," which were granted to persons of this class, and which exempted the holder from certain services, appear to have been greatly valued.

The condition of the prisons was no credit to the age, and debtors appear to have been more uncomfortably lodged than common felons. The Fleet was especially crowded with wretched debtors, and, as a contemporary account says: "Matters are sometimes so managed that a room costs the needy and distressed prisoner from ten to thirteen shillings a week." Gaol-fever, a dreadfully contagious disease, was still common, and was some-

times carried by visitors to the prisons to the populace outside.

From these and other facts which might be forthcoming, it will appear that "the good old times" existed only in name, not having been comparable to our own on account of what they yielded to those who lived in them. Many of the arts and sciences which have conferred vast benefits on the people were in their infancy or undiscovered, while neither justice nor philanthropy were understood as we understand them. Let us then appreciate our advantages, still striving in God's strength to leave the world better than we found it.

G. H. P.

### A PILGRIMAGE TO SELBORNE.

BY AN INVALID.

THE following account of a visit to White's Selborne, one of the classic homes of England, by an excellent observer and accomplished young naturalist, who was cut off prematurely last year, will, it is felt, be read with interest, more especially by those who sympathise with the acquisition of knowledge under formidable difficulties. The author, Mr. Henry Waring Kidd, of Godalming, laboured lifelong under the severest physical disabilities, never having had the use of his limbs; yet, through the medium of persons he employed, the kind agency of relatives and friends, and, above all, the force of his own natural tastes and mental energies, he became proficient in more than one branch of natural history. He was an indefatigable collector, achieving remarkable results in botany, entomology, and geology. He kept up a correspondence with most of the leading naturalists of the kingdom. He was more especially an original investigator of the interesting group of insects which form the "galls" (oak-apples, etc.) on trees and plants, many interesting forms of which he contributed to the British Museum collection. He died at Godalming, the home of his family, on the 23rd of March, 1884, the victim of an epidemic caught whilst on one of his expeditions in the village of Witley.

"It was a beautiful morning in the autumn of 1878 when I started from the little hamlet of Rake, in Hampshire, for the home of Gilbert White, in Selborne. I adopted my usual mode of travel, being seated in a Bath-chair. Rake is close to the lower greensand escarpment bounding Harting Combe, at the western extremity of the great valley of the Weald. It lies in one of the few ravines which, in geological language, deepen against the dip or inclination of the strata. From near Heathmount, about half a mile nearer to Petersfield, and at 493 feet above the sea-level, a fine view is gained of the richly-wooded combe, and at one point a peep may be had at the eastern range of the South Downs, probably near Brighton.

Turning down Crocker Hill, as if for Liss, let us take a look at the landscape. The Selborne hills unite the North Downs, near Farnham, with the South Downs, near Petersfield. To our left is Temple Hill, a noble promontory, crowned with its group of beech-trees. Between this and Nore Hill, in an elevated valley, lies the village of the immortal Gilbert White. Nore Hill, which terminates the elevation known as 'the Hanger,' ends in a lofty white cliff. White suggests that the termination of the spur has been engulfed at some remote time. More to the left comes the vale, in which Hawkley Church is seen, backed by its long dark 'Hanger,' and ending in the bare high cliff left exposed by that fearful foundering of the rocks in March, 1774, so vividly described in White's pages. Still more to the left is Whetham Hill, a well-wooded chalk cliff which has been completely thrown upon its side, the chalk flints being vertical instead of horizontal. The escarpment of the Selborne range presents, I think, features very different from those of any portion of the chalk escarp of the Weald of which I possess any knowledge.

The old Bath-chair goes merrily down Crocker Hill. In the banks of a deep sandy lane the purple-flowered *Vicia sepium* gives notice of the proximity of Bargate stone. Ciddy Hall, an old timbered farmhouse, is soon passed, as also a pit where 'Bargate' is dug. Crossing the London and Portsmouth line, we make for Greatham, leaving Weaver's Down and Warne Hill (all parts of Woolmer) to our right. Greatham old church is very picturesque; its roof half untiled, half covered by Virginia creeper, just putting on its autumn tints. The churchyard yew is remarkably small in girth, but so hollow that the fluted shell can hardly hold together.

At the summit of the hill Woolmer Pond comes in sight. It is surrounded by low heath-clad hills, which allow a sight of a goodly group of pines known as Hollywater Clump. All around the water is a broad strand, sometimes occupied

by white sand, at others carpeted with sphagnum and sundew. The pond doubtless once extended as far as Blackman Church. Woolmer Pond has yielded not a few Roman copper coins from White's time downwards.

Blackmoor, the seat of Lord Selborne, is on our left, and before we pass the rustic lodge on a brow just within the wire fence, three circular tumuli are seen. A little fern-grown knoll, seen across the pond, is most likely also a tumulus, several of which are stated by Lord Selborne to occur around the forest basin. The Blackmoor estate has been rendered remarkable by the largest find of Roman coins on record. Thirty thousand, if my memory does not mislead me, have been found in a single urn. Amongst them were many with two 'reverses,' and others with two 'obverses,' so that they hardly appear to have been current money. Several smaller finds of coins have occurred on the estate, as also many weapons of bronze and iron. In Lord Selborne's appendix to Mr. Buckland's edition of White's book, Woolmer is assigned as the probable site of the battle in which the usurper Allectus was slain by Constantine (296). In 1879, through the kindness of a person employed on the estate, I had the pleasure of a sight of a then very recent find of about half a pint or so of Roman coppers; on some of them the features of the emperors were as well defined as when they were first struck.

The ascent from Woolmer Pond to Selborne is in a hollow lane in the malm rock, which bears a limestone rather than a truly chalk flora. Clematis, cornel, and their companions occur, and here and there the hart's-tongue fern luxuriates, especially where small springs break forth; but one misses such plants as *Anthyllis vulneraria* (common kidney vetch), *Scabiosa columbaria* (lilac rock scabious), *Gentiana amarella* (autumnal gentian), *Origanum vulgare* (wild marjoram), and others which greet the eye of the botanist along the southern chalky slopes of the Hog's Back in Surrey.

Temple Farm, where was once a preceptory of Knights Templars, is reached, and then, passing a fragment of a hop-kiln, we begin to descend into the village of Selborne. On our left we see a long rift in the malm rock, in which rises a small stream, which takes its way down by the roadside, but is soon lost sight of. This, I believe, is the main source of the River Wey, though the Arun also has its source at Selborne. The cottages are mostly decent erections of some forty years' standing.

Arriving at the 'Wakes,' my note to Professor Bell is left. The 'Wakes' is a simple, old-fashioned house, with a neat white railing and gate. Proceeding to the 'Plestor,' I rest while the clerk is being found. The Plestor (familiar to all White's readers) is a quadrangle, having on one side the garden-wall of the vicarage, on another a few cottages, while the church-railings run across the upper end, leaving the fourth side open to the village. Narrow-pitched paths run up either side, nor must I forget a diagonal one. The Plestor has its horse-chestnut-tree. In fact, Selborne, with its trees, its gardens, and, above

all, its beech-hanger, is very umbrageous, and especially charming to the eye after the treeless, glaring expanse of Woolmer.

The clerk soon came. Entering the churchyard, we passed under the magnificent yew with its columnar trunk. The tree has, however, a rather unnatural appearance, as the trunk slightly tapers downwards, doubtless owing to the rising of the soil consequent upon centuries of interments. The result is seen in the floor of the church being below the level of the churchyard. I could point to churchyards that must have risen two or three feet since the church was first built.

Passing along the south side of the church, we leave the footpath, and, with some jolts and collisions with half-hidden gravestones, I am dragged to the fifth grave from the north wall of the chancel. Here on the hard stone is seen the simple inscription

'G. W.  
28 June\*  
1793.'

It was enough. I picked some trefoil from off that grave and departed, not caring to see the costly monuments within the church. Such a grave seemed quite in harmony with such a man as Gilbert White.

Returning to the 'Wakes,' I was conducted into a large and lofty room at the back of the house, which I was afterwards informed had been added by Professor Bell. A young lady received me very courteously, and from her I understood that Mr. Bell was too unwell to see me; but she again left the room, and in a few minutes returned with the professor (her father, I presume) leaning on her arm. He seemed very feeble. He stood before me, and seemed pleased that I took an interest in White. When he was told I had come from Rake he could not at first call up where Rake was, but on being enlightened he thought it a long Bath-chair ride. A handsome old man he was, with a fresh complexion and hair as white as snow. A man who had started with good powers of body and mind and had not overtaxed either.

Upon the professor retiring, I was by his kindness asked out into the garden, and on my way thither I passed through what I took to be Gilbert White's study, as I caught sight of some old portraits, probably of some of the White family. In the garden, the arbour and the sundial were pointed out to me, as also a tree of White's own planting. The lady now left me—would it had been alone. There was the little path of three bricks' wide, leading towards the paddock, laid down by Gilbert's father, John White, that he might walk dry-shod to his fields. The ground rises until the fence dividing the garden and paddock is reached, and then falls with a gentle slope towards the foot of the Hanger, which rises abruptly from this green glade. It is the intervening glade which makes the garden so delightful a spot, as there is not that sense of oppression one often feels in gardens which rise without any

\* This would seem to be an error of observation, all biographers concurring in giving the 26 June as the day of White's death.



interruption. All was very fresh and clear. The sunlight glanced here and there amongst the trees, just touched with autumn tints. Everything was hushed. I could have lingered there for hours, with the Beech Hanger rising peacefully above all. Thus ended one of the most happy

days I have ever spent. Professor Bell has now also passed from among us, but Selborne will be visited by the rising generation of naturalists with redoubled interest as the home of Gilbert White and Thomas Bell.

HENRY WARING KIDD "

## THE HARVESTER'S PAY DAY.

**H**ARVEST and its scenes have afforded subjects for painters in all ages and every land.

One of the earliest pictures existing is to be found in a tomb at El-Kab, a village on the right bank of the Nile in Upper Egypt. Here the reapers are seen cutting the corn with sickles like those used in our day, and as the ears fall they gather them up and bind them into sheaves. This ancient mural painting takes us back to the days when Joseph dreamt of the harvest-field and Ruth went out to glean among the reapers. Four thousand years have passed away, and it is only in our own days that a real agricultural revolution has begun. Until the appearance of the steam-plough and the reaping-machine, the painter would have had to deal with very much the same material had he attempted to depict a harvest eighteen hundred years before Christ or eighteen hundred years after.

Thus the artists of the past will in this matter have an advantage over those to come. It will be impossible to invest a reaping-machine with the poetry that belongs to every form of human toil. In no country does art set itself this task more assiduously than in France, and especially under the present Republic. Every municipality likes to ornament the principal saloons in its townhall with paintings illustrative of the forms of labour pursued by its citizens, and they rarely forget that form without which none of the others could exist:

"Honour waits o'er all the earth  
Through endless generations,  
The art that calls her harvests forth,  
And feeds expectant nations."

Thus it is that so many paintings illustrating agricultural labour are to be seen every year at the Salon. The picture here engraved appeared

in that of 1882, the artist being the well-known painter, Leon Augustin L'hermitte. Most of the harvest pictures exhibited yearly in Paris are emblematic; but L'hermitte, as a native of Aisne, one of the most advanced agricultural departments in France, naturally paints a real scene.

It would be difficult to exceed the sunny effect of this picture, or better to make the spectator feel it is the hour of sunset. The labourers stand or sit in that motionless attitude which suggests intense craving for absolute muscular rest. Only the anxious mother, filled with housewifely cares, turns her head to watch the coins slowly told out by the foreman. The old labourer in the foreground is a good specimen of the French workman, who carries a soldier's heart even into the rudest labour. Seated on a rough stone in the farmyard, he awaits with all the dignity of a conqueror his meed of honour and reward.

Men may acclaim the slaughterers of their kind who come decked with stars and ribbons, and surrounded by the flashing steel of swords and bayonets; but God honours the agricultural labourer who, by a whole year's struggle with nature, has laid the land under tribute, and has compelled it to afford mankind the means of existence. As he sits enthroned among the sheaves of the harvest-waggon, the golden light of the autumnal sunset irradiates his form, and not only his fellow-men, but all creation, seems to rejoice over his second victory. The psalmist could find no finer emblem when he wished to paint the battle of life:

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed,  
Shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his  
sheaves with him."

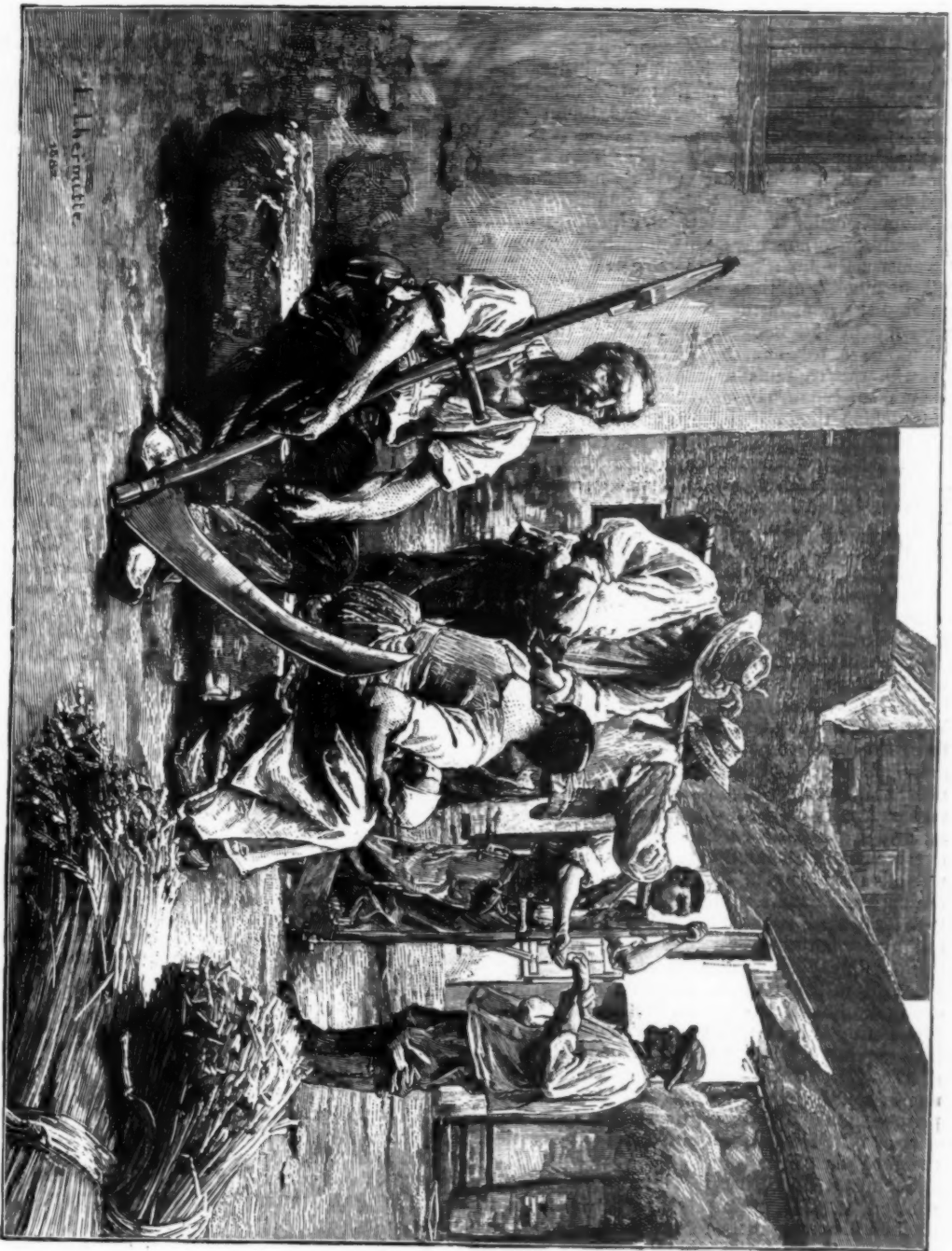
R. HEATH.

## "What moveth in the seed to make the flower."

WHAT moveth in the seed to make the flower,  
And in the flower to make of its own kind  
The seed? No will it has nor conscious power,  
But impulse all too blest, or all too blind  
To choose or waver, as by hour and hour  
It lives and dies and leaves its like behind.

How few we are grow likewise! Ne'er may I,  
Following some type not mine, reach at the end  
A stunted growth or gnarled deformity!  
For e'en some flowers from true flower-semblance bend  
To ape an insect, losing shape and dye  
Of rightful flowers and gaining no amend.

F. W. B.



THE HARVESTER'S PAY DAY.

[Salon of 1882.]

## "PHARAOH'S HOUSE IN TAHPANHES."

A VERY curious and interesting discovery has been made in the loneliest and dreariest corner of the North-Eastern Delta. In a land where previous explorers have found only temples and tombs, Mr. Flinders Petrie (assisted by the Egypt Exploration Fund) has lighted upon the ruins of a royal palace. For some time he had been working upon a large mound, or group of mounds, called Tell Defenneh, which Egyptologists and historians have long identified with the "Pelusiac Daphnæ" of the Greek writers, and the "Tahpanhes" of the Bible. Here he has discovered the ruins of that very palace to which, as recorded in the Book of the Prophet Jeremiah (chapter 43), Johanan, the son of Kareah, followed by "all the captains of the forces" and "the remnant of Judah," brought the fugitive daughters of Zedekiah, then a dethroned and mutilated captive in Babylon. This flight of the Hebrew princesses took place about B.C. 585, during the reign of Ua-ab-Ra (26th Egyptian dynasty), whom the Hebrews called Hophra, and the Greeks Apries. The Pharaoh received them with hospitality. To the mass of Jewish immigrants he granted tracts of land extending from Tahpanhes to Bubastis, while to the daughters of Zedekiah, his former ally, he assigned this royal residence, which the Bible calls "Pharaoh's house in Tahpanhes."

At the time when these events happened the whole of this part of the Delta, to the westward as far as Tanis (Sân), to the southward as far as the Wady Tûmilât, was a rich pastoral district, fertilised by the annual overflow of the Pelusiac and Tanitic arms of the Nile. It is now a wilderness, half marsh, half desert. Towards the eastern extremity of this wilderness, in the midst of an arid waste relieved by only a few sand-hills overgrown with stunted tamarisk bushes, lie the mounds of Defenneh. . . . Two of the mounds are apparently mere rubbish heaps of the ordinary type; the third is entirely composed of the burnt and blackened ruins of a huge pile of brick buildings, visible, like a lesser Birs Nimroud, for a great distance across the plain. Arriving at his destination towards evening, footsore and weary, Mr. Petrie beheld this singular object standing high against a lurid sky and reddened by a fiery sunset. His Arabs hastened to tell him its local name; and he may be envied the delightful surprise with which he learnt that it is known far and near as "El Kasr el Bint el Yahudi—the castle of the Jew's daughter."

Seeing at once that the interest of the place centred in this "Kasr," Mr. Petrie forthwith pitched his camp at the foot of the slope, between the tamarisks and the right bank of a brackish canal which intersects the outskirts of the mound, and expands somewhat higher up into two good-sized lakes. . . . Mr. Petrie at once concentrated his forces upon the "Kasr," which has now been so thoroughly cleared out and cleared up that not

only its architectural structure, but its history, has been rescued from oblivion.

The building was first a stronghold, quadrangular, lofty, massive; in appearance very like the keep of Rochester Castle. It contained sixteen square chambers on each floor, both the outer walls and partition walls being of enormous strength. It is, of course, impossible to guess of how many storeys it was originally composed; but the bulk of the mound consists of its *débris*. This stronghold was built, probably about B.C. 665 or 666, by Psammetichus I, whose foundation deposits (consisting of libation-vessels, corn-rubbers, specimens of ores, model bricks, the bones of a sacrificial ox and of a small bird, and a series of little tablets in gold, silver, lapis-lazuli, jasper, cornelian, and porcelain, engraved with the royal name and titles) have been discovered by Mr. Petrie under the four corners of the building. The name of the founder being thus determined, we at once know for what purpose the castle was erected. Having fought his way to the throne by means of a force of Carian and Ionian mercenaries, Psammetichus granted them a permanent settlement at "Daphnæ of Pelusium," where, according to Herodotus, they occupied two large camps, one on each side of the river. Here they continued to be quartered till Amasis, a later king of the same dynasty, transferred them to Memphis.

In the "immense walled area" surrounding this "Kasr" were found an "extraordinary number of arrow-heads in bronze and iron, horses' bits, iron and bronze tools, etc.," plainly indicating one of the camps mentioned by Herodotus. But the "Kasr" consists of other buildings beside the tower, many of them built subsequently to the time of Psammetichus, when, after the removal of the Greeks to Memphis, it became Pharaoh's palace. Now "the whole tells a tale of rapine and vengeance," few objects of value being found among the ruins; though much of interest attaches to the discoveries in the kitchen, "to the domestic arcana forming part of an Egyptian palace of 2,552 years ago." In other chambers also many interesting small objects were found.

Some small tablets inscribed with the name of Amasis (Ahmes II) and a large bronze seal of Apries (Hophra) are important, inasmuch as they complete the namelinks in the historic chain of the 26th Dynasty. Apries brings us to B.C. 591-570, and to the time of the flight of the daughters of Zedekiah. It may be that the Egyptian monarch added on some of the latter external chambers of the "Kasr" for the accommodation of their suite; for "all the captains of the forces," all the nobles, and priests, and merchants of Judea were among the immigrant multitude. With them also, sorely against his will and judgment, came the prophet Jeremiah, whose first act on arriving at Tahpanhes was to foretell the pursuit of the Babylonian host:



"Then came the word of the Lord unto Jeremiah in Tahpanhes, saying, Take great stones in thine hand, and hide them in mortar in the brickwork which is at the entry of Pharaoh's house in Tahpanhes, in the sight of the men of Judah; and say unto them, Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel: Behold, I will send and take Nebuchadrezzar the King of Babylon, my servant, and will set his throne upon these stones that I have hid; and he shall spread his royal pavilion over them" (Jer. xliii. 8, 9, 10).

We quote from the Revised Version, which has an important alternative reading in the margin to which we will presently refer. In the meantime, here is a verbatim extract from a page of Mr. Petrie's journal written early in April, 1886:

"Outside the buildings of the Kasr, I find by repeated trenchings an area of continuous brickwork resting on sand, about 100 ft. by 60 ft. facing the entrance to the later building at the east corner. The roadway ran up a recess between the buildings and this platform. The platform has no traces of chambers, and seems to be an open-air place for outdoor purposes, such as loading goods, arranging things, etc.; just such a place as is needed for business, and such as even poor villagers make before their houses, levelling a smooth hard bed of mud, which they keep clean swept. It is curious how exactly this answers to the brick area, 'at the entry of Pharaoh's house in Tahpanhes,' and it would be exactly the place where Nebuchadrezzar would 'spread his royal pavilion.' The rains have washed away this area and denuded the surface, so that, although it is two or three feet thick near the palace, it is reduced in greater part to a few inches, and is altogether gone at the north-west corner."

Now the Arabic name for a platform of this kind is "Balât," and that we have in this "Balât" the brickwork referred to in the Bible is scarcely

to be doubted by the most determined sceptic. And it is to be noted that in the alternative reading above mentioned "the brickwork which is at the entry of Pharaoh's house" is rendered as "the pavement or square."

To identify Jeremiah's stones (unless he had first inscribed them, which is unlikely) would of course be impossible. Yet Mr. Petrie has looked for them diligently, and turned up the brickwork in every part. Some unhewn stones have indeed been dug out from below the surface, and it is open to enthusiasts to identify them or not, as they think fit, but about the "Balât" it is scarcely possible that there should be a difference of opinion. Did Nebuchadrezzar really come to Tahpanhes and spread his royal pavilion on that very spot, and was Jeremiah's prophecy fulfilled? Egyptian inscriptions say that he came, and that Apries defeated him; Babylonian inscriptions state that he conquered, and the truth is hard to discover. At all events, there are three clay cylinders of Nebuchadrezzar in the museum at Boulak inscribed with the great king's name, titles, parentage, etc., which there is much reason to believe were found a few years ago at this place, and not, as the Arab sellers stated, at Tussûn, in the isthmus. Such cylinders were taken with him by Nebuchadrezzar in his campaigns for the purpose of marking the place where he planted his standard and throne of victory.

The shattered and calcined ruins of "Pharaoh's house in Tahpanhes" tell the end of the story, the main facts of which are here given from the report in the "Times" of June 18th, 1886.

## HOME GYMNASTICS.

"NEXT to food and sleep, which are the great and necessary restoratives of physical power," says Mr. Warre, the head master of Eton, in his "Handbook on Athletics," published by the Council of the International Health Exhibition, "athletics may claim to have the largest share in the recreation of human life. . . . Each able-bodied individual, if he is wise, provides for himself both exercise and recreation in a way suitable to his age and power, with a view to preserving for himself a sound mind in a sound body."

Probably there never was a time when so many people were wise in this respect as there are now. Charles Kingsley and the school of "Muscular Christians" first gave us a vigorous stir-up on the importance of athletic exercises. For a time, so great was the enthusiasm for physical development, that the thing, no doubt, was overdone by a certain section of society. We have had time to rid ourselves of some of the extravagances of athleticism, and we have shaken down to a sober and rational recognition of the importance of physical exercise as a means of preserving health.

Many things, besides the example of the "Muscular Christians," have combined these past few

years to popularise physical recreation. Not the least important of them has been the introduction of the bicycle and tricycle—the modern representative of the old dandy-horse. The volunteer movement, again, and the arguments that were adduced in favour of it, had an immense influence in this direction. Then there has been the growing habit of taking an annual holiday, the curtailment of business hours, and the extended adoption of the Saturday half-holiday, with its boating, cricket, football, "cycling," and pedestrianism. The latest addition to this series of incentives to physical exercise has been the happy idea of playing the old indoor game of tennis out on the open lawn. All these things have combined their influence with the teachings of a popular press on physiological and hygienic subjects, and with the admirable instruction given of late years in many of our Board schools. People have come in one way and another to know a good deal more about the conditions of healthy life than they did formerly, and all but the very ignorant are well aware that a fair development of the muscular system of the body is essential to really sound vigorous health.

The number of those who practise athletics in some form or other is no doubt immensely greater than it used to be. There are thousands who would gladly do so, but whose circumstances appear to forbid it.

One serious obstacle to the more general adoption of systematic muscular exercise as a means of promoting health is the difficulty of getting the use of gymnastic apparatus. Comparatively few persons can have access to public gymnasia even if they were disposed to do so, and we cannot all of us fit up our houses or gardens with parallel bars, horizontal ladders, back-boards, and vaulting-horses.

We have before us rather a remarkable little manual entitled "*Home Gymnastics*."\* It appeared originally in Sweden, where we believe athletic exercises are practised much more extensively and much more systematically than with us.

One special feature of the system explained in this manual is that it is almost entirely independent of any apparatus whatever. This, indeed, Dr. Hartelius claims as one of the distinguishing features of the Swedish system, though he says it is by no means averse to certain gymnastic appliances if judiciously employed. The London School Board, it may be remembered, have very largely adopted this Swedish system of physical exercises. They have, at Crampton Street, Newington, a fine new gymnasium, fitted up with various appliances for developing muscles on the most scientific principles, as laid down by Dr. Hartelius, and to this, as a centre of instruction, a large number of the female teachers of the Board regularly come for drill under Miss Bergman, the Board's superintendent of physical exercises for girls. They find, of course, that the use of apparatus adds greatly to the variety and interest of gymnastic training, but the teachers who come here, while enjoying the use of a fine gymnasium themselves, are carefully trained for drilling children in the Board schools, where of course they have no appliances. Some little time ago it was reckoned that there were in London some 30,000 girls under training in accordance with this system—all of them without any apparatus.

The Swedish system does not object to gymnastic apparatus. On the contrary, it is recommended that there should be in every house a few simple appliances, such for instance as two thick vertically hanging ropes firmly fixed to the ceiling or a door lintel, at two feet distance from each other, for all the members of the family to perform daily a hanging or "trunk-lifting" exercise. There ought also to be, says the professor, in each house a few appropriate implements for children and young people to perform some simple manual work, but these are not absolutely essential.

The idea of "all the members of a family" going through a daily performance of "hanging or trunk-lifting" by means of stout ropes suspended from the lintel of a door may be startling to English minds.

Without insisting on the "trunk-lifting," it is only speaking in accordance with all medical testimony to say that some amount of muscular exercise is essential to health. This seems to be a natural law, and it is a law to which women are just as amenable as the members of the sturdier sex. Dr. Hartelius apparently would exempt nobody from systematic exercise of the muscles—neither young children nor even the aged, only, he stipulates, that just as old people's food should be nourishing and easy to digest, so should exercise never go beyond what is appropriate to their forces. The exercises, he says, should be stimulating, not fatiguing; they should invigorate the forces, not exhaust them. He contends that even working men are often greatly in need of systematic gymnastic exercise to counteract the one-sided influence to which their frame has been subjected in their occupation.

We few of us sufficiently recognise the fact that the human body is endowed with a far larger number of muscles than our ordinary avocations call into play. Walking has been recommended by leading physiologists as the exercise which brings into action more muscles than any other simple movement, and it is for this reason—combined with the fact that it is almost necessarily performed in the open air—that its benefit to health is so generally recognised. Even walking, however, brings into play only a part of the muscular system, and persons who never take any other kind of exercise would be astonished to discover what a large portion of the muscular mechanism of their bodies never, but by the merest accident, comes into action at all. We are all of us occasionally reminded of the fact that we possess a good many more muscles than we ordinarily use by an extraordinary stiffness after some unwonted exercise; but it occurs to few of us to consider that in thus letting so many of them lie idle we are neglecting a means of renewing the tissues of the body—that we are allowing the muscles themselves, and consequently the nerves associated with them, to fall into a wasted and hyper-sensitive condition. It is a mere truism nowadays to say that exercise promotes the circulation of the blood, aids digestion, stimulates respiration, and invigorates the nerves. But more than this, a person simply by the movements of his own body may take the most complete and "all-sided" exercise. Exercises also may be prescribed which are scientifically adapted to remedy certain common ailments and infirmities. Thus, for instance, there is an exercise consisting of eleven movements each repeated a certain number of times, as a specific "against narrowness of the chest, asthma, and consumption in its early stages." Another similar exercise is designed to meet the case of persons suffering from a tendency to congestion to the head and headache. A third is offered as calculated to afford benefit to those whose circulation is weak and who are suffering from incipient heart-disease.

Gymnastic exercises should, as far as practicable, be performed out of doors, or at least in air free from pollution. A frequent and prudent use

\* "*Home Gymnastics*." By Professor T. J. Hartelius, M.D., Principal Lecturer at the Royal Gymnastic Central Institute, Stockholm. Translated from the Swedish original by C. Löfving. Wm. Isbister.

of cold baths and washing, being of great importance for the preservation of health, should too be practised in connection with them, and immediately preceding them in the morning. If a reasonable diet be observed, if appropriate gymnastic exercises be daily performed, if fresh air and water become a daily treat, then bodily as well as mental power will increase and many ailments will disappear.

There are about forty principal movements, and modifications of them may be combined in groups of ten or a dozen, each group constituting a "prescription" carefully put together with a definite and specific object. The first six prescriptions are arranged progressively, and are designed as "strengthening movements for persons whose daily occupations do not afford them sufficient all-sided muscular exercise." There are eight movements in this first prescription, and any one who will go through it carefully will readily believe that by the time he has gone through all the movements described there will be few muscles in his economy that have not been found out and brought into play. Let us give just one movement by way of specimen, and we will take the first that comes in the first prescription: "Standing arm-raising, sideways upwards. The stretched arms are moved slowly sideways and upwards, till they attain a vertical position above the head, hands and fingers well stretched. While moving to this position the arms are gently rotated outwards, so as to make the palms face each other when stretched overhead. Head and trunk to be kept straight, chest arched forward, and arms kept well back during the movement. Without delay the arms are again slowly lowered through the same plane, till they reassume the commencing position." That is the first exercise, and it

is to be repeated from eight to sixteen times, according to the vigour of the gymnast. Very much will depend on the fidelity with which the instructions are observed. Merely to raise the arms and bring them down again eight or sixteen times will afford a very imperfect idea of the real exercise that may be got out of this movement when properly performed. Shoulders well back, hands and fingers extended, and arms stretched well up, and deep inspirations of breath, and it is astonishing what a powerfully stimulating exercise this simple movement will be found to be. After each description of a movement the effect to be expected from it is explained. "This exercise causes a stretching of the back and the neck, and a pulling backwards of the shoulders by bringing the muscles of the back of the neck into action. The forearms, hands, and fingers being also kept on the stretch, their extensors (stretching muscles) are contracted during the movement. But the muscles that are put into strongest action are those that raise the arms. This exercise tends to widen the chest and increase its mobility."

There are, we understand, one or two establishments in London where cures of different maladies are undertaken in part at least by muscular treatment. What may be their merits is a matter upon which we must venture to express no opinion.

This home exercising is of course less interesting than that of a good gymnasium, and it undoubtedly requires some resolution to persevere steadily with it. From the writer's experience with it, however, he is strongly inclined to believe that it is better for persons of middle age than exercise with gymnastic apparatus, which in the case of those who have no longer the recuperative power of youth is very liable to be overdone.

## AN ADVENTURE WITH A TIGER.

SOME years back, when stationed in the Murree hills, Punjab, an adventure befell me which has always remained very vividly fixed in my memory. For a considerable time I was repeatedly receiving *khuber* (intelligence) that a tiger was committing great depredation among the flocks of the villagers living along the banks of the Jhelum, some thirty miles distant. As the hill-men use the same word (*sher*) to express both a leopard and tiger, and tigers very rarely came up so far north, whilst leopards are numerous, I was unable to determine which it was. I therefore sent my shikaree, a Sikh in whom I had the greatest confidence, down to ascertain. On his return he informed me that it was undoubtedly a tiger, as he had seen its tracks, and that it had recently killed several bullocks; besides which some of the villagers had seen it in broad daylight close to their village, into which they had fled in the greatest alarm, whilst the tiger had calmly walked past.

This showed it to be not only a tiger, but a more than ordinary one, who could thus show his contempt for mankind; and I would not have credited it had I not known my man, who was as brave as a lion, and had been out with me often before after big game.

My preparations were soon made, and having started off my camp in the morning to a place in the jungle about twenty miles distant, I rode out myself in the afternoon to Dewul, the first stage on the Murree road to Cashmere, from which place there was only a footpath to my camp, about eight miles farther down the valley. Arriving there a little before dark, I found my *shuldaree* (single-fly tent) pitched on a narrow ledge on the side of an almost precipitous hill, which descended by a series of thickly-wooded terraces to the Jhelum, some two thousand feet below. It was only possible to get to it by a narrow pathway running along the side of a precipitous hill. I had not



been long in camp when I heard the call of a *kukur*, or barking deer, and, taking my rifle, I stole out to try and get a shot.

I have often noticed that *sāmbēr*, *chetal*, and *kukur* (three species of deer) have when alarmed a perfectly distinct call from their ordinary one. I was once, when shooting in the Sewalick range of the Dehra Doon, witness of a most interesting scene. One afternoon, when stalking along the brow of a hill, I was struck by the peculiar call of a *chetal*. I crept up, and, looking over the brow of the hill, became aware that I was not the only sportsman out that evening. About halfway down the hill was a fine leopard, standing apparently motionless, his colour blending so well with the tints of the leaves around as to almost make him invisible, whilst about a hundred yards farther on were a herd of *chetal*, headed by a fine old stag, their heads erect, and looking the prettiest sight imaginable. They were evidently on the alert, but unable to discover on what side the danger lay, and even the sound of a falling leaf made them start and gaze anxiously around. After watching the leopard for some time as it noiselessly advanced, without any apparent motion, my rifle put a bullet behind the leopard's shoulder, which laid it lifeless, and sent the *chetal* off at a pace that soon put miles between us.

To return to my story. Creeping carefully along the narrow ledgeway, in the direction from which I heard the *kukur* calling, at the corner of the hill I perceived him on the brow of the ledge, some thirty yards below, but it was now so dark that I could not see the fore sight of my rifle when at the shoulder; however, taking aim as best I could, I fired, when simultaneously with the report I heard a terrific roar which made me nearly jump out of my skin. So close was it that I made sure that it was a tiger in the act of springing on me, and that with an empty rifle in my hand. Fortunately the ground below me, for about twelve feet, was almost perpendicular, and I had fired directly over the tiger's back, but so close that I must have almost singed his whiskers and thus brought out the roar of anger which had so startled me.

Hastily reloading my rifle, and expecting every minute to be pounced on, I commenced my retreat to camp; for although I do not mind tiger shooting on foot from chosen positions, I do not think it worth risking one's life to obtain a skin even by daylight; and many lives have been lost by foolhardiness, a maul from a tiger being almost always fatal. It being now dark, the tiger had all the advantage, besides which my spare gun, which I always used for big game, was behind in camp. I therefore retired slowly, keeping a good look-out for the enemy. I soon discovered by the sound that I was being followed, and that from being the hunter I had become the hunted. Fortunately the tiger was below me and the ground was steeper and steeper towards my camp, thus increasing the distance between us, but the darkness was too great and the jungle too thick to make out anything. When I reached camp I found my servant and about a dozen beaters

I had brought with me in the greatest state of alarm; they had heard the shot and the tiger's roar, which had frightened them out of their wits, and when they heard it was following their fright was almost ludicrous. Many of them had *jezailchees*, or guns of the country, which they were to have used in the beat on the morrow, to assist in driving the tiger in the desired direction; and great had been their boasting of the prodigies of valour they were going to perform; but now they were packed as close to the fire as possible, in an almost incredibly small space, and as quiet as mice. The only thing to be done was to keep up a good fire, which I knew no ordinary tiger would face, and trust that in a short time he would clear off. Great was my astonishment when I found that he had not the least intention of doing so, but had evidently determined on having a coolie for supper.

There was nothing to do but keep watch all night. On the one side of the fire was my shuldaree, which was only big enough to lie down in, into which I crept, and lay with a couple of rifles on full cock close at hand; and on the other the coolies, packed together like so many sardines, one on top of the other. Listening anxiously in the intense stillness of night, we heard by the sound that the tiger had gone round and got above us, and so close was he that we could hear his sniffs. Every second I expected to see him spring down and seize a coolie, till the rustling of a leaf or the breaking of a twig would tell us that he had retired again. Now and then my shikaree would whisper, "Sahib, sahib!" and point in a particular direction, when I would look expecting to see the glare of his huge eyes; but I could make out nothing, and had no intention of risking a chance shot, nor did I wish to drive him away from the neighbourhood; nor had I any intention of attacking him by night as long as he left me alone, a wounded tiger being at all times a terrible animal to deal with.

The excitement was intense, but I felt secure as long as the fire continued to blaze; but about midnight the fuel was nearly exhausted, and it was absolutely necessary to cut some more. It was only with the greatest difficulty that I could induce the coolies to do so. We made what remained of the wood into torches, and then sallied out and cut a fresh supply, my shikaree and self protecting either flank with loaded rifles. It was a great source of relief when we got back again safe, as the jungle was so thick that we might almost have walked on the tiger without seeing him.

So we continued watching all night, having to make a second sally about three. About four, a little before daylight, I heard another roar, again a little below us, this time a sullen one, after which we did not hear him again, and he evidently retired. As soon as it was light I found his tracks in every direction around the camp. I took up a position on a commanding point in the hopes of getting a shot at him, but the jungle was too dense. Having only a few beaters with me, I proceeded on to the village near which his principal depredations had been committed.

Sure enough the villagers showed me his tracks in the open across a sandy nullah within fifty yards of the houses.

That same afternoon I received news that a bullock had been killed in broad daylight, and that the tiger was seated beside it sucking its blood about three miles off. Thither I proceeded as fast as my legs would carry me, and on arrival found the bullock dead and quite warm. Having built a *machan*, I sat up all night in the hope the tiger would return and finish it for supper. It is quite possible that the whole time he was quietly

looking at us, but at any rate he never showed himself.

About three months later I bagged what was, I believe, the same animal some fifty miles down, in the lower hills. The natives then showed me a spot, a perfectly safe one, where two sahibs had been stationed, when the tiger had been driven directly under them; but being two *griffs*, as young sportsmen are called, and this their first sight of a tiger in a wild state, they were so flabbergasted that neither fired until it was a hundred yards off, when they missed, and the tiger escaped.

### THE CROSSBILL.

TO many readers of the "Leisure Hour" this lovely and interesting little bird will be best known from Longfellow's beautiful poem, "The Legend of the Crossbill," a translation from the German of Julius Mosen. But, although a native of Transylvania and the forests of northern Europe, the crossbill is by no means a rare visitor to our shores, often appearing in great numbers at the period of the autumnal migration. It is a curious fact that these birds are found far more often now in Great Britain than formerly. A number of years ago only a few stragglers were observed in each season, but of late they have taken to visiting us in large flocks, and many individuals are annually observed in most parts of the country. This has been attributed to the large increase in our pine plantations, the seeds of the coniferæ forming a staple part of the crossbill's food.

Some of the sapient critics of nature who believe in the doctrine of development say that the structure to which the crossbill owes its name is the effect of the bird's well-known habits of feeding. Buffon was rather inclined to ridicule the idea of design in creation, and says of the mandibles of the crossbill the conformation was "more a defect or error in nature than a permanent feature." Yet his common sense, when forgetting theory, leads him to say, "The bill, hooked upwards and downwards, and bent in opposite directions, seems to have been formed for the purpose of detaching the scales of the fir cones and obtaining the seeds lodged beneath them, which are the principal food of the bird. It raises each scale with its lower mandible, and breaks it with the upper." It surely needs no better argument than Buffon's own words to show that the unusual construction of the crossbill's mandibles is a remarkable adaptation to the requirements of the species.

The crossbill is said to be a very early breeder, and this would appear to be the case, as in the Shetland Islands I have often met with families of old and young birds in the month of July, at that time of the year evidently migrating southwards. Like all of the tree-birds who make a halting-place of the north isles, the crossbills assembled in numbers at Halligarth, attracted no doubt by

the small plantation around my father's house. "Among the blind the one-eyed is king," and in a treeless country like Shetland the presence of even a few bushes offers a strong contrast to the elsewhere bare aspect of the place. Thus it happened that the two or three acres of shrubberies around Halligarth were an inducement not to be resisted by any tree-loving bird of passage who might chance to find himself wandering in our neighbourhood. The crossbills came with others to rest their tired wings in accustomed shade, and to find such food as it would be useless to search for upon the stony hills and bleak peat moors of Unst and the neighbouring islands.

On their first arrival the crossbills were usually very tame, and I am sorry to say that many of them fell easy victims to the superabundant energies of our pet cats, of whom there was always a plentiful store in and about our establishment. Owing to the unsuspecting confidence of the weary birds I have often been able to watch them while feeding within a few feet of where I was standing, and observing their habits under these circumstances was to me a very delightful occupation. A favourite article of diet was the scarlet berries of the native mountain ash, the "rowan-tree" of more southern parts, and with these the crossbills made themselves very happy, in the regretted absence of their beloved fir cones. A small cluster of rowan berries would be detached from the branch and conveyed to a neighbouring wall, or more often to some stout bough which gave good foothold. Holding the bunch firmly with one foot, the berries were picked off with the other and raised to the bill, exactly as parrots do, and then nipped neatly open. The seeds were deftly extracted one by one, and the whole of the pulp rejected. The form of the bill appears at first sight to be but ill adapted for this purpose; but by moving the under mandible laterally, and bringing the point exactly beneath that of the upper one, the bird is enabled to pick up a very minute object, such as a small seed, or even a grain of sand. Though the bill must be capable of exerting very great power, when compared with the size of the bird, it is so admirably contrived and so completely under control, that its owner

can pick off from the trees the small green aphides which infest the leaves at certain seasons, and that, too, without crushing the insect, which is swallowed whole. The strength of the bill must be considerable, for while the bird is engaged upon any hard substance, such as a fir cone, pressure, both upward and lateral, is exerted at the same time. Crossbills are apparently rather partial to barley, but curiously enough do not seem to care much for oats. When feeding on corn they deal with it in much the same way as they do with the mountain-ash berries, grasping the ear with one

foot and picking out the grains and conveying them to the bill with the other. On examining the stomachs of many cat-killed specimens I have found that each grain of barley is invariably broken in two, while the husk and awn is got rid of before it is swallowed. Crossbills seldom feed quietly, but keep up a constant chirping, and when they take wing the same sound is invariably uttered. Their note is musical but rather undecided, and I am not acquainted with the "songs like legends, strange to hear," with which they are credited by the American poet.

T. E.

### "THE MITHERLESS BAIRN."

ON Saturday, June 26th, the celebrated picture by Thomas Faed, R.A., widely known from the engraving, which is one of the masterpieces of Cousins, was sold at Christie's for nine hundred guineas. The purchaser was Mr. Agnew, for the Government of Victoria, so the National Gallery of Melbourne will be its future home.

A very general regret was soon expressed that this picture was allowed to leave England. The Trustees of the National Gallery ought to have secured it. Surprise has also been expressed at the small price at which the Australians obtained the prize.

A letter from Mr. Faed, in the "Athenæum" of July 3rd, explains both these points. "No sooner was the picture announced for sale than a malicious rumour was persistently circulated that the picture was not the original, the *real* being somewhere in America and of much larger size." The small size of the painting, 25 in. by 35 in., very little larger than the engraving by Cousins, may possibly have served to confirm this false rumour. Whether it was maliciously set afloat, or craftily to discourage bidders, the result was that the picture was sold for less than half what it would have brought at fair auction, and is lost to this country.

We have since made further inquiry, and have obtained information which will be interesting to artists and lovers of art. The picture was exhi-

bited at the Academy in 1855, and merited the praise which it universally obtained. The "Literary Gazette," at that time the best authority in matters of art as well as literature, said of it, that "it tells, with great force and beauty, a simple tale in a most obvious and touching manner." The "Athenæum" spoke of "the quiet pathos of the picture." It had already been bought for Mr. Toulmin by Mr. Wallis, picture dealer, from Mr. Faed's studio. In Mr. Toulmin's home in Inverness Terrace it has remained from 1855 till brought to Christie's for sale by the late owner's executors. Mr. Faed, who heard of the rumours before the sale, gave notice to Mr. Agnew, Mr. Winifred Herbert, and others, that this was the only original, and that all others, including a large one in America, were copies. But it was too late to neutralise the doubt, and the auctioneer did not sufficiently make Mr. Faed's statement known.

We may add that from the engraving hundreds of copies have been made, and sold as colour prints; some of them in America claiming to be the original! The true picture henceforth will be seen at Melbourne. Of the original proofs of Cousins's engraving there are few now met with, and they fetch very high prices when bearing the names of the painter and engraver. A good many copies were destroyed in the fire some years ago at Mr. Graves's, the publisher, which further increased the value of "Artist's proofs before letters."

## Varieties.

### Recent and Approaching Comets.

Shakespeare, by the mouth of Calphurnia, expresses the view that "when beggars die there are no comets seen." By parity of reasoning it might be supposed that beggars do not die when comets are seen, and if this be the case it seems likely that the fraternity in question will enjoy some special immunity from mortal diseases during the present year, in which five comets have already been seen, and two

more, being periodical, are expected to make their appearance before the end of it.

Of the five which have been seen, the two first were discovered early in December last year, but made their nearest approach to the sun in the months of May and June respectively. Allusion was made to them in the "Leisure Hour" for April (under "Varieties"), but there has been a tendency amongst the general public to suspect that astronomers deceived them in leading them to expect that these celestial



visitants would be conspicuous to the naked eye, whereas few persons that were not astronomers saw them at all. Perhaps, however, it may have occurred to such persons that their own night-watches were not particularly long nor exhaustive; besides which a good position was necessary to see the comets in question during the short portions of the nights in which they were visible. In our latitude they were in fact very low in the heavens on these occasions; but to those who could command a good horizon and were favoured with a clear atmosphere, both comets were easily visible without a telescope, and in particular the one known as Fabry's was for a while conspicuous, besides having a tail several degrees in length.

No fewer than three new comets have been discovered in the present year, and all by the same astronomer, Mr. W. R. Brooks, of Red House Observatory, Phelps, in the State of New York. The first of these was discovered on the 27th of April; it increased in brightness until it made its nearest approach to the sun on the 7th of June, but never became visible to the naked eye. The second was discovered three days after the first, on the 30th of April. Seen telescopically, it appeared to be very bright, with a beautiful tail and a distinct nucleus; but it was nearest the sun on the 5th of May, and after that rapidly became fainter. The third comet which the indefatigable Mr. Brooks has discovered this year was found by him on the 22nd of May; it was a faint object when discovered, and after passing its perihelion (or nearest point to the sun) on the 8th of June, became steadily fainter, besides moving rapidly to the south. It was observed at the Nice Observatory until the 1st of July, and the calculations of its path show that it is probably moving round the sun in a period of about nine years, so that it may be expected again in the summer in 1895.

We mentioned that two periodical comets are expected to appear in the course of the present year. One of these was first discovered by the most successful discoverer of comets there has ever been, M. Pons, of Marseilles, who detected it on the 12th of June, 1819; but although Encke soon afterwards showed by his calculations that it was moving in a short ellipse with a period of only about five years and a half, it was not seen again until 1858, when it was rediscovered by Professor Winnecke at Bonn, who recognised its identity with Pons's discovery of nearly forty years before, and confirmed Encke's calculation of the length of its period. Between the appearances, therefore, of 1819 and 1858 six unobserved returns must have taken place; and the comet, which is a faint telescopic object, also escaped observation at the next return in 1864. In 1869 it was again observed, and also in 1875, but not in 1880, when its position was unfavourable for observation. Nor has it yet been seen at the return of this year, when it was calculated that it would make its nearest approach to the sun about the end of last month (August), though it will be nearest the earth somewhat later.

The other periodical comet to which we alluded as likely to return before the end of the present year is one of the "three septuagenarian comets" which formed the subject of a short article in the "Leisure Hour" for May last. As there mentioned, this comet was discovered by the famous German astronomer, Olbers, of Bremen, on the 6th of March, 1815, and made its nearest approach to the sun on the 26th of the following month. Having only been seen at that one appearance, the exact length of its period is somewhat uncertain; but as it is probably somewhat less than seventy-two years, astronomers are expecting its return in the course of the coming autumn or winter. At no time during its appearance in 1815 was it visible to the naked eye, except for those persons who were gifted with exceptionally acute sight and knew exactly where to look for it. Nevertheless the circumstances of its motion render it an interesting comet to astronomers.

W. T. LYNN, B.A., F.R.A.S.

**The British Association.**—The Birmingham meeting of the British Association commences on Wednesday, September 1st, when Sir Lyon Playfair resigns the presidency, which will be assumed by Sir William Dawson, C.M.G., F.R.S., the eminent Canadian geologist, Principal of McGill College, Montreal. It seems peculiarly appropriate that in the year of

our great Colonial Exhibition the presidency of this great scientific body should be conferred upon an eminent colonist. In 1885 the Association met for the first time out of the United Kingdom at Montreal, and to the exertion and influence of Sir William Dawson much of the success of the meeting was due.

**Mistaken Identity.**—A correspondent writes:—"Apropos of your paragraph on 'Mistaken Identity' in the number for July (p. 503), I may mention that I myself some years ago was frequently mistaken for two entirely different clergymen: one of them a secretary of the C. M. S., and afterwards a bishop in New Zealand; the other a professor in King's College, London. As far as I am aware, the only resemblance then existing between the former and myself was that at the time we both wore beards, while I am not aware of any special resemblance whatever between myself and the latter, yet on more than a dozen occasions, and by totally different persons, have these mistakes been made, and that not in a hesitating fashion, but in a manner denoting absolute certainty. This matter of mistakes in identity is of considerable practical importance, as it shows what little weight attaches to evidence relating thereto in courts of law, and how necessary it is to sift such evidence to the bottom. It is almost incredible how easily not only a few but a great many persons are mistaken regarding the identity of those they have seen, not only once but several times."—H. D.

**Martin Tupper and Mr. Gladstone.**—Mr. Martin F. Tupper, in his autobiography, tells with some exultation how in his undergraduate days at Oxford he was winner of a prize at Christ Church for the best essay on some theological point, Mr. Gladstone being second in the competition. Mr. Tupper says that when Dr. Burton had him before him to present him with the award of £25 for purchase of books, "he requested me to allow Mr. Gladstone to have five pounds' worth of them, as he was so good a second. Certainly such an easy concession was one of my earliest literary triumphs." Mr. Tupper tells many curious incidents in his career, but does not record the following, which we have heard him narrate with much humour. Sitting quietly in a room in the Tremont Hotel, Boston, he gradually became conscious of unusual stir in the apartment. Looking up, he perceived a prodigious queue of American citizens, filing in at one door and making their exit at another door; thus being allowed to have a look across the table at the distinguished author of "Proverbial Philosophy." This was during the earlier visit to the States, when he was more popular than during his later tour as a lecturer. It was then also that, after getting his hair cut by the "coloured" barber of the hotel, he saw next morning in the neighbouring shop of an enterprising jeweller a conspicuous bill announcing the sale, at a goodly price, in silver lockets, of his shorn locks. If the American publishers had given a royalty on his book he would have been a rich man indeed, but they had no honour in those days as to copyright!

**Emigration to New Zealand.**—Among other results of the Exhibition of 1886, the increased interest taken in the various Colonies, and their competition in stating the inducements to emigrants, have been noticeable. For different classes of emigrants each colony has its own attractions, some being preferable for agricultural and others for mechanical labour. Of all the colonies, New Zealand shows the best inducements for those who have small capital, and the desire to settle permanently in their adopted country. From excessive expenditure in public works, which will take time to become financially reproductive, there has been lately unusual depression; but the testimony, not of those interested in the colony, but of men like Mr. Froude and Mr. Sala among recent visitors, and of the veteran statesman, Sir George Grey, K.C.B., who has made New Zealand his home for life, is strong as to the future prosperity of the colony. The recent report of a well-qualified witness affirms that even in the present time of depression it is the best place to go while land can be had at lowest rate. "It would be impossible to enumerate the openings awaiting any man of energy and average intelligence, and possessed of a moderate amount of capital, who may proceed to New Zealand. The vast resources of the colony are only in the infancy of their development, and the mineral wealth lying dormant, the manufacturing

industries that are awaiting the application of capital and skill, the limitless field for enterprise in sheep and cattle farming presented now by the success of the transport of frozen mutton to England, compared with the great productiveness of the soil in every kind of agricultural product, all combine to constitute a field of attraction for industrious and enterprising settlers of no ordinary kind. And, we would add, that so far from the temporary depression in the colony being deterrent, it should have the very contrary effect with the man who has means to invest. Indeed, for the right kind of emigrant settlers there never was a more favourable occasion than the present for making their way to New Zealand."

**Luther and the Dying Student.**—Luther was asked to go to visit one of the students at Wittenburg, supposed to be on his death-bed. It was common to have recourse to the good Professor in cases of difficulty or extremity. Luther perceived at once that the end was near. He asked the young man what he should take to God, in whose presence he was shortly to appear. The young man replied, "Everything that is good, dear father—everything that is good." Luther, somewhat surprised, said, "But how can you bring to Him everything that is good, seeing you are but a poor sinner?" The pious youth replied, "Dear father, I will take to my God in heaven a penitent, humble heart, sprinkled with the blood of Christ." "Ah, truly," said Luther, "this is everything that is good. Then go, dear son; you will be a welcome guest to God in heaven."—*Luther Anecdotes.*

**Ultramarine.**—The preparation of ultramarine is as follows:—The pieces of lazulite, the most rich in colour, are picked out, they are washed, and then plunged into vinegar, and if the colour does not change, the quality is esteemed to be good. The stones are then again repeatedly heated and plunged each time into vinegar. By this means they are easily reduced to an impalpable powder. This is then well worked up into a paste with resin, white wax, and linseed-oil, to which some add Burgundy pitch. The paste is then put in a linen bag and kneaded under water, which at first assumes a greyish colour resulting from the impurities that are first separated from the mass. This water is thrown away and replaced by fresh, and the kneading recommenced, when the water becomes of a fine blue. This is poured off and allowed to settle, the precipitate being ultramarine of the finest quality.—*Oil and Colourman's Journal.*

**The Naval Review of 1886.**—The naval review of July was specially intended for the Colonial and other visitors to London in connection with the Indo-Colonial Exhibition. But it also had historical interest as illustrating the changes in the British Navy. The substitution of steam for sailing ships, and then the huge armour-plated men-of-war, is now supplemented by the new weapons of attack and defence in torpedo warfare. "The review of the Fleet at Spithead on the 11th of August, 1853," says the "Times" reporter, "was perhaps the finest sight of the century, while that held on the 10th of March of the following year, on the sailing of the Baltic Fleet, was probably the most imposing. Writing to Baron Stockmar on the former of these occasions, the Prince Consort said: 'The finest fleet, perhaps, that England ever fitted out—forty ships-of-war of all kinds, all moved by steam power but three—is assembled at Spithead; one hundred steamboats with spectators are expected.' The Baltic squadron consisted of twenty steam vessels. Of these the Duke of Wellington, of 131 guns, and the Royal George, of 120 guns, were three-deckers, six more were line-of-battle ships, and the remaining twelve were all of great tonnage, and armed with artillery of what was then regarded as being the most formidable weight. This fleet carried in all 2,000 guns and 21,000 men. A second review of this squadron was held on the 23rd of April, 1856, at the close of the war. Then, again, the naval review given in honour of the Sultan of Turkey on the 17th of July, 1867, was a magnificent spectacle, only equalled by the display held on the occasion of the visit of the Shah of Persia to England in June, 1873. But while in these demonstrations nearly the whole of the war vessels at the disposal of the Admiralty in the various ports of the kingdom were requisitioned in order to furnish an unparalleled display of force, the peculiarity of this year's

entertainment was that the whole of its component elements were proper to and furnished by Portsmouth. In this respect it closely resembles the review by her Majesty in August, 1878, of the Particular Service Squadron, under Admiral Sir A. Cooper Key. Had the Channel and Training Squadrons, both of which belong to Portsmouth, been available, the display of July 23 would have been more impressive." There is tendency to continue the boastful complacency with which "Britannia" regards herself as mistress of the seas. The altered conditions of naval warfare demand far more attention to the Navy than mere party politicians have given. The veteran Admiral of the Fleet and other naval men have given the country warning of its inferiority in naval force to other European powers. Not only in regard to ships and their armory, but also in regard to ordnance there have been startling disclosures made. The steel guns manufactured in the Government workshops have been pronounced by engineering experts as shamefully deficient, and occasional accidents during peaceful evolutions have shown how our weapons might be found perilous to our own men in real warfare. It has been shown that steel, which ought to slowly cool in sand, has been turned out full of air-vesicles from rapid cooling in metal moulds. Other defects in ordnance are notorious, and the frequent changes of political rulers, with fear of excessive estimates, have prevented proper attention being given to the Navy. Mr. Cobden's memorable saying is forgotten, that the expenditure of a hundred millions sterling would not be grudged by him for the safe insurance of that commerce on which England's greatness depends. Other Powers know our weakness, and presume upon it. Admiral Lafont said to the Budget Committee this summer that the French Fleet could vie with that of any other Maritime Power, from the double point of view of material and the efficiency of its commanding officers. "If to-morrow," said the admiral, "we had to undertake a naval war, I should sail without the slightest anxiety at the head of my squadron, and I should not doubt for an instant of success even had we to encounter the fleet of the foreign Power which is at present regarded as the most formidable." Knowing this, we cease to wonder at the aggressive spirit of France in the Pacific, and in Madagascar, and throughout the world.

**A Wonderful Feat in Rowing.**—In the spring of 1824 a crew of six officers of the Guards rowed from Oxford to Westminster Bridge within sixteen hours. On the death of Lord Penrhyn this year, at the age of 86, a correspondent in the "Times" called this unparalleled feat to remembrance. Lord Penrhyn—then the Hon. E. Gordon Douglas, of the Grenadier Guards—was put in at the eleventh hour in the place of one of the crew who was incapacitated from rowing. He had undergone no proper training for so arduous a feat. The following account of the remarkable achievement mentioned by our correspondent appears in the "Annual Register" for 1824, where, however, the date given is not April 24, as in the "Times" letter, but May 14:—"Rowing Match from Oxford to London in sixteen hours, for 600 guineas.—The terms of the match between Sir John Burgoyne and a Captain Short were 'that six officers of the Guards, belonging to aquatic clubs, should row in a six-oared wherry, from Oxford to Westminster Bridge, in sixteen consecutive hours.' It was agreed that the rowers should choose their own coxswains, and that time should be kept by clocks previously wound up in London and Oxford. This match arose out of an attempt made by Lord Newry, about sixteen months ago, to perform the same feat, with six of his servants, in seventeen hours. His lordship lost his wager on that occasion with Sir John Burgoyne, by fifty minutes, though wind and weather were in his favour. Application was made by Captain Short and his friends to the Commissioners of the locks between London and Oxford, for their assistance in clearing the bells and pans, and supplying plenty of water as they passed through; this was readily granted, and by the arrangements made by the Commissioners at least half an hour was gained by the rowers. At one minute past three o'clock in the morning, their coxswain, Isaac King, gave the word; and, amid the cheers of great numbers of persons, the wherry went off at the rate of about eight miles an hour. It arrived at Bolter's lock, Maidenhead (half-way), at half-past eleven o'clock—half an hour had been lost by the wind freshing to the east, and the squally weather. It reached Windsor Bridge by one o'clock, and Teddington lock by half-past five o'clock. In

Teddington lock the rowers took refreshment. From Windsor to Staines, a distance of eight miles, the rowers accomplished in fifty minutes. It was half-past five when they left Teddington lock, and on their arrival at Putney Bridge it was precisely six o'clock. From Teddington to Westminster Bridge, two eight-oared guard boats cleared the way for the wherry. The umpire, Colonel Meyrick, took his station on Westminster Bridge at six o'clock. At half-past six o'clock the wherry arrived at Battersea Bridge. The tide was now in their favour, and at a quarter before seven o'clock they arrived at Westminster Bridge, amid the acclamations of thousands of spectators. Mr. Sullivan, the boatbuilder, towed them to Whitehall Stairs, and on their arrival there they were assisted out of the boat, and carried on shore, and put to bed. They were all in a state of exhaustion, and one or two could not stand without support. They declared that they should have arrived an hour sooner if the wind had been in their favour. The distance from Oxford to Westminster Bridge is 118 miles, and was rowed in fifteen hours and three-quarters."

**Zulu Capabilities.**—At a meeting of the "Aborigines Protection Society," Sir Charles Warren, G.C.M.G., in moving the adoption of the report, expressed his great sympathy with the work of the Society, and said that it was in a great measure due to the exertions of the Society that many of the tribes existed as distinct tribes, or, indeed, existed at all. After paying a tribute to the late Mr. W. E. Forster, Sir Charles pointed out that the extinction of native races greatly injured our commerce, and urged that what was needed was some system by which the natives could preserve their own law and order, and march on side by side with ourselves, without any longer being compelled to submit to our laws whether they were suited to their condition or not. He was of opinion that the Zulus were capable of developing a state of intellectual culture equal to that of Englishmen, if we so modified our laws as not to crush them out of existence. The inhabitants of the Soudan, with whom he had lately been brought into contact, were also capable of similar development.

**Cardinal Taschereau.**—The Canadian Roman Catholics have been making great jubilation on account of the elevation of M. Taschereau to the cardinalate. He has long been a leader of the Ultramontanists in the New World, and gained favour with the head of the Roman Church on account of his urging the claims of the Jesuits for having old funds restored to them; just as claims might be set up for the confiscated property of the English monasteries at the Reformation. M. Taschereau is also a devoted advocate of the principles laid down in the encyclical letters. An American journalist says: "What is Canada to expect from His Eminence when as archbishop he placed a newspaper under interdict for the crime of reporting a speech of Castelar on religious liberty? Castelar said: 'I am neither Catholic nor Protestant, but religious,' and these are the only offensive words quoted by M. Taschereau. But Castelar also said: 'True liberty cannot exist unless it has the support of liberty of conscience.' Sentences such as these were intolerable to His Eminence when he was only archbishop, and it is absurd to suppose that as a *prince* of the church he can be more tolerant or less disposed to govern by the rule of Rome."

**Queen's College, Oxford, and Lord Jeffrey.**—The colleges of both Universities are usually careful to record the names of all men of eminence who have studied within their walls. It is only in the biography and correspondence of Francis Jeffrey that we learn the connection with Queen's at Oxford of this distinguished lawyer and man of letters, prince of critics, and founder of the "Edinburgh Review." Perhaps the following letter, dated from Queen's, November 2nd, 1791, may account for the absence of his name from the list of alumni of which the college is proud. "This place," he writes, "should never be looked on but by moonlight, and then, indeed, what place does not look well? But there is something striking here—you recollect it—the deep and romantic shades on the sculptured towers, the sparkle of their gilded vanes, their black and pointed shadows upon the smooth green turf of our courts, the strong shades of the statues over the library, the yellow and trembling heads of

the trees beyond them! Could I find anybody here who understood these matters, or who thought them worth being understood, I should regain my native enthusiasm and my wonted enjoyment; but they are all drunkards, or pedants, or coxcombs." This sounds very droll in our days, but it was possibly true a hundred years ago, as it had been when Gibbon described his escape from "the port and the prejudice of Oxford." It seems that Jeffrey remained only eight or nine months at Oxford, and returned to Edinburgh, "disgusted with everything and everybody on the banks of the Isis." In another of his letters he says, "What do such beings conceive to be the order and use of society? To them it is no source of enjoyment, and there cannot be a more complete abuse of time, wine, and fruit. Except praying and drinking, I see nothing else that it is possible to acquire in this place."

**Cleanliness and Godliness.**—The saying, "Cleanliness is next to godliness," is generally attributed to John Wesley. The statement is correct so far as it goes, but Wesley was not the author. He only quoted the saying. David M. Stone, editor of the "Journal of Commerce," thus writes to the "New York Observer": "It is true Wesley quoted the saying, but its origin is two thousand five hundred years older than his time. I got it years ago from one of the most learned Jewish Rabbis, as follows: 'The sentence first made its appearance in the Mishna of Sota, chapter ix. "Mishna" (instruction) is a word applied by the Jews to the oral law, which is divided into six parts. The Jewish Talmud is a commentary on the Mishna.' The original words words are these: 'Phinehas ben Yair says, The doctrines of religion are resolved into (or are next to) carefulness; carefulness into vigorousness; vigorousness into guiltlessness; guiltlessness into abstemiousness; abstemiousness into cleanliness; cleanliness into godliness (equal to holiness),' etc., etc. No translation can render it exactly; it is literally 'cleanliness next to (or akin to) godliness.'"

**Winter of 1885—1886.**—Every well-authenticated record of the extraordinary winter of 1885-1886 will be preserved with interest by meteorologists. In a letter in the "Times," dated Orchard Court, Stevenage, March 2, and signed Eardley Bailey Denton, the following remarkable statements appear:—"The nights of December 31, January 1, and January 3 were respectively warmer by some 2 deg. than those of May 31, June 1, and June 3, 1885; while, as another feature of peculiarity, the Hertfordshire hounds have been out in the Knebworth Woods at the same time as skating was being indulged in upon the lake in the park. From the 1st of November to the 1st of March I have recorded 79 frosts at Stevenage—an unprecedented fact. In November there were 10 frosts, with an average of 5 deg.; in December, 15, with an average of 7 deg.; in January, 27, with an average of 7 deg.; and in February, 27, with an average of 6·5 deg. We have thus had more than 11 weeks of frost in a period of four months. As far as I can gather the Herts hounds have been prevented hunting 25 times within the same period, which, at four days a week, means a total cessation of sport of six weeks to hunting men."

**Pictures Injured by Light.**—A long and very unsatisfactory controversy has been carried on in the "Times" on the question whether water-colours and oil-paintings are injured by exposure to light. Some artists and "persons of authority" say yes, and others say no; and each side can produce pictures in support of their argument. It never seemed to occur to these disputants that all depends on the nature of the pigments and other materials exposed to chemical action. Some pictures are almost untouched by long and strong exposure to light; others are perishable under slight exposure. Dr. Tyndale has a suggestive statement on the subject. Some people say that glass protects any painting, but Dr. Tyndale says: "Oxide of manganese is used in the manufacture of window and some other kinds of glass to counteract the colour which would be produced by the ferrous oxide, which is always accidentally present in small proportion in the materials from which the glass is made. Is it not strange that the pink colour should result from the action of the light on the manganese compound in the glass? The manganese passes in consequence to a higher degree of oxidation,



in which state it is pink or purple. If you take, as I have done, a piece of the window glass coloured pink and heat it gently it loses its colour and becomes quite colourless, as it was at first. Thus we see that even in such a substance as glass chemical intermolecular movement may occur. If this be so, then we may expect a similar result in resins, of which varnishes are made." We may add that some of the great painters of old times were most careful in the preparation of their pigments, and, if not possessing sufficient chemical knowledge, they employed assistants skilled in this matter. They made their own paint, and did not buy it ready made by "artists' colourmen."

**Wholesome Law.**—A good deal of irrational abuse has been lavished upon laws intended for diminishing temptations to crime. The Sunday Closing Bill, known as Forbes Mackenzie's Act, was opposed vehemently in Parliament, not only by the friends of "the liquor traffic," but by politicians who deprecated any interference with the liberty of the subject. This Scotch Act has worked well, and similar measures in Ireland and other parts of the kingdom have helped to diminish crime, where they are enforced. In America the Maine Liquor Law has had equally good result, and any reports to the contrary have referred not to the State itself, but to seaports where enforcement of the law is more difficult. What Maine has done as to poisonous drink another State, New Hampshire, does in prohibiting the sale of impure and corrupting literature. Any person printing, selling, or circulating books, papers, or pictures of immoral or criminal tendency is liable to fine or imprisonment. There is quite as much need for interference with free sale in such products as in the sale of poisons, explosives, intoxicants, and other articles bearing on the social condition of the community.

**Fur Imports.**—Furs of all sorts imported into the United Kingdom stood in 1876 at over 7½ millions. In 1884 they stood at over 26½ millions. I thought I should like to have some inquiry made as to what was the meaning of that extraordinary importation of furs. A great many of them are brought here to be exported again, but the number of furs retained for home consumption increased from 3,930,800 in 1876 to 15,217,000 in 1884. I inquired what was the meaning of this, and I found that the number of rabbit skins (laughter) imported from Victoria, Tasmania, and New Zealand has increased from 1,199,000 in 1876 to 14,766,000 in 1884.—*Budget Speech of 1886.*

**The Society of Friends.**—The "Echo" says of the Friends that, apart from their higher religious calling, they have exercised a wholesome social influence on the nation. "Broad-brimmed hats and coal-scuttle bonnets are becoming so rare that ere long we shall only have the opportunity of seeing them in a museum of curiosities. Yet were we to place a bewigged and lace-bedizened contemporary of William Penn side by side with a modern English gentleman it would become very evident that, in the matter of dress, society had come round much more to the Quaker than the Quaker to society, and the same fact would be quite as evident if the pair conversed in the ordinary speech which was familiar to them. If the conversation turned upon practical philanthropy, the advance of the modern English gentleman towards the position held by the Quaker would be still more apparent, for Penn's contemporary would find a difficulty in understanding his enthusiasm of humanity. The Society of Friends may almost calculate the time when the last survivor will be seen in England, but the leavening influence they have exercised during their long and honourable history is a thing of which they have a right to be proud."

**Armour-plated Sea-going Torpedo Boats.**—It is a remarkable fact that the Japanese were the first to introduce sea-going torpedo boats, Messrs. Yarrow and Co., of Poplar, having eight years ago constructed a number of such craft for the Japanese Government under the superintendence of Sir E. J. Reed. The same Government have just initiated a new departure by adopting before any other Power torpedo boats of an armoured type, the first of which has been completed by Messrs. Yarrow. It measures 166ft. in length and 19ft. in beam, and is the largest boat of the kind which has

yet been built. It will be propelled by twin screws and driven by engines working up to 1,400-horse power. The principal feature of novelty, however, is that all the vulnerable portions of the vessel, including the machinery, etc., are protected by one-inch steel armour, which may be considered as an almost perfect defence against machine gun fire, having in view the distance at which a torpedo boat attacks, and the acute angle of fire at which it would be hit. The vessel is being shipped in pieces and will be put together in Japan, and if the trials come up to expectations there is no doubt that this type of torpedo boat will find favour with many Governments. For not only is good protection obtained, but the vessel, because of its large size, offers greater and more comfortable accommodation for the officers and crew, and is in a special sense deserving to be classed as sea-going. The armament consists of two torpedo guns in the bow, and the same number of guns placed near the stern and fitted on a revolving turntable so as to enable them to be discharged at any angle. The speed expected to be realised is between nineteen and twenty knots an hour.

**The Widow's Mite.**—There are few phrases more often misapplied than this, from the parable or incident recorded in the Scriptures. M. Bost, the well-known director of the charitable asylums at La Force, tells an instructive anecdote in this connection. One of his collectors had been making very urgent appeal to a rich lady to give something for the asylums. She was very unwilling to part with any of her abundant means; but at last, moved by the earnest solicitations of her visitor, she said, "I do not like to send you away altogether empty-handed, but you must be content to receive from me only 'the widow's mite.'" "Madam," replied the visitor, "I cannot consent to take what you offer; no, never! It is too much to expect, when you have so much else to do with your means." "Too much, sir!" she said, in a tone of surprise. "You must misunderstand me. I said I was willing to give 'the widow's mite.'" "Without doubt, madam; and this is what I could not accept. The widow's mite was all that the woman possessed, even all her living." What the result was M. Bost does not say, but there are many who excuse their meagre gifts for Christian beneficence by calling them "the widow's mite."

**Barristers' Responsibility.**—A Bill has been introduced which, among other points, would make a barrister liable at law in respect of any employment accepted or undertaken by him in his professional character. He is to be open to be sued for damages in respect of any breach or grievance arising out of the employment. As to what is meant by "undertaking employment," a barrister is defined as doing so when he accepts from a client a retainer, brief, instructions, case for opinion, or other papers marked with a fee. Moreover, any other evidence may be adduced "in order to show an employment." It is scarcely likely that this Bill will become law. Since the time of the "Long Parliament" it has been impossible to pass Acts by which barristers can be subjected to regulations analogous to what prevail in regard to other professions. For instance, surgeons and other members of the medical profession are liable to action at law for neglect or wrong treatment of any case, and heavy damages have often been obtained. But no penalty is decreed by a lawyer for mismanagement of a cause, and most of them think it no wrong to accept a fee in a case where they do nothing. The excuse is that thereby they are secured from appearing on the opposite side.

**Tiger Beetles or "Sparklers."**—The Rev. J. G. Wood says: "Well does this little creature deserve its popular name, for what the dragon-fly is to the air, what the shark is to the sea, the tiger beetle is to the earth; running with such rapidity that the eye can hardly follow its course; armed with jaws like two reapers' sickles crossing each other at the points, furnished with eyes that project from the sides of the head and permit the creature to see in every direction without turning itself; and, lastly, gifted with agile wings that enable it to rise in the air as readily as a fly or a wasp. Moreover, it is covered with a suit of mail, gold embossed, gem studded and burnished with more than steely brightness; light, yet strong, and though freely yielding to every movement, yet so marvellously jointed as to leave no vulnerable

points, even when in full action; and, in fine, such a suit of armour as no monarch ever possessed and no artist ever conceived. True, to the naked and unobservant eye it seems to be but a dull green beetle, but if placed under the microscope and a powerful light be directed upon it, it blazes out with such gorgeous brilliancy that the eye can scarcely endure the glory of its raiment. The groundwork of its upper surface seems to be burnished and encrusted thickly with emeralds, sapphires, diamonds, and rubies of unspeakable brightness, while the whole of the under surface is as if made of watch-spring steel, so hard and so shining is its texture, and so rich a purple blue is its colour. Even in its larval state the tiger beetle is a terror to other insects, snapping them up as they pass by its burrows and dragging them into the dark recesses of the earth to be devoured. Several American species inhabit trees, and are quite as destructive."

**General Grant's Knowledge of Public Feeling.**—During the canvass of his second term (toward the latter part) there began to be doubts throughout the country about the election. Senator Wilson, who was then running on the ticket for Vice-President, who was a man of the people, and had had a good deal of experience in election matters for forty years, made an extensive tour through the country, and he came to my house just after the tour, very blue. He went over the ground and showed that the matter was in a great deal of doubt. I went to see General Grant and I told him about this feeling, particularly as coming from Senator Wilson. The General said nothing, but he sent for a map of the United States. He laid the map down on the table, went over it with a pencil, and said, "We will carry this State, that State, and that State," until he nearly covered the whole United States. When the election came the result of it was that he carried every State that he had predicted, and that prediction was in the face of the feeling throughout the country that the Republican cause was growing weaker, and in spite of the fact that the Vice-President, who was deeply interested in the election, had visited various parts of the country, south and west, and had come back much dispirited.—"*Recollections of General Grant*," by G. W. Childs.

**Novel Employment for Women.**—Some Philadelphia women have hit upon something novel in the way of occupation, surely. They call themselves, or are called "lampers." The "Ledger" throws light on the lamp matter by the following explanation. "The care of a lamp is a good deal like that of a steam-engine or a baby—it is not everybody that can attend to it properly and with judgment. A new occupation is open to women, now that drawing-rooms display as many as half a dozen lighted lamps by night, with corresponding care of wicks, chimneys, shades, filling, etc., by day, and when a smoky lamp is not only a nuisance but an inelegance. The 'lamper' takes this care off the mistress of the house. She comes each morning, empties out the oil when it is getting thick, refills, trims the wick mathematically without even touching steel to it, rubs the metal, polishes the shade, and leaves chimneys and all immaculate. She goes from house to house in a neighbourhood, and is fully worth her weekly pay. In unskilful hands the now popular oil lamps are a great trouble; sometimes filling them is put off until after dark, when there is danger in bringing the oil can anywhere near the gaslights. When neither mistress of the house nor her servants are good at lamp-care the skill of the professional can now be had for a very small sum for each visit."

**General Grant's Reticence.**—General Grant, surrounded by those he knew well, always did two-thirds of the talking. He was a reticent and diffident man in general company, and it was not until he was out of the Presidency that he became a public speaker. He told a story that he was notified once that he was expected to make a speech in reply to one which was given him, and he looked it over and wrote his answer carefully, but when he got up he was stricken dumb. He utterly lost himself and could not say a word. After that he did not want to hear what was going to be said, and never prepared anything. A gentleman told me that, in going to Liverpool and Manchester, a committee came down to meet him, and brought an address of what they were going

to say to show it to him. He said, "No, I have had one experience. I don't want to see it." The last speech he ever made, the last time he ever addressed the public, was at Ocean Grove. Governor Oglesby of Illinois was staying with him at his cottage, and George H. Stuart, who was one of his earliest and dearest friends, came up to ask him if he would not come down to Ocean Grove, being the first time he appeared in public since his misfortunes. He was then lame, and was compelled to use his crutches. He found ten thousand people assembled. They rose in mass and cheered with a vigour and unanimity very uncommon in a religious assemblage. This touched him profoundly, for it was evidence that the popular heart was still with him. He arose to make acknowledgment, and after saying a few words he utterly broke down, and the tears trickled down his cheeks. That was the last time he ever appeared in public.—"*Recollections of General Grant*," by G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia.

**George Whitefield and Whittier the Poet.**—In his poem on George Whitefield, entitled "The Preacher," Whittier refers to Whitefield's orphan-house and his slave-owning in the following lines:

"So by Savannah's banks of shade,  
The stones of his mission the preacher laid,  
On the heart of the Negro crushed and rent,  
And made of his blood the wall's cement.

Alas for the preacher's cherished schemes!  
Mission and church are now but dreams:  
Nor prayer nor fasting availed the plan  
To honour God through the wrong of man:  
Of all his labours no trace remains  
Save the bondman lifting his hands in chains."

This, of course, was written before the sin of slaveholding was brought home to Christian consciences in our own day. But so far as it refers to the destruction of Whitefield's work it is a strange mistake. So far from the work being destroyed it seems to be imperishable. In Gledstane's "Life and Travels of George Whitefield" it is stated that the orphan-house was accidentally burnt down about two years after the death of Whitefield, and rebuilt, but not upon the original site. Other changes of fortune happened to it, one of which was the appointment of Franklin, its early opponent, as a trustee, because he was an honest man and a friend of Whitefield. Its original charter appointed its continuance so long as there were three members to celebrate the anniversary, which falls on St. George's Day. This provision might once have sealed its fate. Three members, "a Protestant, a Catholic, and an Israelite," who apparently constituted the whole board at that time, were all prisoners of war on board a British man-of-war when St. George's Day came round. Remembering the charter, they begged permission of the captain to go on shore and celebrate the anniversary under an oak-tree in Tunbury, Georgia. He consented, and the ceremony was duly performed. Mr. Joseph S. Fay, now of Boston, and formerly of Savannah, succeeded, during the time he was president of the institution, in repurchasing the old site and placing the orphanage upon it again." In 1870 a new building was begun, which will make the fourth since Whitefield laid the first brick of Bethesda with his own hand.

**Mock Suns.**—We do not suppose that the date of "All Fools' Day" had anything to do with it, any more than St. Swithin's Day causes wet weather, but we find in the Royal Observatory records that a very fine solar halo and four mock suns were seen in the neighbourhood of Greenwich about 2 p.m. on April 1, 1886. At half-past 1 the upper edge of a halo was seen, and shortly afterwards the halo was completed. At 1.35 p.m. two mock suns were seen, one on each side of the real sun and about 5 deg. outside the halo; almost immediately afterwards spurs were noted emanating from the mock suns and spreading towards the north. By about 1.40 the secondary halo was complete, and two other mock suns appeared on its circumference. The

phenomenon remained complete for about half an hour, after which it gradually faded off. The mock sun near the east was distinctly visible till a quarter past 2, when that in the north-north-west (which, with the other two, had disappeared some minutes earlier) reappeared for a little while. When complete the larger circle was about 103 deg. in diameter, extending from about 37 deg. above the north horizon to about 40 deg. above the south. At 20 minutes past 2 only small fragments of the largest circle remained visible in the north and north-east, and these shortly afterwards faded away.

**Irish Dwellings.**—The miserable huts and cabins of the poor Irish strike every tourist and foreigner with astonishment. Yet there has been wonderful improvement in this respect in our own time. In the Census returns of 1851 the house accommodation—or “the habitations of the people,” as the heading ran—presented four grades, First, Second, Third, and Fourth Classes. In 1851, 873,000 families occupied houses of the lowest class. In the thirty years from 1851 to 1881, the increase in first-class habitations was from 39,000 to 96,000; in the second class, from 202,000 to 467,000; while there was a great decrease in the proportion of habitations of the third and fourth classes. In fact, in 1881 only 43 per cent. of the whole families in Ireland lived in the two lower classes of houses, and 56 per cent. in the better classes. The remainder were in ships and other places in which the floating population exists when the Census is taken.

**American Coal Supply.**—According to recent statistics, the coal area of the United States exceeds 300,000 square miles. The total coal area of the world is only 401,401 square miles; that of Great Britain is 11,900; so that the coal supply of America constitutes about three-fourths of the world's supply, and is twenty-five times as large as that of Great Britain.

**American Public Lands.**—It is estimated that the Land Grant Forfeiture bills before Congress will restore to the public domain, if passed, 120,000,000 acres of land which are now wrongfully withheld from the Government and people by railway companies, which contrived to get concessions of land not required for legitimate purposes. Most of the measures for restoring this land have been reported by the House Committee on Public Lands, and will doubtless be passed by that body. But the railroad corporations do not experience much anxiety concerning these bills so long as the majority of the Senate remain under their influence as sharers of the spoil.

**Canadian Pacific Railway.**—From the terminus at Montreal to that at Port Moody on the Pacific, the distance by rail is 2,898 miles. In the early journeys about 136 hours were required, but when the line is in proper working order it is expected that the distance will be traversed by the regular express trains in less than 100 hours. The time is already considerably less than in the railway journey from New York to San Francisco.

**Shortest Distance between Ireland and Scotland.**—From Port Patrick to Donaghadee it is less than twenty-two miles. From Stranraer to Larne the regular packet-boats take about two hours and a half, the distance being forty-one miles. The distance from the Mull of Cantyre to the opposite coast of Antrim, near Fair Head, is only fourteen miles.

**The Watch of Louis XVI.**—The “San Francisco Chronicle” describes the return to America, after a very Odyssey of adventures, extending over more than a century, of a watch which was worn by Louis XVI when a prisoner in the Temple. Bought originally in London by Benjamin Franklin, and given by him to Lafayette, it was by him in turn presented to the King as a souvenir of the American war. Louis, who, as a skilled mechanic, was a judge of sound workmanship, constantly wore it; and at his death it became the property of Sanson, the executioner. After the Restoration the heirs of Sanson (who died in 1806) gave the watch to Louis XVIII, who gave it to a friend, from whose hands it finally came into the possession of a bric-à-brac dealer. In 1870 a millionaire San Franciscan heard that the

relic was in the market, and sent a dealer to Paris on purpose to buy it. The dealer succeeded in his object, obtained the watch for no more than £60, and returned to America with his prize. Before, however, he got back to California, his employer, Mr. Ploche, had been ruined and had committed suicide. No one could be found to pay the price demanded for the treasure, and it remained in the possession of the dealer till his death. His widow has now found a new millionaire to buy it at her price. Inside the outer case there are engraved the names of Franklin and Lafayette, and the crossed “Ls” (the monogram of Louis) with three fleur-de-lys underneath. [Whether this statement is throughout true or not, it contains some interesting historical facts, which form the foundation of a very good story of the adventures of a watch.]

**Ruskin on Funeral Reform.**—Mr. Ruskin, being asked his opinion as to the Church of England Funeral Reform Association, wrote in reply:—“Sir, I entirely approve of the object; but if I could stop people from wasting their money while they were alive, they might bury themselves how they liked for aught I care.”

**Dr. Johnson's Watch.**—The Rev. James Pycroft, well-known to all men of learning at Oxford, and to lovers of cricket throughout the world, tells us that he possesses the watch of Dr. Johnson, with the motto engraved on it, *νῦν ἔρχεται*, having inherited it from George Stevens, his mother's cousin. Mr. Pycroft, an octogenarian, but still hale and hearty, has lost none of his interest in cricket; and his “Recollections of Oxford,” recently published in “London Society,” are valuable and genial records of the studies and life of the University in bygone years. We might expect such a man to have veneration for Samuel Johnson, of whom he says, “No man stands out in the literary history of the last century like Johnson: he dwarfs all others; and with such moral grandeur!”

**On the Word of a King.**—On the 10th May, 1641, the royal assent was given to the attainder of the Earl of Strafford; and after a feeble show of pleading for his life next day, Charles I left him to his fate. Yet he came to London in dependence on the King's promise that “not a hair of his head should be touched by the Parliament.” Strafford, when told of it, exclaimed, “Put not your trust in princes, nor in the sons of men; for in them there is no salvation.” (Ps. cxlvi. 3, marginal reading.)

**A Dominie's Cure for the Ills of Ireland.**—Daniel Ramsay, for some time assistant master at the school at Anstruther, where the celebrated Dr. Chalmers received his early education, thus wrote to the Duke of Wellington when the whole powers of the empire lodged for a short time in his grace's hands. Ramsay said that he could tell him how to do the most difficult thing he had in hand, namely, to cure the ills of Ireland; “he should just take,” he said, “the taws in the tae hand, and the Testament in the tither.”

**Irish District Lunatic Asylums.**—A Parliamentary return records that in the twenty years from 1865 to 1885 the sum of £569,468 has been expended in the enlargement of district asylums in Ireland, the largest outlay having been on the Downpatrick Asylum, which cost £75,366.—*Medical Gazette.*

**Tattooing.**—Often in boyish fun indelible marks are made which prove troublesome in after life. M. Lacassagne, in the “Dictionnaire Encyclopedique,” in an article on Tattooing, tells a curious anecdote of Bernadotte, the founder of the present royal house of Sweden. The king never would submit to be bled, although the lancet was in his time in constant use by physicians. One day he suffered so much from feverishness that his medical attendant insisted on his being bled. The king had to give in, as he was told his life might be in danger. But before the operation the king made every attendant retire, and told the doctor he must swear never to tell what he saw upon his arm. The doctor having promised, the king drew up his shirt-sleeve, and upon his arm was seen a Phrygian cap of liberty, with the device, “Mort au Roi!” Only after his death was this record of Bernadotte's early democratic days revealed.



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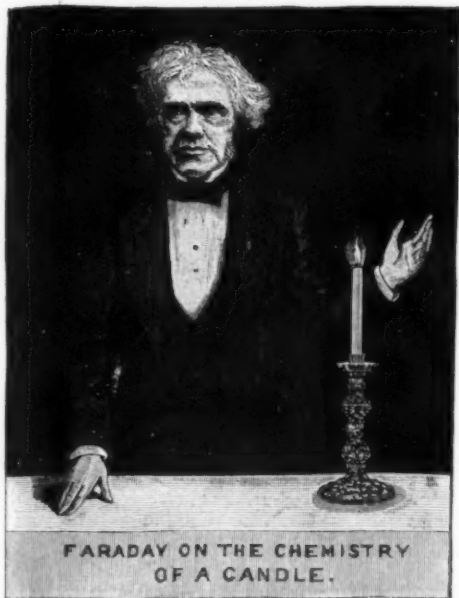
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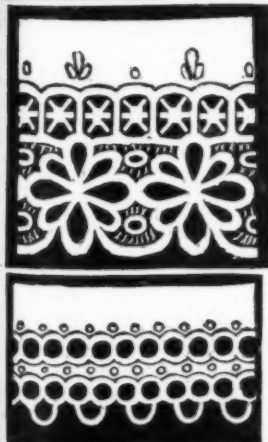
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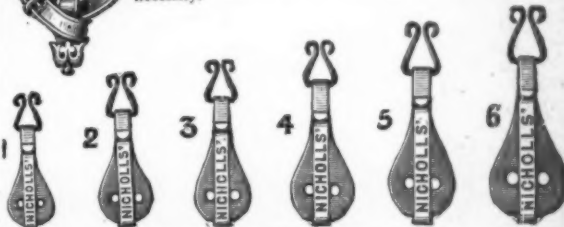
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